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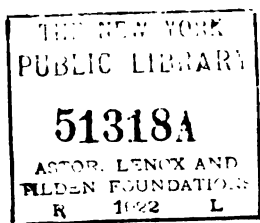
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MADELEINE GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS," ETC.

—"And if I laugh, it is but that
I may not weep."—BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

A FINISHING EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

At the Misses Sparx' Finishing Educational Establishment for Young Ladies, in the Royal Parish of Kensington, all the accomplishments were taught, and the moral and physical well-being of the pupils was most carefully attended to, by thoroughly competent persons, enlightened in every respect to the immense responsibility of the task confided to them by parents and guardians—at the moderate rate of one hundred guineas per annum. Washing, calisthenics, separate apartments, a pew at church, astronomy, deportment, geology, and Hebrew, were charged as extras.

The three principals were themselves most accomplished ladies, as became them—sisters.

The eldest Miss Sparx, who had received the name of Susannah from her godfathers and godmothers, was verging on her forty-seventh year, unmarried; and her temper was not supposed to be improved by the circumstance. She was skilled in every species of fine work, and understood the Use of the Globes, as was proved by her wearing spectacles while the pupils turned those spherical bodies, celestial and terrestrial, round and round, with indifference or eagerness, according to idiosyncrasy, working out the re-

condite problems contained in certain small 12mo. books, handsomely bound in red imitation calf, with a frontispiece by which you could always tell, given your own time, what o'clock it was at Pekin: the same being entitled, in letters of gold, "Goldsmith's Geography."

Besides these branches of useful information, Miss Sparx was understood to conduct a class of Biblical Literature—on the most orthodox principles, be sure—twice a week; to give lessons in Botany and Mineralogy on the Mondays and Fridays, and entertaining lectures on Physiology, Political Economy, and General Metaphysics, on the Thursdays and Saturdays—unless the morning happened to be very fine on the day last mentioned, when the young ladies were sometimes allowed to spend the hour properly devoted to the above intellectual enjoyment, in an extra perambulation in Kensington Gardens; particularly when Miss Sparx—or Mrs. Sparx, as she was now not unfrequently styled by ignorant strangers, who, however, meant well—had a bilious headache, which, poor woman, was not so seldom the case as must have been desirable for a person who was obliged to dedicate that organ to uses so multifarious, and so considerably out of the average capacity of the female human cerebrum to store in different compartments, and keep from an unseemly chaoticising in the reproduction,—though, indeed, I do not go so far as to say that this was always the case, or to pretend that occasionally sciences so likely to run into one another—from their extremely close juxtaposition, if from nothing else—did not sometimes accomplish that feat; or, at least, produce upon the minds of the young lady pupils, under Miss Sparx's most lucid scientific exposition, all the same effect. To sum up the eldest Miss Sparx's attributes, she read prayers morning and evening—said grace before and after every meal but supper, which, for some reason or other, was not held to require it—perhaps because the young ladies were not present to report—and kept the accounts. Item, she was known indifferently among the pupils, in private conversation, as the Dowager Miss Sparx, or as Mother Minerva—though I think the experiment was seldom made to ascertain whether she answered to either appellation.

The second (in point of antiquity) Miss Sparx, Hortensia by name, instructed the pupils who enjoyed the advantages of this modern encyclopediacal (not maniacal) academy, in English Grammar (without knowing it herself); Elocution, particularly as applied to Poetry; Dramatic Recitation, and "the Ordinary Tone of *viva voce* reading in the drawing-room,"—so the prospectuses said. General Literature was another of her departments, giving her reasons for excluding all sorts of pernicious works from the

Wax Flowers, completed what were technically styled, "Miss Hortensia's duties;" and in this last accomplishment she succeeded so well, that her elder sister (which, that she was, Miss Hortensia hardly ever mentioned her without stating), as professoress of botany, took many occasions to assure the female public she was herself puzzled to distinguish between her sister's performances, and those of nature, and that it was quite as easy to illustrate the "Linnæan configurations" of camellias, for example, from her imitations, as from the best preserved skeletons in an *Herbarium* or *Hortus Siccus*,—learned-sounding expressions, to which the eldest Miss Sparx herself attached no particular meaning, but, like wise people in general, was always worrying others to make them understand.

Miss Hortensia had passed her twenty-seventh year by her own account, and her five-and-thirtieth by the parish register. She was tall, and very genteel, though perhaps a trifle too thin, if a person can be so who is understood to have realized six or seven thousand pounds. If she had not been so *genteel*—the Reverend Jabez Bulteel somewhat disconcertedly assured certain of his rollicking university friends, whom he had introduced to his intended—he really could not have gone in for the chance himself at any price.

But it must be declared, after all, that the real strength and popularity of the Sparx Gynæceium (a designation which the Reverend Jabez had either invented or selected, when engaged in the preparation of his great work on the languages of Babel) lay chiefly in the youngest partner and preceptress, Miss Rosabella Sparx. She, with the assistance of masters, who did not come nearly so often as they were charged for, instilled a knowledge of the Fine Arts really worth knowing; namely, dancing, embroidery and tapestry work, the pianoforte, singing in the Italian manner, how to dress your hair most becomingly, how to glide swimmingly into a drawing-room, all the varieties of the curtsy, charade playing, and general morals. It need not be added that Miss Rosabella Sparx was by far the most esteemed and cherished of all the mistresses of the establishment by its youthful inmates. And she deserved it in other respects; for she was a very lively, vivacious, cheerful little woman, was really ten or fifteen years younger than either of her sisters, and had been seen to smile—nay, had once or twice laughed heartily—at the caricatures which certain of the girls, gifted with talent in that way, were always making of her two elders. In reward for which condescension and amiability, the young ladies circulated constant reports among themselves that Miss Rosabella had several admirers, from whom she was at liberty to choose a husband; had declined a grocer, and jilted a surgeon; and, finally, that she was engaged to be married to a captain in the army, who had seen her accidentally in the Park, walking out with them,—than which, no possible estate of womankind was imagined by most of the fair young commentators to be more enjoyable, and worthy of approving estimation.

Besides these heads of the establishment, there were two female teachers attached to it *en permanence*. Madame Beata Fürschener, a Swiss lady, who asserted that her language was German, taught it there, and superintended the young ladies' linen. Also a young Parisienne, a certain Mademoiselle Olympe Loriôt, who taught—ay, what did Mademoiselle Olympe Loriôt teach in this admirably well-ordered radiating point of modern intelligence?

Her own language, for one thing, it was certain—conversationally and practically, as well as grammatically, of course, you know. Anything else? Perhaps: in fact, it is hardly possible to teach French without teaching a good deal besides, especially in the present state of the literature of Imperial France, so well calculated to diffuse everywhere the most admirable social opinions and maxims, and to bring up other capitals towards the supreme level of civilization attained by—

“Cette ville corrompue qui corrompt l'univers.”

This first-rate finishing establishment for young ladies was located in a handsome large red-brick building, of the William and Mary period, when it had been the mansion of some great nobleman, with an immensely fine peruke, —a memorial of which, and of himself, had been left in a panel painting in the dining-room, for which the auctioneer who dispersed the last heir's inheritance had not been able to find a purchaser. I believe in consequence it went as a fixture, or, perhaps, was not reckoned at all; a point, however, which, although concerning a very great nobleman in his own day, may not be worth elucidating in ours. The mansion, become a seminary of polite acquirement, stood in its own “park-like grounds,”—that is to-day, it was surrounded by a space of about half an acre, which was prettily got up to look like a perfect elysium of girlish out-of-door exercise and recreation. There, at suitable hours, if admitted—for the walls were, of course, too high to be looked over,—you might see the most delightful sylphide romps going on. In one direction half a dozen rosy, laughing, screaming, quarrelling, hugging girls tossed one another amazing and delirious heights on a swing. In another, some graceful creature balanced the Indian sceptre in a thousand attitudes for the sculptor, if sculptors troubled themselves in modern times to make marble easy and graceful. Here two pretty little creatures exchanged the flying hoop, or caught the rapidly falling ball, on principles of gravitation which the eldest Miss Sparx, who loved always to mix instruction with sport, often explained to the best of her own knowledge and unbelief. There was green grass below their feet, tall waving trees above those still happy though puzzled and befussed young heads,—trees that had an indistinct recollection of having contemplated the diamond stomacher and belaced satin petticoat of Queen Anne. And there were little patches of mignonette and flowers, and two urns at the principal entrance, overflowing in long dishevelled verdure with creeping-jennies, like a drowned woman's tresses drawn from some oozy depth.

So that on the whole the place looked very pleasant and secluded indeed, and much comforted the mothers who came to leave their daughters there; nay, awakened in some of them regrets that they could not stay behind out of the noisy, rattling, headlong world, instead of—or, at least, in company with—those beloved and cherished deposits. For a daughter must be valuable, for whose education you are willing to give one hundred guineas per annum and extras—with as little trouble as possible, of course, to yourself.

But, indeed, we should be very long if we enlarged on all the advantages of the Sparx Gymgynœcium, at which every modern improvement had been so carefully introduced, and whence antiquated notions of all sorts had been so judiciously eliminated, that Mademoiselle Olympe Lorient more than once remarked to confidential pupils, with her Parisian shrug, that the proprietresses themselves seemed to be the only things a little behind the age. Still we may add, in general, that not a single moment which could possibly be devoted to enlightenment was neglected to be filled up. For example, when the young ladies sat at work in the evenings round the lamps in the great parlour, one of their number, agreeably to the custom of other monastic institutions, read aloud to the rest from some improving book. The subject did not matter much, provided it was treated in an agreeable and popular manner. Upon that point Miss Rosabella (whose duty it was to superintend these intervals of relaxation) was rather fixed. The Reverend Jabez had simplified several sciences himself in this way, and had made them as light and easy for comprehension as a series of dissolving views. Wonderfully advanced our happier age is, in truth, in these latter respects, and greatly do our own surpass those stupid, old, prosy, matter-of-fact scientific works of former times; when, certainly, only persons of scientific pursuits and objects perused such treatises at all, about whom it was no matter how much duller and stupider they made themselves thereby.

Some such perusal was taking place on one occasion, when it may be as well to introduce the reader to the heroine of as strange and terrible a story—frivolous as the commencement of my narrative may seem to some readers—as ever essentialized, within the narrow circle of an individual career, the moral and condemnation of an age.

It was to the following effect, read in the bright, clear, rippling tones of a youthful female voice, tinged ever so slightly with a silver Doric; or, in unpoetical, straightforward English, with a north-country accent. For the fame of the Sparx Gymgynœcium was widely diffused, especially among the wealthy commercial classes of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, in consequence of a grand match made by one of the pupils almost directly after she left it. She married an earl nearly three times her age, and had a hundred thousand pounds left her by an uncle on that condition.

“Arsenic, as we commonly call it—the white arsenic of the shops, and the arsenious acid of the chemist—is well known as a violent poison. Swallowed in large

doses, it is what medical writers call an irritant poison. In very minute doses it is known to professional men as a tonic and alterative, and is sometimes administered with a view to these effects. It is remarkable also for exercising a peculiar influence upon the skin, and is therefore occasionally employed in cutaneous diseases. The use of arsenic, however, is unfrequent among regularly educated practitioners, and it is never, I believe, used as a household medicine by the people.

"In some parts of Lower Austria, however, in Styria, and especially in the hilly country towards Hungary, there prevails among the common people an extraordinary custom of eating arsenic. During the smelting of lead, copper, and other ores, white arsenic flies off in fumes, and condenses in the solid form in the long chimneys which are usually attached to the smelting furnaces. From these chimneys, in the mining regions, the arsenic is obtained, and is sold to the people by the itinerant pedlers and herbalists. It is known by the name of *Hidri* (a corruption of *Hutter-rauch*, smelting-house smoke), and the practice of using it is of considerable antiquity. By many it is swallowed daily throughout a long life, and the custom is even handed down hereditarily from father to son.

"Arsenic is thus consumed chiefly for two purposes—*first*, to give plumpness to the figure, cleanness and softness to the skin, and beauty and freshness to the complexion. *Second*, to improve the breathing and give longness of wind, so that steep and continuous heights may be climbed without difficulty and exhaustion of breath. Both these results are described as following almost invariably from the prolonged use of arsenic either by man or by animals.

"For the former purposes, young peasants, both male and female, have recourse to it, with the view of adding to their charms in the eyes of each other; and it is remarkable to see how wonderfully well they attain their object, for those young persons who adopt the practice are generally remarkable for clear and blooming complexions, for full rounded figures, and for a healthy appearance. Dr. Von Tschudi gives the following case as having occurred in his own medical practice:—'A healthy, but pale and thin milkmaid, residing in the parish of H—, had a lover whom she wished to attach to her by a more agreeable exterior; she therefore had recourse to the well-known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself; for in a few months she became stout, rosy cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order, however, to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the doses of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned, a very painful death.' The number of such fatal cases, especially among young persons, is described as by no means inconsiderable.

"The perusal of the above facts regarding arsenic—taken in connection with what has been previously stated as to the effects of the resin of hemp—recalls to our mind the dreamy recollections of what we have been accustomed to consider as the fabulous fancies of easy and credulous times. Love-philtres, charms, and potions start up again as real things beneath the light of advancing science. From the influence of hemp and arsenic no heart seems secure—by their assistance no affection unattainable. The wise woman, whom the charmless female of the East consults, administers to the desired one a philtre of haschisch; which deceives his imagination—cheats him into the belief that charms exist, and attractive beauty, where there are none, and defrauds him, as it were, of a love which, with the truth before him, he would never have yielded. She acts directly upon his brain with her hempen potion, leaving the unlovely object he is to admire really as unlovely as before.

"But the Styrian peasant girl, stirred by an unconsciously growing attach-

ment—confiding scarcely to herself her secret feelings, and taking counsel of her inherited wisdom only—really adds, by the use of hidri, to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning lustre to her sparkling eye. Every one sees and admires the reality of her growing beauty: the young men sound her praises, and become suppliants for her favour. She triumphs over the affections of all, and compels the chosen one to her feet.

“Thus even cruel arsenic, so often the minister of crime and the parent of sorrow, bears a blessed jewel in its forehead, and, as a love-awakener, becomes at times the harbinger of happiness, the soother of ardent longings, the bestower of contentment and peace!

“It is probable that the use of these and many other love-potions has been known to the initiated from very early times—now given to the female to enhance her real charms—now administered to the lords of the creation, to add imaginary beauties to the unattractive. And out of this use must often have sprung fatal results,—to the female, as is now sometimes the case in Styria, from the incautious use of the poisonous arsenic; to the male, as happens daily in the East, from the maddening effects of the fiery hemp. They must also have given birth to many hidden crimes, which only romance now collects and preserves—the ignorance of the learned having long ago pronounced them unworthy of belief.”

CHAPTER II.

APPLES ON THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

“THAT will do, my dear—very nicely read; but you should have laid a more particular emphasis on the words *hemp* and *arsenic*, in the fifth section of the extract, as these words evidently give what we may call the dominating impulse to the ideas inculcated in all the succeeding portion,” said Miss Hortensia, who, as instructor in elocution, very properly attended only to the sound of what she heard.

“Oh, ain’t it funny that *hemp* and *arsenic* should go together? for isn’t that what they hang people with, Miss Rosabella?” inquired a lively young chit, of some twelve or fourteen years of age, of the one of the Misses Sparx who, she thought, would appreciate a joke.

“With *arsenic*, my love?” gravely rebuked Miss Hortensia, who always required a logical precision of expression in everybody but herself.

“With *hemp*, my sweet child? Hemp is a plant; they do not hang people with plants. Go and bring the ‘Dictionary of Technological Terms’ out of my bedroom; you will find it in the window, near my smelling-bottle, which you will easily see by the reticule with the steel clasps, beside it, and read us the article,” said “Mother Minerva,” with all the solemnity of her favourite bird.

“Oh, I don’t want to know, please, Miss Sparx,—I mean, I don’t like going up-stairs in the dark,” humbly deprecated the offending Miss Emily Maughan.

Miss Rosabella had glanced at her favourite pupil with a significant sparkle in the eye. “Oh, never mind Emily’s mistake, sister; you

know it all comes to the same thing. Hemp makes rope, and they hang naughty people with rope, and that is what Emily meant to say," she kindly interposed, biting asunder a piece of the thread with which she was engaged in working one of the innumerable holes forming the pattern of a gorgeous *trousseau* under-garment—with her front teeth, in spite of repeated warnings from her elder sister of the danger of the practice. She had lost her own by it, Miss Susannah was wont to say, when she was quite a child, just as her hair had become grey at a supernaturally early period, by the incautious use of a certain pomade divine unskilfully prepared.

"But didn't you leave something out, Madeleine?" said another of the young ladies—a creature as fresh and rosy as a wild apple—to the one that had obliged the company by the perusal commented on. The latter had, meanwhile, been earnestly and thoughtfully reading over again to herself the "article."—So earnestly, indeed, that she took no notice of the question.

"Did you, Miss Graham—did you omit some portion of this valuable elucidation?" said Miss Hortensia, severely, discerning all the presumption of such an act of discretion.

"Sister means, did you skip anything, Madeleine?" interpreted Miss Rosabella.

"No—yes, ma'am—yes, I did, because I saw it was nothing particular to read—only about the effect of arsenic in making people breathe better in going up hills. I did not think that was worth reading," the young lady replied, blushing very deeply, and she had already a colour as richly glowing and beautiful as the scarlet of sunrise on her fair, but rather sun-freckled, northern complexion.

"Why, that is most likely by far the best of it. I wonder you take upon you to select what we are to hear! Surely *we* are the best judges, Miss Madeleine Graham!" exclaimed Miss Sparx, who had been for some time threatened with asthmatical symptoms—or fancied that she was; and, of the two, people are always the more thoroughly convinced of the existence of an imaginary, than of a real disorder.

"Oh, I don't think it is of much consequence, Susannah, to hear what effect arsenic has upon the breathing," said Miss Rosabella, who was perfectly well, and sound as a bell, in her own chest.

"Put a lesson-keeper in the place, Miss Graham, and I will read it myself over again, by-and-by," said Miss Sparx, with evidently offended dignity.

"Yes, ma'am."

poison, it communicates a certain plumpness to the figure—a freshness and vivacity to the complexion otherwise impossible?” Mademoiselle pursued; who, it may be remarked, was herself in person of that kind and degree of elegant Parisian *tournure* known as “scraggy” in England, and was, besides, of an unwholesome green-sallow complexion, touched with indigo under the eyes and in the corners of the mouth.

“Yes, he says that; but do you really think it would, Miss Sparx?” said Miss Graham, turning with something like interest—which was not often the case—to the principal of the seminary.

Miss Sparx opened her mouth to give utterance to an oracle, when Miss Rosabella glided in an interruption in her quiet way. “Why do you want to know, Madeleine?”

“Because—because, perhaps, in that case—it might remove *sun-freckles*,” that young person replied, half laughingly, and smoothing back in both hands the splendid masses of her glossy black hair, which was what is called “waved,” with the crisp of a natural curl rippling its whole length, without ever breaking into an overflow until it was secured in a massive plait behind the head;—“you see I have some.”

“I don’t advise you to try it, Madeleine, or it might remove the owner of the sun-freckles with them,” said Miss Rosabella, who had more practical good sense than all the rest of the teachers put together.

“I don’t suppose I could get any,” said Madeleine, regretfully.

“Will they not—do they not sell it at the *pharmacien’s*?” inquired Mademoiselle Olympe, as carelessly as she could.

“Yes; if you go with a witness, Mademoiselle,” said Miss Rosabella, drily; “and then, of course, people would wonder what you wanted with it: and it would be very nasty to take, I should think, mixed with soot, as the apothecaries are obliged, I believe.”

“Ah, without doubt!”

“It is not so bad as *haschisch*, however,” said honest Emily Maughan.

“Why not, dear?” inquired Miss Rosabella.

“Oh, because didn’t the book say that *haschisch* regularly cheats people into the belief that one’s a great deal handsomer than one is?—I don’t call that fair, Matty; do you?” Emily replied, appealing in embarrassment to a still younger member of the society.

Mademoiselle Lorient shrugged her lean shoulders, and looked at the English girl with contempt.

“Ah! why, that is what is done always and everywhere. What folly! How should we please without decoration, we poor women? What are we but an illusion,—a vision of the imagination,—as but too plainly appears by the disenchantment when once we are attained?”

“Don’t talk that way before the children, Mademoiselle! And I must say I don’t think it very good taste at any time to let such things be known,” said Miss Rosabella, sharply, and glancing from the French instructress with indignation to her own intended wedding robe.

Another Parisian shrug, and a pause.

"What sort of stuff, I wonder, is *haschisch*, then? It isn't a mineral, is it, Miss Sparx?" resumed Madeleine, hoping by the reverential reference to obtain the principal's connivance to a renewal of the interesting subject.

"You are *doing* *haschisch* there, Madeleine!" said Miss Rosabella, significantly.

The young girl blushed; the warm blood in those rapid-coursing veins often sent a glow of the inward fire to the surface.

"Oh, is *haschisch* what Elders, the cook, calls '*gammon*'? I heard her say so to a policeman, the other night, that called to know if anybody had got over the garden wall," said Matty, or Miss Matilda Dollards, as was her proper name.

"Very like it, at all events, I should say. But it's all stuff o' nonsense; there's no such thing in reality at all; they only put it in books to amuse people."

Miss Rosabella thus endeavoured to pooh-pooh away the impression which she saw made on the minds of her young charges.

"Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, *père*, seems to maintain the reality of those marvellous effects, which he describes in the '*Count of Monte Christo*,'" resumed, however, Mademoiselle Olympe, with a vivacity almost amounting to rudeness—to revolt, one may say, under the circumstances, because in a school, quite as much as in a court, one is expected to swear in the words of the master.

"Does he? Well, I suppose that's part of his—" *humbug*, Miss Rosabella meant to say, until she remembered on a sudden who and where she was, and softened the expression into "stock-in-trade."

The conversation rather languished for a while; it was chiefly made up for a time by Miss Rosabella's remark on the number of times she had broken the eyes of her needles that evening; Miss Hortensia's wonder how ever people could have invented such a foolish expression as the *eye of a needle*; and the eldest Miss Sparx's hopeless floundering in an attempt to explain the properties of steel, and the probable causes of so frequent a solution of continuity; when Miss Emily Maughan revived the general interest by ejaculating—no doubt following up a series of girlish ideas on the subject of *haschisch*,—"I say, Miss Rosabella, do you believe in the Arabian Nights?"

"You should never begin addressing a person with 'I say,' Emily; it's vulgar," replied the lady addressed, without taking any notice of the main question, as a great many other people do, in much more exalted positions as oracles.

"How can Miss Rosabella believe in such a farrago of nonsensical fancies about magic and all that kind of thing, you foolish child, you? Do you imagine the laws of the material world are really to be overthrown by a formula of words, and that it is possible to raise genii, and all that

kind of thing [a favourite form of getting rid of the necessity of definite ideas on what she was talking, with Miss Hortensia], by rubbing an old lamp?"

"I wish it was; wouldn't I set to work on some of ours!" exclaimed Miss Dowsabel Burroughs, a young lady whose 'pa was notoriously rich, but whose mother was strongly suspected of having been a servant-of-all-work in her youth. Of course, there was a good deal of malicious smiling among these women of a lesser growth thereupon.

"Well, what would you ask of an obedient genius, supposing you could raise one, Douce?" said Miss Rosabella, who conceived that her young people's ideas were now upon safer tracks.

Douce reflected for a moment.

"I should like—I should like to have a tame lizard,—one that wouldn't jump about so as they do in the garden, and look as pretty and speckled, and shine as green in the sun, if I put it in a basket in my room."

"Just the only thing her father told her he wouldn't buy her for a birthday present, it would be such a nuisance! What queer creatures girls are!" thought Miss Rosabella; and she might have extended the reflection to a more adult age; for the captain of marching foot upon whom she had set her mind, was very strongly objected to by both her sisters, and for reasons which at a subsequent period she perhaps considered would have been worth listening to.

"And what would you ask, Matilda, of the Slave of the Lamp, supposing your abrasion could produce such a functionary of magic to do your will?" said Miss Hortensia, with her usual elegance of language and utterance.

"Let me see," mused Matilda, who was famous in the school as a little gourmande, whose ideas mostly ran upon good eating and drinking, owing, it was supposed, to her father being an alderman. "Well," she declared finally, after hesitating doubtless among many dishes, "I should tell him to bring me a nice little roast pig, with plenty of apple sauce!"

There was a general laugh at this. It was considered a most agreeable sally. Matilda Dollards was surprised, but felt she had achieved a social success. Nevertheless, several of the young ladies, who knew that there was bread mocked with a faint intimation of butter, and a cup of water confused with milk, coming in for supper, sighed over the relishing impossibility.

"And now, what would *you* have, Emily?" pursued Miss Rosabella, as soon as the excitement had subsided.

"Oh," said honest Emily, "I should like to have a good husband,—such a one as papa is to mamma."

"I don't suppose there are many such, my dear," sighed the professoress of mineralogy and botany, who, after all, was a human woman. "At least, I hardly ever met with such another pair. What one wishes, the

other wants. I don't suppose many of us have much chance now of such a husband as that."

"As for me, I should not ask of Fortune a husband, however good," exclaimed Mademoiselle Loriôt, with true Parisian enthusiasm, and speaking out of her turn, if she ought to have had one in so childish a recreation. "I should demand only a *lover*—always true, always faithful, always tender, always, above all, devoted to *me*. And who can expect *that* of a husband?"

"I should," said Miss Rosabella, more drily than ever towards the Parisienne, and thinking likewise what a pity it was that other nationalities did not deal in pure French.

"Ah, you English!—yes, you easily secure affections so lethargic as those of your countrymen, inhabitants of this foggy island!" pursued Mademoiselle, who could not always prevent herself from speaking what she thought. How could she? How can the best bred and most polished of us all?

"Well now, Madeleine, what would you like to have, if you had the power?—not arsenic, I hope?" said the directress of the entertainment, glancing up from her work with a degree of interest in the answer to the query she had perhaps hardly suspected in herself.

"Oh, no, no, Miss Rosabella,—I should like to have—**EVERY-THING!**" was the capacious rejoinder. "A lover always faithful, always true, always, above all, devoted to—"

"A husband like my papa?"

"A roast pig and apple sauce?"

"A lizard in a basket?"

All these various interpellations were screamed together by the fair creatures, insomuch that it was hardly possible to know what one or the other was saying.

"Come, I think it is almost time to go to bed, for all of us. We are making such a horrid noise that I am sure the policeman would be quite right, at all events, in getting over the wall to-night, to inquire the meaning of it all," said Miss Rosabella, good-humouredly, but perhaps not over-pleased; subjoining, to show that she was not in reality much put out, though Madeleine Graham's last wish strangely annoyed and perplexed her, "the only person who has not said a word about herself or her wishes is Madame Fürschener,—what would you demand of the genius, Madame?"

"Who?—I, mees?" said the good German Switzwoman, starting from a reverie. "Oh, I should ask to be transported at once to the village of Zugdorf, on the mountain where I was born, just at the time when they are making the new cheeses for the fair at Neufchâtel."

"Dear me! We must take care and not play the "*Ranz des Vaches*" before you, Madame Fürschener. But now, young ladies, it is close upon nine o'clock, and I think we had better all put by our work, and go to bed to dream that we have our wishes."

Thus did Miss Rosabella wind up the discussion, without calling upon either of her sisters to express her desires; being perfectly aware that the eldest would have pretended to want one of the finest mineralogical and conchological cabinets in the world, and the other the power to read Homer and Virgil in the blessed originals.

CHAPTER III.

CONFIDENCES.

TAP! tap!

"Good heavens! Oh, is it only you, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, yes; it is only your poor Olympe, my dear child. And it is not in the least necessary to extinguish before me the amicable light of your furtive taper."

The scene is now Miss Madeleine Graham's little exclusive bed-chamber—or that ought to have been so, according to the extra charged in her school account. But Mademoiselle Loriôt, who had taken the young girl into particular friendship and confidence, and delighted in making her the depositary of the craving and morbid fancies and projects which haunted her own imagination, not unfrequently took upon her to break through the rules of the seminary by spending many an hour and half-hour, much better devoted to refreshing slumbers, in her favourite's apartment of a night. The clandestine character of these visits, and implied violation of the decrees of authority, were possibly their greatest charm and attraction for both Madeleine and the Parisienne.

It was a very pretty little virginal chamber, this, and one would as little have expected to find Evil squatting beside that light, snowy-curtained couch, relieved by rose-like festoons of pink calico, amid the quiet environments of a young girl's toilette and bedroom furniture, as under the green glistening of the trees of Paradise, amid its flowery turf. Yet there she seated herself now, in the outward presentment of Mademoiselle Olympe Loriôt, while the young proprietress of the chamber, who was in bed, reading a book in a yellow cover, by the forbidden light of a small wax taper set in a washing basin (for safety's sake!) on the counterpane, extended her hand to the sympathetic pressure of her Parisian friend.

"What is the matter to-night, dear Olympe? And are you sure that Miss Rosabella (*I know the other two are safe enough*) will take no notice of your *not being* in your own room?"

"I have taken precautions against that evil. I have locked the door

tions aroused by the recent discussion over our work, when, by a rare weakness, Miss Rosabella permitted us for once to speak on subjects interesting in any degree to humanity—to the humanity of women, at all events.”

“She seemed dreadfully put out, didn’t she, when you began talking how much you preferred a lover to a husband?” said Madeleine. “But are you sure you shut the door behind you? If she should be listening!”

“Oh yes, oh yes. Do you think I have forgotten the proverb that even walls have ears, dear child? But of what do you talk when you expose yourself to so much more risk, and your poor attached friend also, by presuming to read this interesting book, which I have lent you, at an hour when it is by no means impossible the restless genius of Miss Rosabella may be in activity still in the corridors of the house? And, you know, none of the pupils is permitted to have her door locked against her importunate scrutiny,” said Mademoiselle, glaring suspiciously around, and in the operation looking not altogether a bad resemblance to the most impressive hero, at all events, of Milton’s epic, when he went prospecting round the adamantine hedges of Eden on emerging from Chaos.

“Oh, but I have taken care of all that; I have calculated to a nicety where to put this basin, with a light in it, on the bed, so that the shadow extends below the door; and if I heard the slightest sound—and you know what a sharp, rattling footstep Miss Rosabella has—I should out with it in a puff,” the apt pupil replied.

“How far have you got in your book, my dear little cabbage?—*mon cher petit chou*?”

“To such an interesting point; where Marguerite Gautier makes up her mind to go back to her old way of living in Paris, you know, and accept the offer of that booby Count N——, whom she disliked so much in reality, rather than bring her lover into any farther trouble with his family,” replied the young girl.

The work to which she was devoting her midnight taper would thus appear to have been the extremely improving “*Dame aux Camélias*,” of the younger Dumas; a story which, however, it must be admitted, under the still more fearless designation of “*La Traviata*,” has stirred the sympathies of all the civilized operatic nations, in behalf of a species of heroine, bare allusion to whose social existence and position would have emptied a drawing-room full of our grandmothers.

“Ah, indeed, so far? But we devour words when they agree with us—I mean when it is pleasant reading. Ah, and is it not an ennobling and beautiful spectacle, dear Madeleine, to behold motives so generous and disinterested dominating in the heart of a woman of a caste which society entertains in its breast only to conceal and reprobate, as one might a cancer gnawing into the flesh, and yet who exhibits herself capable of such sublime disinterestedness and devotion as to relinquish the man she loves rather than conduct him to ruin? Ah! what good woman—wha

perfectly *good woman*—as they are called,” Mademoiselle Olympe concluded, with a passionate sneer, “would be capable of conduct at once so exalted and incomprehensible by mean and routine souls?”

Mademoiselle, it was evident, asked the question as if instituting a psychological inquiry into the motives and conduct of an actual personage, and by no means a creation of the diseased imagination and sympathies of *la jeune France* under the second empire.

“Do you think it is really the case then, Olympe, that good women hardly ever do anything good—of that kind, I mean? But then they haven’t much opportunity; they are mostly so quiet at home, with husbands and children of their own. Still, I can’t help thinking,” Madeleine continued, rather hesitatingly, “that young Mr. Dumas has made a mistake in the account he gives of his heroine, and that, in reality, she—she left Armand because she was tired of having nothing to live upon, and pawning her clothes, and having to part with her—her brougham, I suppose—*coupé*, the Frenchman calls it. Don’t you think, now, if it is a true story—and even Monsieur Jules Janin, in his preface, seems to say it is,—that I am a good deal more likely to be right than—yes, than the author man himself that tells what happened?”

“In effect,” replied Mademoiselle, after a brief pause, and seeming to recognize a still more advanced *esprit* to her own in her pupil, “it does seem improbable to incredulity that the most extinct of all the noble illusions of our ancestors—a love altogether superior to, and that triumphs over, the miserable motives of self-interest and gratification—could have fled from every other human heart to take refuge in that of a vile—but I must not use the expression; and what need of severe expressions when we are understood?”

“And somebody might hear, Mademoiselle, if you raise your voice so much above your breath. But do you really think people are all so very bad and greedy now a days—women and all?” said Madeleine, raising herself, with evidently awakened interest, on her rounded elbow on the pillow.

“Women *above* all! Yes, certainly; and what do you expect? That we alone are to preserve the absurd traditions of the senseless infancy of the world in the midst of the universal raging of cupidity and self-interest, which presents to us everywhere the most degrading, and yet fascinating, spectacles of success and enjoyment? When examples of the preference men give to material interests over every other, force upon us almost the conviction that the constitution of the human mind and heart are changed, and that the foundations of all our modern forms of society are yielding to the incessant action of a principle sprung from the abyss, but which is fast becoming the sole motive power of our age!”

“You mean people being all so fond of money, Mademoiselle?”

“Yes, certainly; what else should I mean?”

“Well, but,” remonstrated the young girl, who showed herself to be

more than ever of her epoch, "what can one possibly do without money, Olympe? Don't money buy everything one sees or knows of worth having? All the fine clothes, horses, carriages, plate, jewels, furniture—even the homage and respect which—you put in our exercises—ought only to be paid to virtue and noble qualities of the mind? But don't we see quite different with our own eyes, and even in this narrow enclosure of a school? I am sure there could not be a better woman in the world than Madame Fürschener, for example; and I think you are yourself one of the most talented persons in your intellects that can be imagined; but I should very much like to know when and where either of you will attract so much notice and respect as that dashing woman of the *demi-monde* you pointed out to me the other day in the Park Road, and who, you say, is quite famous in the newspapers, under the name—if one may call it so—and description some very clever person has given of her—of Incognita."

"Very true—very true. Ah! even your prudish England—everything is changing among you also. To behold the immense crowd which, only the day after that astonishing advertisement to the public, assembled on the Kensington route, to behold pass a woman celebrated for her extravagance and cynicism only, driving a pair of spirited, fiery ponies, frothing and foaming like waves of the sea—as if they, too, ate arsenic, Madeleine!—in silver harness, and attended by two grooms in a livery like a prince's, on horseback! It was a spectacle to amaze and disgust this sober London, one would have thought! But, instead of that, everybody thronged to it,—the daughters, the Britannic mothers, with whose ancient prudery the world has been amused so long, so shortly ago, and yet which inspired everywhere a certain respect! Yes, you are right, my dear Madeleine; and this is not the age in which to exhibit, on a stage which laughs at you, the example of virtues as obsolete as the *sacques* and *furbelows* of a bygone epoch!"

"And yet I think I should not like to marry altogether for *money*, Olympe. I think I should like to like the person—a little—that I married," said Madeleine, a soft rosiness—a faint reminiscence of antique British maidenly sentiment and delicacy, possibly—rising over the snowy, Hebe-like swell of the shoulder and youthful bosom, displayed in the careless grace of the young girl's attitude, as she sat with her elbow propped on the pillow, and her cambric night-clothes dispersed like a semi-transparent mist over all that loveliness which, it seemed, was to be marketed like any other goods.

"That you *married*?—the *person* that you married? You forget, my poor child," said Mademoiselle Loriôt, surveying the fair young creature attentively, "that you are not to marry so much a person as certain social advantages, which are comprised under the expressions—Wealth, position,—perhaps rank and power; for you are very beautiful, dearest Madeleine! And if you mount to the height of the elevation of your age, above the insidious suggestions of passion and feeling, to which, nevertheless, your

organization exposes you, I am persuaded you will make one of the best of British matches, and will be enabled to exhibit to those who have loved you so sincerely, like your poor Olympe, marks of a generosity which I have always contended is natural to the goodness of your heart."

"I shall certainly try and marry a rich man, Olympe. I don't think I care much for rank or power," said Madeleine Graham.

"Not for power, even?" returned the Parisienne, with a momentary but quickly suppressed quiver of contempt over her facial lines. "Ah, well, it is an indifference easily accounted for; you spring from a rich commercial family, to which, above all things, the possession of *wealth* must seem the most honourable and desirable."

"Papa is very well off; but then there are a good number of us, boys and all, to be provided for. I don't suppose I shall have much of a fortune, unless I look after myself," replied this prescient and considerative young girl of the nineteenth century.

"And you may be assured, dearest Madeleine, of a triumphant issue to your efforts to place yourself, with those charms, that beauty, that indescribable fascination, which accompany all you say and do, and which attract, as it were, by an irresistible loadstone, all who enter into your sphere! Even the eldest Miss Sparx—she whom nothing else pleases—I notice that she occasionally regards you with an expression of complacency!"

"No, come Olympe, I can't quite believe *that*!" laughed the young girl; "but of course I must depend chiefly on looking well and attracting people, to get well married, and that is why I take such pains with my accomplishments, and all that. I don't care much about what Mother Minerva calls furnishing one's head *inside*.—I say, Olympe, wouldn't it save a world of trouble if one could only dose the men with lots of that same haschisch we were talking about in the parlour before supper?"

"Without concerning ourselves, that it is said to make madmen and delirious idiots of them afterwards, eh, *ma chere*?"

Mademoiselle Loriôt spoke these words in a tone that startled Madeleine herself; especially as she followed up the observation with a strangely discordant, and indeed horrid and menacing kind of a choked giggle.

"How you do talk against the men sometimes, Olympe! One would think that they had bitterly wronged you—some of them! and yet you are quite young still—you are not an old maid at all, I am sure," she said, soothingly.

"I am, nevertheless, one of the victims of my age!" replied Mademoiselle, with unflagging exasperation; "you see me here, earning a miserable pittance on which to support existence,—an existence which annoys, frets, wearies me, but which I have not the courage to terminate as yet. I am not destitute of talents; I can sing, I dance to admiration. I have read all Racine, and a part of Corneille, and I profess my language with a skill that excites admiration. I am not, perhaps, regularly beau-

tiful, but my complexion has a certain pallor and sensibility not without its charm ; I have a heart of a grandeur and infinity of sentiment altogether inexhaustible, were I required to love all the men of my epoch ! Figure to yourself, then, my dear Madeleine, that I have heaped all these treasures of my affections and talents on a single individual ; that this individual is a miserable *commis-voyageur* of a Lyons silkhuse, endowed only with a fine figure, and a face which attracts the eye by the porcelain beauty and clearness of the complexion. That this *commis-voyageur* is a creature almost destitute of soul and sensibility, with only intellect sufficient to make a happy selection in the colours of a necktie and waistcoat. Put, I say, all these ideas and convictions together, and know, in conclusion, that I have thrown myself at the feet of this man, to implore a return of devotion, and that he has rejected me !—rejected *me*, merely because I had not twenty thousand francs, at which price only he has caused himself to be inscribed, to my certain knowledge, in the registry of all the matrimonial agencies both at Paris and Lyons !”

Miss Graham, it must be confessed, nearly burst out laughing at this exposition of her friend’s unhappy position ; but she controlled her very natural tendency to merriment, and merely remarked,—“ Well, you know, I am to go home to my native city at the end of this quarter. There are plenty of rich men there, Olympe, and I will at least try to secure myself one of the number ; and then I will invite you to stay with me a good long while, and I will introduce you to somebody very well off, whom you will easily be able to take in with your talents and accomplishments, and you shall be married near me, and we shall be both so happy, you know ; and if you kill yourself at all, it shall only be by living too well.”

“ Embrace me, my dear child ! You give me new hope—new life !”

While this ceremony was being performed, Mademoiselle Olympe’s vision was crossed by a dim notion that she might some day be enabled to figure in her young friend’s household in that favourite character of modern French romance, in which the beloved female inmate and confidante supplants her benefactress and entertainer in the affections of her husband and all about her, and winds up the whole creditable affair by causing the wife to be expelled in shame and disgrace from his roof and hearth ; mostly, however, with considerable justification on the part of the unhappy lady herself, it must be confessed,—an exact reverse of the scriptural

an inmate as to render it impossible to devise an excuse for *not* receiving her as such, when the proper time should arrive.

After a properly enthusiastic outward demonstration of these inward sentiments and reflections between the Parisienne and her youthful pupil (Madeleine was not quite eighteen), the latter withdrew herself with a kind smile, but a little wearied and embarrassed with the excess of the demonstration on her friend's part, from her fond arms.

"There, that is enough, dear Olympe. You know that I do not in the least doubt your affection for me; and some of the best proofs of it, I think, you have given me in these amusing books you lend me. But to resume our real subject—about that Incognita, you know—must not some one be at a tremendous expense with her?"

"No doubt, no doubt; a hundred times as much as he would pay for a wife."

"Oh, how wicked! Do you know who it is?"

"I have a guess that would prove formidable in a court of justice; but should we tell it to a young girl?" said Mademoiselle Loriôt, after—let us do her the justice to say so—a considerable pause.

Apparently she decided in the affirmative.

"Yes; but he is not at all—what you call it, among you, you natives of the glorious Albion?—not at all a—a *marrying man*."

"Why not?" said Madeleine.

"Why not? Is it proper, again I say to myself, to explain himself to her? Why not? Let us no longer delude ourselves with phrases concerning the innocent candour, not to be profaned, of the youth of our days. *Parlons toute nette!* For the very reason, my child, that he is the most proper for matrimony, being so immensely rich; but he therefore supposes himself incapable of inspiring an attachment worthy of so great a sacrifice. Do you not comprehend? It is a man of an original character, and he cannot support the notion to be loved for his money alone. Ha! ha! what a ridiculous vanity in a man, who is far from being young, and who ought to be aware that at his age one is chiefly loved for the benefits one confers!"

"But is he so very rich?"

"Horribly, my dear."

"Do you know *who* he is?—*what* he is called?"

"He is an enormous merchant of London—a man who deals with the two worlds; one may say that he is even of a certain rank, since his father purchased a patent of German nobility. He is past the prime of existence; he is in some measure bald; he has little charm of manner or conversation; he is stern, unbending."

"What is his name, Olympe—dear Olympe?"

"Behringbright. He is called Mr. Baron Behringbright."

"Wouldn't *he* be a good match, Olympe?"

"Good to an impossibility of being better, my dear one."

"But it would be, of course, impossible. I don't suppose there would be any way of getting at him?"

"Not likely. Miss Rosabella almost always promenades with us in the parks; and, besides, how could we convince him of the falsehood, the treason, of the creature he enables to live with so much splendour?"

"But *is* she false? *is* she treasonable?"

"What matters either? But she is both. I could say what I know—only I will not."

"Olympe, we will talk more about this another time. But are we quite safe now, do you think? Did you not hear something very like a footstep outside the door?"

"But, no, it is impossible."

"We are very fanciful in my country; at least we used once to be, in the time of Shakspeare and Lady Macbeth. And now I thought I heard a deep sigh, as if some person was very unhappy!" said Madeleine, who was contriving a means to get rid of her visitor, and now affected to look startled. "Do you believe in guardian angels, Olympe? Well, I really thought I heard *my* guardian angel give—a deep sigh!"

"Oh, what folly!" said Mademoiselle Olympe, but with visible alarm; being, like most persons who have entirely emancipated their minds from superstition, very superstitious.

"I dare say it is so. Still, Olympe, I wish you would go to your own bed to-night! I should like to reflect on all you have said."

"Good night, then, dear Madeleine."

"Good night, my kind instructress! Good night!"

"What a splendid thing it would be," thought Madeleine Graham, left at last alone, "if one could only get to love a man who had plenty of money! How nice it would be to conciliate the two views! I should positively adore a man whom I loved who had money! But this one is oldish and rather bald, they say; a man of a cold, repulsive, almost of an insulting character, whom one could not persuade that one loved for himself, from being aware that there was nothing lovable in him, and who would always be imagining his purse assailed.—Still, it is the difficulty of the task, after all, that makes the fun of it! There would be no great wonder or merit in coaxing a young, vehement, *Nouvelle Héloïse* sort of a lover into the belief that one loved him—but a man like this Behring-bright—Baron Behringbright, too! After all, it is something even to be a German baroness! and even Pope, whom Miss Hortensia sets us to read for his fine morality, says, 'Tis good repenting in a coach and four.'—I'll get Olympe to make inquiries—and she already knows a great deal more than she has told me, I am sure. What a guy to believe in ghosts, too, and guardian angels, when she don't believe at all, I am sure, in the next world;—and although she is so fond, too, of playing at table-rapping when the Misses Sparkx's backs are turned! How queer, too, that this Behringbright man does not in the least believe in the woman

upon whom he heaps all the treasures of his unbounded wealth, according to Olympe ! Oh, what strange creatures men and women are !—

“ Well, come, Miss Rosabella told us to go and sleep, and dream that we had our wishes. I will go to sleep and dream that—that—that this cold, repulsive, unbelieving moneyed man—that this young, ardent, enthusiastic lover . . . Good heavens ! I must be already dreaming—falling asleep awake ! It is impossible to conciliate the two. No ; I must be a rich man’s wife, with no enjoyment of my life but what money can procure, or—or—I should like to see this Behringbright—this terribly rich man ! I wonder whether I could like his money well enough to—to—to sacrifice a fervent young lover to his riches—if I had one ? ”

CHAPTER IV.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

“ I SAY, Fauntleroy—Vivian, my boy—who’s Incognita ? ”

“ *Who’s who ?* ”

“ Oh, you know who I mean. ”

“ You should ask Behringbright ; I dare say it costs him something handsome per annum to be in the secret. Let me see. A villa in Regent’s Park ; an open and a close carriage ; lots of servants ; a box at the opera ; all the spectacles, flower-shows, exhibitions ; Brighton and Paris at the proper seasons ; dress, jewellery, and other knickknacks : I should think she stands him in some seven or eight thousand pounds a year, this particular Anno Domini of ours,” summed up Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy, at intervals of the puffs of a cigar which he was smoking, extended almost at full length on one of the divans of the smoking room of the — Club, —or stay, as it is rather old-fashioned to leave blanks, let us call it the *Dolce-Far-Niente* Club.

“ Bless me ! And that’s the tremendously rich fellow—the millionaire fellow, don’t they call them ?—that’s so set his mind against being married for his money ; isn’t it, Vivian ? ” drawled another of the loungers, keeping his eyes closed, in the full beatitude of his narcotic enjoyment, like a Chinese in a stage of *bang*.

“ Against being married for his money ! ” returned Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy, with a long emphasis on the word. “ One don’t mind the other sort of affair, you know, for one’s money ; it’s fair bargain and sale. But Behringbright can’t take kindly to the notion of being rated as a mere money-bag in so important and lasting a business as matrimony ; and that’s how he gives all the dowagers and Lady Clara’s the slip, and rushes free in the prairies yet, in spite of all the silken lassos thrown at his neck. ”

“ He isn’t at all a handsome fellow, and that is how he finds the

women out, and what they're after," returned the drawler—the Honourable Francis Dundreary, M.P. for Slopsley, in Worcestershire, who *was* a handsome fellow—a most decidedly handsome fellow, if faultless features, a faultless moustache, and faultless tailors and bootmakers, can make a man so.

"Oh, nobody cares for *beauty* now. The women are like everybody else—all for themselves, and looking after the main chance; and quite right too," observed a third speaker and smoker, the second son of a good family, who managed to cut a pretty decent appearance, *as a single man*, on five hundred a year; but, of course, never dreamed of such an imprudence as matrimony upon an income of that kind.

"I wonder the dowagers and Lady Clara's, as you call them, can take any notice of a man like that—of no birth whatever," said Lord Ronald Macdonald, a Caledonian duke's ninth son, and with a portion accordingly; not to mention that he was endowed with all the extravagance and love of expense which might have become the head of the family, in case that dignity had felt inclined to ruin himself.

"No birth! Why, how do you think he's alive then?"

"Oh, nonsense! you know what I mean."

"Of course; any fellow can tell what he means," softly ejaculated the Honourable Francis.

"Well, whether he was ever born or no—I mean, whether he's got birth or not—he's a most tremendously rich individual, and he's quite in the right to think the fine ladies are after him chiefly for that—and to cut them, and take up with Incognita," said Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy, with unusual earnestness for him—an earnestness founded on unhappy experiences, for he had been jilted not so long before—poor fellow!—for the sake of a man who had a good deal more money; in fact, Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy had hardly any, and had only been introduced into good society at all—and all manner of expenses he could not afford—by the brilliant success of a satirical novel he had written, and which ridiculed his best friends in such a delightful manner, that everybody read it and abused it. This advanced him, so that he was enabled to join a first-rate club, keep a horse and a natty little groom, and smoke Latakia, for one year on his own means; all the rest of his time he lived on loans and the means of other people, on condition that he rendered himself generally agreeable; and the proper way to do that was to be generally malicious, and say all kinds of cutting, ill-natured, and unfounded things, as foreign to the poor man's own nature as to the reality of the questions he treated.

"Is Incognita—a—a nithe girl?" said Mr. Dundreary.

"She's a spanker. Didn't you see how she drove those horses? I expected nothing but that she would have killed half a dozen people between Hyde Park Corner and her own delightful residence," said Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy.

"I tried to keep up with her, to see where she was going, but she

went ahead at such a horrible rate I couldn't go the pace at all!" spasmodically interjected the Honourable Francis.

"Would she have made you welcome, do you think, Mr. Dundreary—as, of course, it's only money she's at present attached to—in case you had been able to go the pace?" said Mr. Vivian, with a bitter smile.

"Aw—aw, I dare say; Behringbright's nothing particular, everybody knows, to doat upon."

"Isn't he monstrously rich?" puffed in a man who, up to this time, had remained in an apparent state of insensibility, crouched in an armchair, with his feet mounted on the back of one before him.

"As rich as a Jew. Some people say he *is* one," replied Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy, who, in point of fact, had some considerable occasion to know that Mr. Behringbright *was* as rich as a Jew.

"But as generous as a Christian," interjected another somnolocutist, half opening his eyes, with a significant look in them, at that gentleman.

"I don't know what you mean by a Christian, nowadays," said Mr. Vivian, very drily, after a pause.

"I mean a man that lends you money when nobody else will," continued the remorseless sleeper-awakened.

Mr. Fauntleroy did not deign any comment on such a nonsensical observation.

"I say, Vivian, what *sort* of a rich man is Behring——what is the other part? I never remember a man's name that don't sound as if one knew it—Behringbriggs?"

"Behringbright, Lord Ronald."

"Well; what is he—Barringlight—what d'ye call him?—A drysalter?"

"A drysalter! Perhaps—among the rest. Deals in everything, from a pin to an anchor. He is one of the greatest merchants this country ever produced—he and his brothers are. You don't mean to say, Lord Ronald, you don't know who George Cocker Behringbright is?"

"Everybody knowths," lisped Mr. Dundreary. "How thilly of Macdonald to pretend not to. That would have done long ago, but it isn't the sort of thing nowadays. Besides, isn't he a baron, or something of that sort, Vivian?"

"Yes, but he won't be called so. It isn't his fault; it was his father's, who couldn't help being a baron, in consequence of a few acres he bought of the Holy Roman Empire, I don't know how long ago. But he hates to be called 'Baron;' you can't offend him worse. He is Mr. Behringbright, *par et simple*, to all intents and purposes."

"What a stupid fellow!" said Lord Ronald Macdonald, with an exceedingly liquid *u*, to distinguish himself from the people who say "stoopid." "If I were he I should like, above all things, to be a baron, and to *sink the shop*."

"Oh no; he treads on Plato's pride with greater pride! He's the kind of man that, if he can't be all, don't care to be anything. I suppose

he wouldn't mind being a British peer ; but he don't care to be a Roman baron," said Mr. Fauntleroy, rather enjoying the surprise of the Scotch Duke's ninth son.

"Why don't he *buy* himself a peerage, then?" said a person who had not hitherto spoken, but was tranquilly inhaling his cigar in a remote corner of the chamber, and who had natural tendencies to sarcasm against the aristocracy, he being the representative of an exceedingly democratic London constituency, that derived its chief employment and sustenance from manufactures that supplied aristocratic wants.

"*Buy* a peerage, sir!" exclaimed Lord Ronald Macdonald.

"He wouldn't take the trouble. Elections *are* such a bore, and I don't suppose he could manage a peerage under three or four regular votes," said Mr. Vivian.

People laughed, and seemed gratified—particularly the member for the democratic constituency, who had set his heart on at least a baronetcy.

There was now a pause, during which the curling vapours of the fumigation increased in volume, and floated in soft visionary mists high in the upper air of the divan.

"Behringbright's in the right to enjoy himself, since he can afford it so well," said the Honourable Francis, at last, with a feeble yawn. "But—I say—Vivian—Mr. Fauntleroy—don't you think he's an ass to let that woman make such a tremendous noise and—all that—at his expense?"

"He likes it, I suppose," said Mr. Vivian F.

"But isn't it scandalous? Isn't it a disgrace—in a well-regulated society like ours? All very well for the Bois de Boulogne or the Champs Elysées—one don't expect anything better of the French. But among *us*?" remarked a man of British build,—short, thick, round in the stomach and head, but who was a terrible hand, in general, at asking questions, and was noted for the standing nuisance he was to ministers, no matter of what politics or party, in Parliament—being what is called an Independent Member—of everybody and everything—reason and manners, not unfrequently, among the rest.

"I think he must do it on purpose to affront people of condition who invite him to their houses," remarked Lord Ronald Macdonald, who had a tall, lean, highly intellectual and charitable sister to marry—the Lady Flora Diana; and knew that his mother, the dowager duchess, gave a good number of inconvenient parties on that account, to which, it is by no means improbable, Mr. Behringbright was often invited.

"Very likely," said Mr. Fauntleroy; perhaps a little ungratefully subjoining, "he is an extremely misanthropic, carping, disparaging sort of a man, and likes nothing better than annoying people that he thinks want to take him in; and his experience is such that he believes that's the game with all the women."

"Well, as ~~he~~ he's such an ugly fellow—" said the Honourable Francis.

"As he's such a humbug of an aristocrat—" said the popular-constituency representative.

"As he's such a d—d democrat—" muttered Lord Ronald.

"As he's such an immoral character—" said the extremely right-minded British Independent Member, who, a few months after, fell, by some mischance or other—by the wrong delivery of a letter, or something of that kind—into the jurisdiction of the two C's; as they call the court where the Right Honourable Sir Cresswell Cresswell sits Rhadamanthus.

"I wonder you all care to bother about a chap like that. I never heard of his *winning the Derby*;—hasn't a horse, I suppose, in the world worth describing as an animal of the kind! What's the use, then, of croaking on about a humbug fellow because he's rich, and amuses himself by setting an impudent woman to drive what he daren't himself, I'll be sworn—a pair of spirited horses round the Ring, or—where is it?"

"I'll have a look at her to-morrow, if she's out," said an interlocutor, who had not hitherto taken any part in the conversation.

"Well, let's have done with him. It isn't very amusing, ragging a fellow when he's abthent. I like best teasing a fellow to his face; then one can see how he likes it," said the Honourable Francis.

This seemed generally acquiesced in. The divan was rather tired of hunting on the trail of a fox that had only left his scent on the dewy grass, and didn't show out of cover.

I do not, indeed, suppose that even another thought on the curling of the fume of a cigar (of course, nobody dreamed of anything half so nice, in good society, as a short pipe) would have crossed people's minds concerning Mr. Behringbright—or *Baron* Behringbright, as he might have constituted himself, in right of three acres purchased of the Holy Roman Empire, when there was a Holy Roman Empire—if Baron, or Mr. Behringbright, had not at this precise moment entered the smoking-room of the Dolce-Far-Niente Club.

FRIAR BACON.

I, FOR one, was mightily amused by Cobbett's retort upon Henry Brougham's prediction, that the day was not far off when Englishmen of the humblest classes would read and appreciate Bacon. "Much better," exclaimed the rude humorist,—“much better that they should eat bacon than read Bacon.” But whilst laughing at the witticism, it did not for a moment occur to me, nor, I am pretty sure, to one of the legion of laughers, that any other Bacon than Lord Chancellor Bacon could possibly be meant. No doubt Lord Brougham did mean the author of the “*Novum Organum*,” but such utter obliviousness of Roger Bacon, one of England's greatest sons, who lived—I wish I could add flourished—three hundred years before Lord Verulam, is not creditable to us as a nation. Nor is it to our honour that we are indebted to foreigners—Frenchmen chiefly—Victor Cousin, Emilie Charles, and others, for vindicating the memory and fame of the unfortunate Franciscan friar, who was condemned and punished, as a sorcerer, towards the close of the thirteenth century, for having anticipated Copernicus and Galileo, as to the true motions of the sun and planets; Newton, in the science of optics, and for having further invented gunpowder; demonstrated the errors of the Julian calendar; and propounded the principles of the inductive philosophy, of which Lord Chancellor Bacon is reputed to have been the first expositor.

The popular notion of Friar Bacon, the mighty conjuror, who hobnobbed with the devil, in an old tower near Oxford, is embodied in an amusing book, written in a quite serious, laudatory spirit, entitled “*The Famous History of Friar Bacon*,” and published by William Thackeray, at the “Angel,” in Duck Lane. Let us glance it through.

“The famous friar, Roger Bacon,” writes the historiographer, “was born in 1216, at Ilchester, Somerset. His father was a farmer, and he himself was placed, at an early age, with a priest to be educated. The pupil quickly surpassed the preceptor in learning, and the priest counselled the father to send his gifted son to college. To this sage advice Bacon senior demurred. Placing a cart-whip in his son's hand, he told him that would prove more profitable than Latin; that the almanack would teach him when to sow wheat, barley, or peas; and that he himself knew out of books all about markets and fairs, as well as the priest did mass;—finally, that if young Roger refused to use the cart-whip in the sense proposed, he himself would after another fashion, and over his son's shoulders. The lad was fain to submit for a time, but soon afterwards ran away, and took sanctuary in a convent twenty miles off. There he rapidly grew in knowledge, grace, and godliness; and in the fulness of time became a Franciscan monk. We next hear of him when working in conjunction with a Friar Bungay—also a great magician—in the aforementioned

tower. Their chief study was to discover the secret of life—of an earthly immortality; and, by way of variety, Roger Bacon—having often painfully reflected upon the misery brought upon his native land by the successive invasions of Saxon, Dane, and Norman—cast about how to prevent such calamities for the future,—his notion being that an encircling wall of brass would be the most efficient safeguard. How to do it was the question; and to solve the difficulty the magicians manufactured a brazen head, which, if they could only contrive to make it speak, would instruct them in the right method. But that desideratum could only be accomplished by help of the Evil One, who was accordingly summoned to appear, and perform the task set him forthwith. His infernal majesty was not in the vein, and roundly asserted that he had no power to compel the head to utter forth words of prophetic wisdom. Apollyon might have added, perhaps did, that to compel him, the Father of Mischief, to lend his aid to a beneficent work, was out of all reason. The Satanic excuse did not, however, impose upon the English patriot-sorcerers, who, knowing that the devil was a liar from the beginning, threatened to keep him there till he did endow the brazen head with prophetic power of speech. It is difficult to comprehend how this could have shaken Lucifer's nerves. It had, however, that effect; and at last the affair was compromised, the devil undertaking that the brazen head should speak three times within a month. He was then dismissed—not with a blessing—and the two magicians, Bacon and Bungay, kept watch and ward over the head, waiting with trembling impatience for the oracular words. Three weeks sufficed to completely wear out their powers of watchfulness, and they were fain to instruct Bacon's man Miles to watch whilst they slept, and call them instantly the head opened its brazen lips. Miles faithfully promised to do so,—but, alas for the safety of Albion! he was unfaithful to his trust. Being a merry fellow, and in life's young spring-time, he beguiled the tedium of the enforced vigil by trolling a love-ditty, to the tune of 'Say, cam'st thou not from Newcastle?'—

‘To couple is a custom,
All things thereto agree;
Why should I not then love,
Since love to all is free?’

“The man Miles's melody must have been Orphean in its effect, for he had no sooner finished the last verse of his song than the head turned towards him, and, in an awful voice, said, ‘TIME IS!’

“Miles said to himself, every fool knew that, and he should certainly not wake his master to hear that ‘Time Is.’ So Miles went on singing; and his second ditty, to the tune of ‘Dainty, come to me,’ elicited from the head, ‘TIME WAS!’ That too was an insignificant truism in Miles's opinion, and he went on singing. The last quaver of the third ditty had hardly passed his lips, when the head exclaimed, ‘TIME IS PAST!’ and thereupon fell down, smashing itself to bits, ‘with a terrible noise and

flashes of fire,—and, of course, awaking the two magicians, who, upon hearing Miles's account of what had occurred, gave him a terrible beating for not having aroused them when the head first spoke.”

The foregoing and other similar absurdities are the nursery tale versions of Roger Bacon's life. His real portraiture may be indicated by a phrase which forms his indestructible, though as yet ungraven epitaph,—His life was devoted to the reform of philosophy upon a sound basis, that of induction.

Roger Bacon was contemporary, let it be remembered, with Hales, the grave doctor; Saint Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor; Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor,—all worshippers of Aristotle, and all abstract reasoners, spinning long dissertations upon such edifying questions as, it being admitted that angels were immaterial, occupying no space, “How many millions could dance upon the point of a needle?” “You argue,” wrote the Franciscan friar, “in a circle of abstracts, instead of devoting your powers to the cultivation of nature; turning yourselves—with artificial subtleties—pedantic disputes—away from nature and the works of God.” What, after all, is the “*Novum Organum*” but an eloquent amplification of the first Bacon's modest words of wisdom?

Roger Bacon set himself vehemently against the excessive veneration paid in those days to the long since fallen idol Aristotle. In the first place, he argued, the work had only a few fragments of Aristotle, and these translated from the Arabic version—and certain for these reasons to be full of blunders; and then the grave doctor, the angelic doctor, and the subtle doctor, depended upon always bad translations into their own vernacular!

Bacon estimated Aristotle at his true worth. “He knew much,” exclaimed the obscure Franciscan, “but not everything—very far, indeed, from that. He was not infallible: the saints themselves—as witness Augustine, Jerome, Origen—were not.

“Ah,” said Bacon, “you men of the Aristotelian school insist that the ancients must be respected. Without doubt, the ancients are to be respected. We owe them a debt of gratitude for having in some degree cleared the way to philosophic truth. But we must not forget that those ancients were human, and that they often deceived themselves. They have even committed many errors because they were ancients; for the newest exponent or searcher after truth is, in reality, the true ancient. Modern generations ought surely to surpass in enlightenment those of

of love. The "Reform of Philosophy" did bequeath to mankind great truths in some instances, as the advance of science has demonstrated; and in others, foreshadowings of great truths, which have since been developed, by workers in the same field, into indisputable verities, set forth in the *opus majus*, the *opus minor*, and the *opus tertium*. That he was the inventor of spectacles, is disputed; but that he anticipated Newton in the laws of optics, cannot be questioned. He did not "invent" gunpowder, say some. The art had been known to the Arabs, though fallen into disuse. Bacon only disinterred the secret from the buried treasures of the ancient world, and gave it practical application. Be it so; there can scarcely be higher praise. The invention of gunpowder was the great agent which struck down the arrogant feudality of Europe, by placing the peasant—as to fighting power—upon an equality with the peer. When Front de Bœuf, cased in impenetrable armour, could build a castle upon an eminence which bows and arrows were powerless against, and thence issue to make forays, lift cattle—"voler sur le grand chemin," says Froissart—and retire with his booty to the impregnable castle, it might be a famous world for Front de Bœuf, but a very miserable one for honest people, who earned their honest bread by the sweat of their brow. But the invention of gunpowder gradually changed all that; Front de Bœuf's armour could defy a cloth yard shaft: in fact, there are instances in which thirty or forty knights, cased in proof, could slaughter, without loss or danger to themselves, thousands of mere footmen; but Front de Bœuf found the tables sadly turned, when a common fellow, with an iron tube, could send a bullet through his armour of proof, and that his stronghold was of no avail against cannon. So Front de Bœuf, in presence of that infamous invention of the devil and Friar Bacon,—“to curb the will of the nobility,”—threw away his Milan armour, as being no longer anything but a costly encumbrance, and reluctantly recognised the astounding fact, that the common file had the power to hold their own, when so inclined, against all the chivalry that ever pranced and plundered. All honour, I say, to Roger Bacon, if only for the grand invention of gunpowder. That the Franciscan monk's foreshadowing of the truth anticipated—dimly, you may say, but anticipated—Copernicus and Galileo, cannot be denied; that he it was who *really* reformed the calendar—though the mechanical realization, so to speak, was delayed two centuries—is also admitted. That such a man partook, in some degree, of the errors of his time, is merely to say he was human. He believed, for example, in the possibility of discovering the elixir, the secret of life, as firmly as an ex-secretary for the colonies appears to do,—though the methods he indicates are not anything so demonboshish as those of Mr. Margrave. Another thing: the man who was the herald of Newton, Copernicus, and Galileo, anticipated the great Mesmer, the propounder of animal magnetism. The phrase, "follies of the wise," has passed into a proverb.

Roger Bacon was a man not only of unblemished morals, but imbued

with unswerving faith in the Christian verities; and yet his unaffected submission to the teaching of the Church in all things properly in the domain of the Church—a childlike, humble submission in spirituals to recognised authority—did not save him from being denounced as a sorcerer, in close league with the devil. The truth is, Roger Bacon was too restless a spirit, too eager in the pursuit after truth for its own sake, not to inspire an indefinite alarm amongst a priesthood whose maxim, in more than one sense, was “*Semper idem*,” and who would have prevented the moral and philosophical world from moving; just as, two centuries after Friar Bacon had ceased to teach the unteachable, they clung to the belief that the material world stood still upon nothing. The General of the Franciscans forbade Bacon to speak or write—imprisoned him for eight years in his cell; and another “General” did the same for the unfortunate friar in Paris, where he had chiefly studied—during which periods he was generally allowed no more dainty fare than bread and water, and flagellated at discretion. Finally he was liberated by Pope Clement IV., when he was eighty years of age, and with just sufficient strength left to reach and die in England. By way of destroying the “spirit” of the man, when his body had passed beyond their reach, the enlightened Franciscans destroyed all the sorcerer’s manuscripts they could lay hold of. Enough, fortunately, escaped destruction to establish Roger Bacon’s claim to the respect and homage of all who can appreciate intellectual greatness, moral worth, and unbending courage.

THE REIGN OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

ONE of the characteristic signs of the times is the eagerness with which French authors seek to rehabilitate the abandoned women of the Monarchy and the Regency. An arch-sinner in this respect is M. Capefigue, who, in a series called "The Queens of the Left Hand," has glorified Gabrielle d'Estrées, the Montespan, the Pompadour, the Du Barry, &c. His books, charmingly bound in white and gold, are a type of their contents; and by the time the reader has reached the last page, if he have not his wits about him, he is inclined to believe the subject of the memoir a victim of circumstances, and more sinned against than sinning.

If we select such a woman as the Pompadour as the subject of an article for the *St. James's*, our readers may feel assured that it is not with the object of whitening her private character, for the staff was broken over that long ago. It appears to us, however, that her public character has not been sufficiently elucidated, and that few readers are cognizant that she, and she alone, was the cause of the first French Revolution. This is a startling proposition to make; but we hope to be able to prove it by the aid of a recently published work.*

For eighteen years had the saving, honest, and peaceful Cardinal Fleury held the helm of State affairs in France: it slipped from his enfeebled hand in 1743, and caprice with its strange whims, and passion with its feverish changes from despondency to daring, governed in his stead. For thirty years (1744—1774) they swayed France, until the insulted corpse of the prince who had once been called the Well-Beloved went on its way to St. Denis by night. The most contradictory and irreconcilable political ideas, which had but one thing in common—their impotence, estranged the gagged nation from their king. The government, by turns Jansenist or Molinistic, according as it required the registration of the law courts or the pecuniary help of the clergy, to-day persecuted its own officials, and to-morrow the bishops. In order to divert public attention from the disgraceful conditions of the recently concluded treaty, it plundered the Jesuits in agreement with the courts, and soon had more cause to fear the latter than the former. It entered into a furious contest with the parliaments, and soon augmented their power tenfold; and gained a victory which was far more dangerous than a defeat.

This eternal vacillation, which weakened France internally, dishonoured the nation abroad. Europe became a stage upon which the constant change of scenery rendered the audience confused. To-day French blood flows in torrents in order to overthrow Maria Theresa, on behalf of Frederick the Great; to-morrow it flows again in order to annihilate Frederick, to the profit of the Empress. The flames of war desolate both

* "La Monarchie Française au XVIII. Siècle," by Louis de Carné.

hemispheres, and yet the cleverest men are unable to discover what the nation so constantly defeated in the Seven Years' War would have gained even had it been victorious. America and India were lost; Poland was partitioned; and yet, in the face of such treaties as had never been signed by France since the days of King John, the country scarce felt the disgrace, so thoroughly had it separated itself from its leaders, so deeply rooted was its contempt. The division between the Court and Paris, the monarchy and France, was a yawning gulf which widened with every new folly of the King.

And yet Louis XV. was not deficient in distinguished advisers. The two D'Argensons were certainly men of original talent, and thoroughly honest. The Cardinal de Bernis, the only creature of the Pompadour who at times ventured to oppose her, must fairly be judged by his decrees and his acts, rather than by his verses. The Duc de Choiseul was a very valuable man, both through his real qualities and those which he assumed. The Duc d'Aiguillon and the Chancellor Maupeou, through the boldness which they displayed in their struggle, would have been regarded as heroes had they fought for any other cause. The minister Machault had a clear head and determined character; and rarely had the monarchy had Controllers-General in its service that could match with Silhouette, Ouvry, Laverdy, and Terray. Nor was the army without brave and experienced leaders. Lowendahl, Broglie, and D'Estrées were clever generals, and Maurice of Saxe might be ranked by the side of Condé and Turenne. The loose morals of the victor of Fontenoy, which shortened and obscured his life, may be ascribed to French society of the eighteenth century, which was only too indulgent to such weaknesses. In truth, it was the greatest crime of this society, that it nipped in the bud most of the innate qualities of a highly gifted generation. Under a powerful monarch, and in a different sphere, great things might have been done; for instance, by men of the stamp of a Belleisle or a Marechal de Richelieu, who began his martial career by the capture of Minorca, and ended it at the feet of a Du Barry. If Saxe and Belleisle were no better than brilliant adventurers, and if Richelieu performed for thirty years the part of a Chiffinch, the reason was that in that lamentable age the natural outlets were closed against all grand and honourable ambition.

If the aging Louis XIV. felt a want of men, under his successor delighted and reconstituted France only required a supreme head. From the time when the absolute monarchy absorbed all the social forces, a great king or a talented minister became the first necessity of the country—in fact, the condition of its existence. The abyss was, therefore, enormous, and the evil incurable, when Louis XV., after the death of Fleury, declared his resolution not to entrust the power to any man against whom he felt an unconquerable aversion. Sad and melancholy, even in the midst of his pleasures, a dull observer of the events of his government, trusting himself as little as he did others, the scholar of the old cardinal was a demoralized Louis XIII., and a courtesan became his Richelieu.

~~Long did the~~ nation struggle against the sad truth that its favourite, on whom it had set all its hopes, had fallen from his high estate. It hoped patiently for several years against all hope; for it foresaw the dangers which this virtual abdication of the king must entail. How eagerly it watched for the slightest sign of a personal will being aroused in this king, who had already passed his thirtieth year! If Louis XV. be silent—if his brow be wrinkled—if he defer, in spite of the pressing of the cardinal, some unimportant decision—if he let his eye fall upon any friend of the expelled Chauvelin, people enter into the most profound calculations in order to explain the whimsical accidents, which had their origin in exhaustion, indigestion, or a sick headache.

In truth, France had rarely required a powerful government so much as at that time. In the middle of the eighteenth century the royal authority had acquired an unexpected prestige at all the Courts of Europe. Maria Theresa, who had raised herself by her courage to the rank of the first men, had contrived to convert the Hungarians, the old allies of the French policy against the German empire, into heroic defenders of her cause. With Frederick II. Prussia became merely a sword in the hand of a general who was powerfully supported both by his genius and his bravery. Russia, with resources increased tenfold, was drawing nearer to Europe; and this Court, which Louis XIV. pretended not even to know, had through its cunning gained allies and accomplices at the very Courts whose interest it was to thwart the success of the Russian plans. Lastly, the House of Hanover, which in 1745 had almost succumbed to the Pretender, was so strengthened through bloodshed, that all parties, henceforth united under one banner, rivalled each other in ambition, and hatred of France.

The French monarch proceeded to the Netherlands, the usual stage of all great military displays managed by the sovereign in person. He besieged several fortresses, being covered by Marechal de Saxe, who operated a short distance off; and after the regular attacks and pauses, which were the fashion from the former war, Furnies, Korbeck, Ypres, and Menin surrendered to him. The minister of war, Count d'Argenson, however, had unwisely strengthened the army commanded by the King; and the denuded frontiers were threatened at several points simultaneously. An inroad of the Austrians into Alsace suddenly altered the state of affairs. The King was compelled hurriedly to quit the scene of his exploits in order to save the great province, where the foe was engaged in re-arousing a nationality which still lived in many hearts. It appears that on this occasion Louis advanced on Strasburg in forced marches through a resolution of his own; but being attacked at Metz on the 4th of August, 1744, by a severe illness, he lay for eight days at death's door, and was warned to turn his thoughts to eternity.

The people, in the conviction that the King was suffering through the self-devoting zeal with which he had hurried up to defend them, remained on their knees and wearied Heaven with their prayers and cries of despair.

When a decided change for the better set in a few days later, the public delight knew no bounds, and was displayed in almost frenzied demonstrations. Even in this crisis the King revealed his usual want of sensibility. His belief, which had not been submerged in the gulf of his scandalous vices, aroused more terror than repentance in his heart. To the sacrifice of his mistress, which was ordered by duty, he added an odious want of feeling, as if she must pay the price for his salvation through scandalous ill-treatment. The Duchesse de Châteauroux, driven away with her sister Madame de Lauragais, like a woman of bad character, and accompanied on her flight by the execrations of the populace, sank in a few hours so low that even the severest judges of her faults must have felt compassion with her.

Scarce, however, had Louis recovered, ere he—forgetting the promises which his lips had uttered, though his heart had not endorsed them—recalled his mistress. Her entrance to Versailles was intended to be accompanied by important changes at Court; for the young lady, burning with revenge and ambition, was determined to seize the reins of government as prime minister, and manage them to the interest of the nobility, as well as in the spirit of the government of Louis XIV.; but death suddenly interrupted all her high-soaring plans. It was reserved for a successor of hers to pave the way for the approaching French Revolution.

Louis XV., who on the death of Madame de Vintimille had shed the only tears he ever yielded to love, felt no sorrow for a woman who, at the least, cannot be gainsayed the merit of having restored him to his duties as a monarch. The nation, however, at that period proud of its king, breathed again, relieved from the natural alarm which it had felt at the beginning of the campaign. The King of Prussia, who was principally affected by the danger of France, and felt it more than perhaps the nation itself did, marched 100,000 men into Bohemia and Moravia; and this diversion saved France. Louis was thus enabled to enjoy in perfect security the popular ovations aroused by his first successes in Flanders.

The war certainly continued, and the Prince de Conti had been recently compelled to make an inglorious retreat from Italy. But that did not prevent Court and city from spending the winter of 1744 carelessly and merrily. Paris was reading the "Sofa" of Crébillon, applauding "Merope," abusing the theatrical censorship which had prohibited the performance of "Mahomet," or was amusing itself with the coquetries between Voltaire and Benedict XIV. At Versailles the King was hunting again, and at the little suppers the ice which covered his heart and mind temporarily thawed under the influence of loose conversation and choice dishes. This little world, which only lived by the favour of the Prince, and considered everything permissible and honourable that might attain it, was engaged with an affair which affected it more deeply than the war with half Europe. The question was to fill up the gap which the Duchesse de Châteauroux had left, and this situation was too eagerly

desired for it to remain long unoccupied. The interregnum was only a short one, that is certain; but for all that, the most careful investigations of historians have not yet dispersed the obscurity by which the first relations of the King with Madame d'Etiolles are covered. We know not the intermediary who formed the daring idea of introducing at Court the daughter of an ex-contractor and the notorious mistress of a farmer general. The transient appearance of this young lady at the royal hunt, in a phaeton glistening with gold and azure; her seductive coquetry at the masked ball given at the town hall in honour of the dauphin's marriage; her boldness in throwing down her handkerchief, which was picked up by the enamoured Sultan in the presence of a crowded ball-room—these well-known episodes do not cast a satisfactory light upon the origin of an intrigue opposed by such terrible obstacles and so many ardent rivals. To make the daughter of a man like Poisson, who had just been condemned for extortion, Lady of the Queen's Household; to place the wife of a subordinate farmer of the taxes in a position which the most illustrious houses, owing to the perverted ideas of the age, would have esteemed an honour; and, finally, to display the weight of the bourgeoisie by so brilliant a victory over the Court nobility,—was one of the most daring of enterprises, and yet facts prove that the scheme was formed and carried through with the most clever perseverance. Who it was that selected the Duc de Richelieu, that brilliant fop, for this part, cannot be decided with certainty; but he did not fail in his mission, and this mission exerted a powerful influence over the interests of the class represented by the woman, on whose beauty a high price was set. Before she had made her arrangements with the King—*être arrangée* was the Court language—Madame de Normand d'Etiolles, to whom a title and a residence at Versailles were assured, had already triumphed over the sole constitution which had remained to the French monarchy during the last century—etiquette, and the new Marquise made her triumphal entry into Versailles as a victress.

Such a deeply calculated and perfectly successful scheme of seduction is unparalleled. Antoinette, from her earliest youth, had been prepared to be a morsel for a king, to use a characteristic expression of the age. Such was the destiny which Madame Poisson had foreboded for her daughter. The graceful creature grew up in a brilliant pestiferous atmosphere, without virtue, but without vice; luxury, the arts, and premature flattery, had desiccated the modesty of her heart; and from the day when she attained maidenhood, she subjected her lot to calculations, which neither emotion nor passion ever disturbed. Without affection, but also without reluctance, she gave her hand to the man whom the lover of Madame Poisson had selected for her. Antoinette saw in this marriage, apart from the considerable increase of fortune, merely an arrangement which in no way interfered with the immoral plans which her mother had formed for her future. As singer, actress, musician, and clever with the pencil and the burin, she was equipped with all the weapons which art gives to well-gifted

natures, and was firmly resolved to try them in a world where they had hitherto not been in use.

In order to insure the fruits of her conquest for a long time, the new mistress at first selected a path entirely opposed to that of the Châteauroux. She flattered the secret inclinations of Louis, and took possession of the man in all his weaknesses, caring but little about the renown of the Prince, who seemed quite powerful enough for a little bourgeoisie. If the Marquise soon altered her plans—if she assumed a political part in order to strengthen her waning influence with the King—this was originally neither her desire nor her plan. Suppose we regard her in this new phase.

In spite of the corruption of the age, the scandal of a public adultery had assembled all nobly minded men around the unhappy Queen, who was condemned to drink the cup of the deepest humiliation to the very dregs. The Pompadour, by forcing herself on Queen Marie Lescinska as a lady of the bedchamber, and by claiming the tabouret and honours of a duchess, far from gaining strength, engaged in an unwise conflict with public opinion. The Queen certainly responded to her husband's repeated insults by an unswerving devotion; but her four daughters, and, before all, her son the dauphin, seized every opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their unfortunate mother, by publicly displayed contempt of her rival. The dauphin had become the centre of the entire clerical party, which was at once exposed to the attacks of Jansenism and philosophy, and the force of events had given him a part to play which sadly disquieted his father. The Pompadour, despised by the dauphin, and justly odious to the party which placed its hopes in hers, became their irreconcilable enemy, and the path which she had to follow was clearly indicated to her. The Pompadour—it reads strangely enough—became a Jansenist, and supported, with all the violence of her passion and her internal fury, the magistracy against the clergy, and, soon after, the philosophers against the Jesuits. In the dispute about the confessional tickets, as well as in the annihilation of the Jesuits, she was the ally of whom the least was said, but from whom the most was expected.

A dispute, as paltry in its external aspect as it was important through the interests involved in it, had disturbed France during the later years of Louis XIV. The Parliaments refused to recognize the Bull Unigenitus as a form of belief and State law, while the Clergy, on the other hand, claimed the right to refuse the sacrament, the exclusive inheritance of believers, to those who obstinately rejected a doctrine which was canonically defined by the Holy See, and accepted by the Catholic world. But neither religious nor monarchical scruples were the motive for the opposition. There was but little anxiety to save the doctrines of St. Augustine, or the secular independence of the Crown. The truth was, that the Parliaments wished to take advantage of the mental excitement and the perturbation of conscience, to gain an entire victory for the so often acquired and so

often lost right of control and representation. Hence the authorities felt such a deep anger against the work of Clement XI., because this Bull, registered in the Great Council, was forced on the Parliaments by royal authority. While arousing the waves of public anger against this almost unknown text, they intended, by the rejection of the Bull, to set the seal on their daily more clearly revealed claims to legislative power. Supported by the Jansenist passions, which two-thirds of the population of Paris shared, it seemed possible to give the King a box on the ears, by opposing the Pope, without any risk. Under the ægis of a glowing zeal for the liberties of the Gallican church, and the independence of the monarchical authority, they manœuvred to obtain a brilliant confirmation of the Parliamentary power.

This great affair had, consequently, a double object ; and the religious side, which the Jansenists passionately displayed, served to conceal the political side, which the Parliamentary party sedulously kept out of sight. So long as matters merely went so far as to force the poor curé to administer the sacraments, in spite of episcopal prohibitions ; so long as refractory priests were merely sent to the galleys, or hung in effigy, the Pompadour considered it all right, for people who had such a bad opinion of her could not be punished too severely. Circumstances altered, however, when the Episcopacy stepped into the place of the Minor Clergy, and the favourite found herself confronted by Christopher de Beaumont, who went so far in his Christian love as to visit lost creatures in their garrets, but rose in all the pride of the gentleman and the bishop before vice in Court robes. From the corporal punishments suspended over the curés, the Parliaments had proceeded to exiling the bishops and confiscating their estates. Among these prelates were several to whom their See gave the right of appealing from these judgments to the Court of Paris, and the Government might expect at any moment to be troubled by the claims of the Peerage ; and though the latter did not possess any great weight, they were not without danger in such a critical position, when the fall of a single stone might bring down the whole edifice with a crash.

Louis, who had offered so many sacrifices to his comfortable repose, found himself troubled both in his conscience and in his authority, and the Pompadour must feel apprehension lest these violent controversies might arouse him out of his sleep, both as Christian and king. She had

Whenever the Parliament and the ministry came to loggerheads in a fresh attack on the Episcopacy, or in a fight with the Great Council, the Marquise interposed, either to appease Louis's anger against the "*grandes robes*," or to induce the Magistracy to be less exorbitant in their demands. She informed the leaders of the Jansenist party of the King's secret intention to defend the rights of his assailed servants to the last; while she called the King's attention to the episcopal party, banded round a son whom he detested, because his mode of life was the condemnation of his father. Still the Marquise suffered the usual fate of all partisan leaders:—if she tried to check her followers, she lost the influence which she had secured by spurring them on; and if she charged them with ingratitude, she was accused of being illogical. The Marquise summoned to her boudoir, which was filled with all the articles which luxury and wealth could produce, the most passionate leaders of that Parliament which was producing such a fiery prologue to the drama of which she was destined to be the first victim. A lovely, almost crowned woman might fairly fancy herself possessed of irresistible means of temptation; and yet it often happened that her blandishments failed in their effect on the obstinate Jansenists, and above all the desire for political liberty, which fermented so greatly because it was not yet clear. Then the actress changed her part, and spoke of the heaven-imparted rights of the King and of his sword, with the figure of a tragedy queen.

Towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., the confusion in the Government and in ideas had attained such a height, that no one any longer possessed a clear notion as to his privileges or real interests. The Government defended with blind obstinacy its omnipotence, which had been its greatest stumblingblock; the Magistracy claimed political privileges, which were as much opposed to their constitutions as to their temper; the Court displayed the most audacious incredulity; and the Clergy, threatened both by Jansenism and philosophy, repulsed with all their strength any improvement in the administration and finances, although no other community would have derived greater advantage from them. Machault, in turn controller-general, minister of the navy, and keeper of the seals, had formed a valuable plan in 1749. Like all far-sighted controllers, he found that taxation in France wanted firmness in its basis and fairness in division, for arbitrariness and the numerous personal liberations rendered it most odious and unendurable. This minister, therefore, exerted himself to reduce a number of taxes—as various in their origin as in their mode of collection—into a simple money tax, amounting to five per cent. on all incomes. This thoroughly practical tax, which affected all the social strata, would have doubled the financial resources of the country, and have accelerated the hour for civil equality, which the whole nation was awaiting. Unfortunately, the Estates, exclusively anxious to protect themselves, held together in order to oppose a plan which subordinated the interests of the corporation to the national interests. Although Machault's

openly expressed hostility to the clergy rendered him a favourite minister with the Parliaments, the latter still opposed his plans, through their wonted hatred of all administrative changes. Furthermore, the Estates considered themselves ruined if equality of taxation ever became the rule in the country. Finally, the Gallican church, which contradicted the right of the Crown to tax their property, began a far more passionate contest against the Government than, in the consciousness of its superiority, it ever waged against the prevailing unbelief.

The most necessary reforms were thus retarded by the general blindness of the great corporations, which constantly brought them nearer to the verge of the abyss. While the permanent mistrust of the Estates, and the disputes between the Parliament and the clergy, impeded administrative activity, the monarchy sank beneath the weight of public contempt. From 1748 to 1756, that is, from the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle to the beginning of the Seven Years' War, public opinion underwent a startling but perfect change. From an adoration of the monarch, France passed to a contempt of him which only too soon assumed all the features of hatred. The numerous memoirs of the day—whether they emanate from literary men, like Marmontel, Morellet, &c., or from courtiers, like Bezenval and Richelieu—announce this change, though they do not account for it. However this may be, the Pompadour was undeniably the cause and the victim. Her connection with the King had at the outset offended no one beyond the Court circle; for the bourgeoisie of Paris, themselves too immoral not to be indulgent to the immorality of their Prince, had noticed with satisfaction this victory of the plutocracy over the nobility, and of beauty over blood. So soon, however, as the Pompadour undertook the management of State business, and openly stood forth as an intermediary between France and the rest of Europe, a marked change took place in ideas. The nation considered itself insulted in its history by this new scandal; and when the Marquise hurried on the treaty of peace in order to shut up the King at Versailles, and convert the head of a people of warriors into an Eastern sultan, the popular anger broke out in Paris in such a lively manner, that a residence in the capital soon became most unpleasant to her. At the price of the most painful insults, she purchased the might to which all the powers did homage by flattery, and the haughty Maria Theresa even by a personal correspondence. From embitterment against the mistress, the people passed to the deepest hatred of the King, his government, but before all, the police, in whom a people always sees the Government. In 1750, repeated riots, fostered by that weak-headed credulity which justifies every crime in a people, broke out in Paris. "The anarchy is beginning," D'Argenson exclaims in his Memoirs, and Louis XV. was of the same opinion. Offended with the nation, which was now as extravagant in its hatred as it had formerly been in its affection, he had but one anxiety,—to withdraw himself from the sight of his subjects, and raise an insurmountable barrier between the monarchy and his rebellious capital. In

truth, frightful flames, in which democracy and fanaticism were mingled, were beginning to rise from that enormous furnace of passion called Paris. Amid the meetings of the convulsionists and the squabbles of the law courts, Damiens was secretly sharpening his knife, and stood forth as the avenger of a nation of which he was merely the echo.

At this important period in the career of the Pompadour we will pause for the present, with the intention of completing the history of her political life in our ensuing number. At the present moment, when Louis Blanc's "History of the French Revolution" is the subject of general discussion, we do not consider it labour thrown away to investigate the causes of that revolution. An Eastern sultan, when informed of any crime having been committed, at once asked, "Who was she?" and we shall find in the present instance that the same rule holds good in political as in social affairs.

A DAY'S JOURNEY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED, F.R.S.

IN these times of railway travelling, two or three days properly spent will transport one to regions that a few years ago were hardly visited by a stranger once in ten years. The rust that had for centuries been accumulating on the inhabitants of these places, the dresses whose style is at least two thousand years old, and the customs that have changed wonderfully little since Paganism was modified into Greek or Roman Christianity,—all these are now suddenly laid bare, and the modern tourist, fresh from Regent Street or the Boulevards of Paris, or the trader, with the Cheapside or Manchester sensations still pulsating, may now be thrown into immediate contact with a people whose ideas are as limited as their wardrobes, and whose knowledge of the world is confined to the few acres of land they can see around them, and the dozen cottages that contain the population of the village they inhabit.

With some experience of travel, I think I may say that there is nothing in Europe so different from western civilization to be got at so rapidly as the state of society in Transylvania. I allude more especially to the south-east of Hungary, near the frontiers of Wallachia. The railway will carry one direct to the town of Oravicza, and the time occupied by the actual transit needs not be more than three or four days; the distance from London is nearly fifteen hundred miles. The place is a long, straggling village, or town, rising with great rapidity into importance, owing to the vicinity of coal and iron, and numerous mines of metals in the neighbourhood. The people are a mixed race of Hungarians, Wallachians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Bohemians, with Germans from all parts of Germany. There are even some French, for the railroad from Vienna to the Danube at Baziasch (at no great distance from Oravicza) was a French speculation, and the interests of the Company in the district are large.

Oravicza itself is too modern, and mixed up too much with progress, to afford a notion of Transylvanian peculiarities. It is worth a short visit as a kind of border country, but we must hire a carriage and horses and leave the town if we would see the people. The carriage to be hired is not very luxurious, but it will answer the purpose. It is a long cart, constructed of three or four boards, and a few sticks placed on wooden axles, and provided with wooden wheels. As a general rule, iron is not preferred in the manufacture of these vehicles, for a break-down seems to be anticipated as an inevitable and ordinary occurrence, and in the village you *may* find some one with hammer and nails, but you need not expect to find a smith. In this cart is slung a wide plank, sometimes provided with a back, and in front is a rough box serving as a seat for the driver. The cart will hold the traveller and his companion, the luggage, and as much hay as he is likely to want for a day's journey. A couple or three wild-looking ponies are attached in some mysterious way by cords, and a driver is found to take

the command. It will be fortunate for the traveller if the driver can understand a few words of German, for if not, there will be little chance of communicating intentions and wishes during the trip.

Thus equipped and ready for a start, it only remains to decide in which direction the exploring traveller should go. It matters wonderfully little if it be only his object to see a village in its simplest and least sophisticated state. Let us lead him across towards Karansebes, another town, less industrial, but more comfortable, not on the line of railway, but not far from a high road which will enable him, if he desire it, to reach the railway again at another station (Temeswar), or, if he should prefer to do so, to enter into the heart of the duchy of Siebenbürgen by the old Roman pass of the iron gate, at no great distance.

From Oravicza to Karansebes is a long day's journey; too long to be possible, unless the weather has been dry; too long to be pleasant to the horses at any time, for the distance cannot be much less than seventy miles, and change of horses is not to be looked for; too long also to be pleasant to the traveller, for he must be up early and come in late: but unless prepared to brave a good deal in the way of bad accommodation, there is no help. Probably in another year the railroad will be opened beyond Oravicza, to the great iron-works of Reschitza, and then the journey will be much easier. Such as it is, the writer of these pages performed the journey a couple of months ago, and experienced no difficulties or accidents, but it might not always prove so.

The road lies through a beautiful country—beautiful in every sense. It is always undulating, and often hilly, with mountains in the background. It is park-like, well wooded, well watered, and richly productive of valuable crops, if not altogether well cultivated. Detached houses are rare, but small groups of human habitations are not unfrequent, and of large villages there are several in the day's journey. None of them, however, offers the sort of accommodation that would tempt an Englishman to pass the night, if he saw any means of getting on.

For some distance out of Oravicza the country is interesting, but there is nothing remarkable to be observed. The costumes of the people will, however, hardly fail to attract attention. The driver in front of you probably wears a very simple close-fitting tunic with sleeves made

with some fanciful device of coloured cloth, looking like braid. He will probably put this upon the bench on which you sit, and should rain fall you will not despise the shelter. So thickly and closely are these coats woven, and so much of the animal grease remains in them, that it would seem impossible that they should ever become wet through. I have been sheltered by one—a very old one—during one of the severest storms of rain I ever experienced, and no effect whatever seemed produced beyond the surface.

Goruja is the first large village reached, and there the people are seen to advantage. They are all Wallachians, descendants of the old Dacians, who, in the days of their greatness, withstood the power of Greece, and rifled many a Greek city of its wealth of gold and silver coin, which have been found buried near the remains of their cities, now in the dust.

Losing their name—they were originally Getæ—these people did not lose their national greatness. Having attacked Greece with some success, they were not afraid to try their hand at Rome, and they succeeded so far as to make it a question whether Rome should be Dacian, or Dacia Roman. In the time of Trajan the question was settled in the latter sense, and after a series of attacks, conducted with all the strength of the empire in the time of its greatness, the country was conquered and occupied.

A fine, swarthy, black-haired, and handsome race were these Dacians. Their portraits on Trajan's column at Rome—erected to commemorate the victory over them—might serve as fair representative figures for the population of the valleys on the Wallachian frontier at this day. The same style of hair, the same features, the same determined expression, are easily recognized. They were a race not easily annihilated, and, judging from their state at present, they represent the Kelt in the more western parts of Europe. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water in all the places where they now remain. They are not, however, wild or troublesome subjects, and they do not seem so utterly regardless of human life as their representatives in Ireland. They are, at any rate, a well-marked race, and one full of interesting peculiarity.

It is amusing at first to observe the Oriental marks of respect paid by these people to all whom they imagine to be of superior station. To stand up on the approach of a stranger, stopping whatever may be going on, and waiting patiently to bow low and obsequiously, and hardly lift the eyes till the stranger is past,—these are habits that soon become familiar, and cease to attract notice. Sometimes a dozen together, some of them talking, some working, some idling, some lying down and others sitting—all range themselves, standing in a line, and perform their salaam with almost military precision, but with more than military lowliness of manner. To see this is very amusing, and reminds us how far we have left behind us Western customs.

The women are not less respectful. They stop conversation, stand aside, and bow. They are not often seen with the men, but are gossiping

at the well, or performing field-work, often of the commonest kind, by themselves. All their movements seem regulated. The younger ones are good-looking, but a hard life soon removes their beauty. Their costumes are simple enough. The only article of dress worn in many cases is a long linen gown with sleeves. Open in front, it is tied round the neck, the waist, and the wrists, the waist being further secured by a wide belt, to which either one or two aprons or long fringes are suspended. Above this, when the weather requires it, the articles of dress are identical with those used by the men,—the same coat of undyed wool, the same clothes wrapped round the legs, from the knee to the ankle, and the same exceedingly bad half-boots, enormously too large for the feet; even the sheepskin tunic and cylindrical hat are borrowed occasionally.

At Goruja is a stream, sometimes wide and troublesome, but when I saw it in spring, bringing down but little water. There is a bridge over it, and from the bridge one sees the river emerging through an arch of drooping trees and plants quite reaching to the water's edge. Looking in the other direction, it passes away between steep picturesque cliffs, winding round after opening to receive the water. These cliffs are wooded. In the interval, a few women, in the very simple costume I have described, were standing in the pools washing linen at the time of my visit. At the further end, at the foot of the cliff, a score of children, boys and girls together, were bathing and tumbling about in the water. A few broken-down, picturesque buildings were close to the bridge, and some houses of rather a better kind were sprinkled about as if they had fallen there by accident, rather than had been intentionally placed where they are. An air of indescribable dulness pervaded everything, and, except a woman sitting in a doorway, with some kind of needlework, there was hardly any evidence of life. On the other side of the stream, at a distance, were a few more houses and a church, but all alike dreary and desolate.

From Goruja to Kelnik will take three hours to drive in fine weather, but as the road lies partly through a hollow, and the bridges are rather apt to be carried away after heavy rains—as, moreover, the road is not kept at any time in much repair—the time of transit cannot be regarded as fixed. It might take three days, should the rain be very heavy. Still, it is generally a passable road, for I saw an empty waggon on its return from carrying to the railroad a heavy iron casting from the iron-works of Reschitza, not far off. Empty as it was, there were sixteen oxen attached. How many additional head of cattle had been put on to carry the seven tons it was said to have conveyed over the bad bits of road, it is not possible to speculate. Just at the place where I saw this cart, about a hundred labourers were employed on a bridge that had been destroyed, and a temporary road had been made across the fields into the bed of a brook, and so up on the other side. The drag of the loaded waggon up this bank must have been the work of hours, and it is easy to see how

important to an establishment like that of Reschitza must be the railway communication, now nearly completed.

A small Bulgarian settlement is passed between Goruja and Kelnik. Both people and place are peculiar. The costume of the former differs from that of the Wallachians, the colour of the dress being generally sombre instead of white, and the head-dress built up into two singular horns, which have the oddest effect imaginable on the countenance. The women also wear petticoats instead of aprons, with fringes. On the whole, both men and women are more shabby, and their dress looks dirtier than is the case with the Wallachians. The houses also show a similar difference.

They are for the most part mud huts, each placed in a small lake of mud, through which only pigs and children can make their way without much care, and without danger of being swamped. It is ludicrous in the extreme to see to each of these huts, or rather to the small surrounding enclosed swamp belonging to each establishment, an elaborate edifice, consisting of two high stone gate-posts, with a stone arch or wooden penthouse, all to shelter a gate from the weather. The fences are in such bad condition that there is no need whatever to use this grand entry, or open the gate, which, perhaps, never is opened, or, if opened, is never shut again; but as a characteristic feature in the Bulgarian character in this colony, the necessity of a gateway, quite independent of anything to be shut in or out, must certainly be quoted.

In the country near Kelnik there are other peculiarities worth notice. Many of the houses are almost entirely composed of basket-work, and there are large basket-work sheds outside, for storing corn and other produce. The appearance is very singular, and the more so as the habitable part of the houses is always very small, and merely confined to a shelter for cooking and sleeping. One might fancy that the people lived permanently in these wicker-work contrivances. In the fields, the haystacks are still more curious. In spring, before the grass is cut, one is struck by the appearance of a number of detached trees, all deprived of their lower branches to a height of twenty feet or so from the ground. Nothing can be more quaint than the look of these trees, standing up here and there like gigantic mops in the middle of a field. On a nearer approach it is seen that a platform is constructed round the trunk of each tree, at a distance of eight feet or so from the ground, and near what looks like the head of a mop, is a large penthouse, or umbrella, covering this platform.

The whole would make an admirable hustings, from which to address a larger multitude than could be collected within a circuit of twenty miles. But no eloquent declaimer, either political or religious, disturbs the solitude of these fields. The hustings is occupied once in the spring, to be covered with dried grass, and is cleared in winter, when its contents are thrown down to feed the cattle. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than a

haystack, and it would not be easy to find one cheaper, more convenient, or more efficacious. It not only shelters and preserves the hay, but serves both man and beast as a place of refuge when those sudden and severe storms occur, that are not uncommon in the valley of the Danube.

The valley near Kelnik is well watered by the Berzava, a very Pactolus of a stream, its whole course running over golden sands, and finding employment for companies of gipsies, who have with some profit continued to follow their occupation of gold-washing in the bed of this river from time immemorial. It is only in summer, when the weather is pleasant and the waters rather low, that these swarthy tribes ply their vocation. In winter they retire to the villages and practise smiths' work, but they delight in idle, desultory employment, hunting hour after hour among sand and gravel for fragments of the precious metal. This occupation seems to suit them exactly. During the summer season they camp out and live almost like savages, feeding on wild animals and the fruits of the earth, either uncultivated or stolen.

A few years ago one of them found a nugget of gold of great value, which is now in the Mineralogical Museum at Vienna. Lumps weighing an ounce or more are not very uncommon. The Berzava is, however, only one of many streams carrying gold from the Carpathians to the Danube. No mountains in Europe are so rich as these in the precious metal, but the richest part of the chain seems to be the southern, as the streams draining this division of Hungary are by far the most important now, and show the largest indications of ancient workings.

Prebul is another village of some size, reached a few hours after leaving Kelnik. A wide street, with the houses so far apart as to be almost out of sight of one another—each house low, white, and melancholy—these are the chief characteristics of the place. Like all the towns and villages in this part of Hungary, the religion is Greek Church; but the churches, though not left open as in Roman Catholic countries, are quite accessible if any one desires to see them. They are, indeed, hardly worth the trouble even of inspection, for they consist of little more than bare walls, with a few monstrously ugly and bad pictures, framed for worship, or a series of daubs high up on the walls, which it must be presumed are intended for instruction. There is a high screen, effectually shutting off the whole of one end of the church, and behind this screen is the altar, where the greater part of the service is performed. A low screen partly separates the other end, which is devoted to the flags and pictures, a few benches, and other miscellanea, huddled together without order. There are either no seats at all on the floor of the building, or only a few stalls against the walls. There are no galleries whatever.

But if the church is slovenly, it is to be feared that the condition of the priesthood would seem to many amongst us still more terrible. A wonderful contrast, indeed, is that of the sleek Catholic priest in his comfortable quarters next the church, his housekeeper or niece at hand to prepare all

the little dainties and niceties of life, or the Anglican incumbent in his neat parsonage, kept in order by his elegant wife, and occupied by neat and smiling children, with the priest of the Greek Church in one of these out-of-the-way villages. No contrast can be more complete. In the Greek Church the lower priesthood is not the employment of a gentleman. No doubt, in towns and cities the hierarchy occupy a good position; but there are no advantages and no inducement offered to an educated gentleman to occupy himself with ecclesiastical matters at all, much less to bury himself in these distant parishes. The priests are villagers whose education barely extends to a knowledge of reading and writing. They are for the most part day labourers, either working for hire or cultivating their own small glebe, which is the only remuneration received for their services to the church. Many of them unite some other small trade or occupation with that of farmer. They are obliged to be married, but may not marry more than once; and their fasts during Lent and at some other times are terrible inflictions.

The style of these priests and the state in which they live may be seen at once by personal investigation. There is no difficulty in obtaining an introduction. One has only to inquire for the pope's house (all priests are popes), and it will readily be pointed out. It is like the other poor houses of the village, not distinguished either by greater cleanliness or by any other mark. A small two-roomed cottage, with a wide entry serving as a kitchen, placed endways to the street, in a pool of filth, offers no exception to the general run of the habitations. On opening the door a woman will probably be seen—the wife—with no other covering than a dirty night-gown, only sufficient to preserve decency. She will most likely be engaged in some culinary or other household occupation. Presently the reverend gentleman himself comes in, his swarthy complexion, and lank but jet-black hair hanging over his back, and his jet-black silky moustaches showing to advantage his wild but handsome face, while his naked legs and feet are visible from the knee, as he only wears the common villager's dress. In the particular visit now described, the man was dressed in a blouse, with wide Turkish trousers, both garments originally of white linen, but both very dirty from long wear. No other article of dress seemed necessary for his home avocations; but when he found that he was expected to exhibit his church he retired for a time, and when he reappeared

the boxes were not provided even with mattresses. On one of them were two or three coats, but the others offered bare boards to sleep on. It seems, however, that in summer the custom is to sleep in the open corridor or gallery in front of the house; and in winter the men frequently wrap themselves in their thick coats, and occupy their carts in the courtyard, rather than enter their houses.

Beyond Prebul and thence to Karansebes the country is less interesting, until close to the last-named town. Near it is a small tower, said to have been the place of banishment of the poet Ovid. There is wood and water near, and the town itself is picturesque, and affords excellent quarters.

The day's journey narrated in the preceding pages is certainly one that offers a good deal of novelty, and it is far less fatiguing than many a day's excursion where there is much less to be seen. Our traveller, however, deserves the excellent supper he will find at the town we have conducted him to, and will certainly not be sorry for the night's rest he has also earned.

It must not be supposed that the account here given would apply to Hungarian villages generally. The district alluded to in this article is indeed border-land, nominally in Hungary, but entirely inhabited by a different people. The Magyar, as the real Hungarian calls himself, boasts of a Tartar extraction, his language being somewhat Turkish and altogether Asiatic, and his original home in Central Asia, north of the Himalaya mountains. He also is little changed. The Wallach is the ancient Dacian, the inhabitant of Central Europe before the civilization of Greece and Rome had reached north of the Danube, but modified by a large admixture of South European blood, and speaking a language which is much more like Italian than anything else. There is nothing in common between the two races, and they mingle in the country like oil and water.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

"DOCTOR BARRET, indeed! About as much a doctor as my nose is—humph!" and the old gentleman tucked his hands under his coat-tails, and warmed himself. The mirror behind him gave back his bald head, and the mirror opposite showed him his face, with its look of testy impatience. What was the matter with him? He looked up at the gilded cornices and back at the carpet, and sighed discontentedly. Not that there could have been much to sigh for in the way of comfort or luxury either, for the master of that house. Without, there was snow and frost, but that was nothing to him. Warm curtains covered the windows, the fire leaped and crackled merrily, and the chandelier laughed into the looking-glasses which lined the room. On the table was a tea-service of silver waiting for him, with loads of good things to tempt him to forget his trouble. But no, something was the matter with him. He took a pinch of snuff angrily, he muttered again, "Doctor, indeed! as much as my nose—hang it!"

And the old gentleman stamped out his discontent till the chandelier chattered, and the cups danced in their saucers.

"A low, mean, drivelling apothecary," muttered the old gentleman. "Doctor, forsooth! Well, let's have some coffee, and see if there's any good in that."

But the coffee-pot had a choking in its throat, and wouldn't pour; and the sugar-tongs, like an ancient pair of snuffers, pinched his fingers.

"Hang it!" repeated the old gentleman.

Then he got up and began walking about the room again. And he took from his pocket a small pocket-book, and from that a little crumpled piece of paper, the writing on which was yellow and old. He smoothed out the bit of paper carefully, and read it for the third time that evening, with running comments and sundry jerkings and noddings of his bald head.

"Humph!—only wants to be forgiven—dare say—acknowledges the wilfulness and disobedience—of course—beg for only a word of forgiveness—all very fine! Why, it's five years since I got this precious scrawl. What in the name of all nuisances has made me think of it so to-night?"

"It's Christmas eve," whispered something under the old merchant's waistcoat.

"Christmas eve! Well, I know it is; what of that?"

"Look round, you avaricious old miser," said the voice.

"Me avaricious! Me a miser!" cried out the merchant, fiercely, and he looked round his luxurious room, at the gilding and graceful drapery, the perfection of everything, down to the tea-service, which he had not been able to use that evening. Avaricious! *Me!*"

"Yes," said the voice, doggedly; "isn't it all for yourself? Who

shares it or benefits by it, I should like to know? Where's your daughter, old gentleman? tell me that."

"How should I know? Didn't she run away from me?"

"And didn't she come back and cling about your knees, and kiss your hands, and beg you to forgive her and her husband—?"

"A pitiful, sneaking apothecary!"

"And didn't she write to you that very letter, all blotted with tears and incoherent with sorrow? Who are you, that you should refuse to forgive, and your own flesh too, you heathen?"

"She chose for herself," muttered the merchant, "and she must abide by her choice. When, five years ago, I closed my doors and my purse against her and her drivelling—humph—husband, I swore—"

"More shame for you if you did; but you didn't swear, you only turned them out like thieves, and came back to your loneliness a miserable wretch as you are still, and always will be, unless—"

"Hang it!" cried out the old gentleman.

"Where is she? Where is the bright little figure that used to flit about this very room, and make sunshine in it? Where are the warm little fingers that used to clasp yours when you came in out of the street cold and weary? Where is the loving cheek that would be pressed tenderly against yours to warm it? You're a nice sort of father, you are; why don't you enjoy yourself amongst all your riches and luxuries, eh?"

The fire blazed up merrily, and still the merchant stood with his hands under his coat-tails, but he did not feel the warmth comfortable, neither was his mind easy.

"It's Christmas eve," repeated the voice under his waistcoat, solemnly.

"Well, don't I know it? Of course it is!"

"Yes, but you don't know what sort of a Christmas that little sunbeam of yours may be keeping, though. Perhaps with three or four children round her, crying for the bread which she hasn't got to give. Think of it, you old miser."

Once again the old gentleman walked up and down the room, and grunted out his customary "Humph!" and then the fire shone out, and the chandelier looked down benignantlly on the silver service, as much as to say, "I told you so, I knew how it would be all along!" For the merchant had gone out, and there was no longer any living presence in the room.

the world ;—a house which would be described by auctioneers or agents as “genteel.”

And there was an organ grinder opposite the genteel house, looking up at the narrow windows wistfully, as he ground out a melancholy version of the “Perfect Cure.” A boy or two clung round the lamp-post, and pulled his coat-tails facetiously, or exhorted him with a “Go it, my pippin! Stick to it, monkey-face!” and other cheering bits of encouragement. But the organ grinder was used to that, and didn’t mind ; besides, he remembered that house opposite, and how one of the narrow windows had opened one day, and a little curly pate had been put out, then a hand after the curly pate, and a halfpenny, which was thrown to the organ boy. So he looked up at the windows with all his might. But it was no use. No halfpenny was forthcoming for him, and he moved on more sorrowful than ever about Mary Anne, and paying no attention to the small boys who dogged his heels ready for mischief. And as he moved on, a man in a white-brown jacket turned the corner and rang the door bell of the genteel house. No one answered, and Whiteybrown moved back a step or two, looking up at the windows as the organ grinder had done.

“They’s all gone out to a swell party, and there’s a swarry in the servants’ hall.”

This from an urchin who was making insane efforts to hang himself by the legs to the area railings.

“What do you mean, you young scamp?”

“Nothing; never does. Oh, the footman’s woke up and found hisself, has he? Won’t he catch it when my lady comes home, that’s all!”

A light had sprung up in the hall of the genteel house, and the door opened suddenly.

“Now then, you fellows—Oh, it’s you, is it?”

“Yes,” said Whiteybrown, “it’s me.”

“You’re come for the—”

“Stuff. Yes, I am. I’ll wait for it.”

“And how’s your wife?”

“Fairish, thanks to the doctor here. Eats her meat when she can have any.”

“Walk into the hall, my man.”

“Thank’ee, Buttons, no; I’ll wait here. I’d rather.”

Buttons retreated, and the young gentleman on the railings delivered himself of a summersault, gleefully.

“Here’s a go!” chuckled the young gentleman. “O my eye! O Betty Martin! if this here ain’t a go!”

“*What’s* a go?” demanded Whiteybrown, sulkily.

“Ain’t he a swell, just? See his togs? Ain’t he a regular buster? O my! As if I didn’t know where he lives when he’s at home! I say!” said the young gentleman, sucking an iron knob with great relish.

“Well, what’s up?”

"Nice place to grub at, that is."

"Dare say."

"He's a friend o' mine, that chap; leas'tways, he was, as long as he conducted hisself properly. Did a day's work for him once. Deal o' fine living there. I wonder he hasn't potted his own buttons afore this, I do."

And the young gentleman whistled a lively refrain to the organ grinder, who had changed his tune, and was to be heard at a distance setting forth the attractions of a lady whom he alluded to, rather irreverently, as his "Old Aunt Sally."

It seemed as if some unusual attraction hung about the genteel house that night, for just then an old gentleman, much muffled, and carrying a cane which he switched about nervously, stopped at the opposite lamp-post, and stared up curiously at the narrow windows. Then he crossed over, still looking at the house.

"Want the doctor, sir?" said the urchin of the railings, stopping short in the middle of "Aunt Sally." "Ring for you in a minute."

"Mind your own business," was the retort.

"Arn't got none, sir. Thought you had a gouty look, that's all," said the incorrigible.

"Who lives here?" said the old gentleman, turning to Whitybrown.

"Dr. Barret."

"Humph—Doctor! About as much doctor as my—. Rich man, eh? Keeps his carriage, and all that?"

"Did, but doesn't. Likes walking."

"Humph. Married?"

"Yes—more's the pity."

Here the door opened, and the page put his head out.

"Here's your physick, my good man. Master would have seen you, but he's just come from the Duke's, and he's tired. Good night, my man."

"Good night, Buttons."

And Whitybrown shook his head with a half-smile as he turned away.

"Humph!" ejaculated the old gentleman. "Keeps a servant in livery!"

"O my!" screamed out the urchin; "servant in livery, is it? That I should have lived to see this! Bill Wiggles a livery servant! My eye!"

"He keeps a poor beggar in buttons," said Whitybrown. "That's the way with the gentlefolks: if a man don't look rich, and all that, they won't have nothing to say to him."

"Swell coves must have their pills all over gold," squeaked the urchin.

"Confound you!" said the old gentleman, shaking his cane savagely.

"Hold your tongue, will you? Who spoke to you? Here, be off about your business."

"O my eye!" whimpered the boy, rubbing the member tenderly, "how it does ache! Thank'ee, sir. A bob's worth a broken head to some folk. Same to you, and many on 'em. Bye, bye."

"Then this—humph—doctor is poor, is he?" asked the old gentleman.

"Sir," said Whitybrown, "I don't know who you are, nor what right you have to question me. It's no sin to be poor, is it? If you want to do the doctor here a good turn, do it—he does a many. Well, yes; he is poor; and he has a wife as is weakly, and little ones too. For all that, he has cured my wife free, gratis, for nothing; and if you was to ask me where his dinner is to come from to-morrow, I should say, the same place as it came from yesterday, and that's nowhere—there!" And Whitybrown turned away with his physic.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE genteel house Buttons was busy divesting himself of the suit to which he owed that appellation. For he considered that the door bell was probably quiet for the night, and he had a jacket at hand which, as he said to himself, "it didn't matter about daubing." He shook himself into it manfully; he looked at the door of the parlour, which we will open by-and-bye; and he shook his fist at the lamp over the door, saying that it "took as much feedin' as a babby, drat it!"

Then he retired to his own private drawing-room, which was down a good many steps, and looked small when you got used to the dim light and could see its dimensions. There was no furniture to speak of, certainly no superfluous ornaments; but there was an earthy sort of odour, which, Buttons remarked, got better when you were used to it. The real drawing-room up-stairs was the pride of his heart; and the air with which he threw open the door of that magnificent apartment and ushered in the callers—when there happened to be any—was worthy of the highest flunkeydom. Dusting therein was his especial delight; and indeed there was little scope for his powers in that line elsewhere, that one being the show apartment, and containing all articles of any value belonging to the master of the mansion. If one of those same callers could have been straightway transferred from the drawing-room to the parlour below, he would have had an unexpected insight into the ways and means at the genteel house.

There was a round table in the parlour, and a tallow candle on it; at present, too, Dr. Barret's elbows were on it, supporting his head. And there was a work-basket also on the table, and a slender little figure sat near it, stitching with nimble fingers, while one foot was on the rocker of a cradle.

Dr. Barret's meditations were bitter, as well they might be; and the handful of fire in the wide grate sent forth no glow to brighten him, or thaw the fingers that had grown red and stiff over that piece of sewing.

Dr. Barret took a shawl from the chair-back and put it over his wife's shoulders, and she lifted up her face to press it to his, gratefully. But then he sank back in his place with a groan.

What was he to do? Hitherto he had fought hard—a long, dreary battle

for life; but now his health threatened to give way, and he felt how powerless he was, after all. And his thoughts went back to that slender figure as he had first seen it; and miserable self-accusations tormented him. He had taken her from wealth and luxury, and could not even give her the bare necessities of life. He knew now, since he had been so much at home, what all that stitching was for; and it stung him like a wasp to think she was working for him. As he pondered thus, with his head in his hands, the subject of his thoughts looked up at him quietly.

"The old story, Frank?"

"The old story," responded the doctor, gloomily. "How can it be otherwise, when I see you working those little fingers to the bone in hardship and cold and hunger, Mary?"

"It does me good," said Mary, cheerily. "I never knew before how fast I could sew, nor how well."

"You never had occasion for it till I stepped in with my selfish love, and brought you to poverty. And yet I do love you, Mary,—more, I think, than ever; you don't doubt that, do you?"

"Why should I doubt it? Frank, if you will talk of these things, I must talk too, and then my fingers will be slower. What is the use of pondering so gloomily over the past? I know we were wrong, both of us, but we have done what we could to retrieve it, and I will not have you take more than your share of the blame. I knew before what luxury and self-indulgence were; now I know more. I have seen trouble, and know what the lives of others are, and how thoughtless and selfish I was once. I hope I could never be so bad again; so you see it has been good for me to have trials. And have we not blessings as well? Oh, Frank, if we had lived in ease and riches, we might have gone on as some married people do; *you* know that,—caring nothing for each other, and only anxious for some perpetual excitement to relieve their *ennui*. But now that we have had a battle to fight together—"

"Ah! but, my darling, the battle grows harder than ever."

"You are ill and desponding. Make haste and get well, Frank, and you will see things through brighter spectacles."

The doctor was silent, and only the sound of the needle broke the stillness. There was only one comfort for him in his poverty—he was not in debt; and the reflection still gave him a thrill of satisfaction.

ever have believed in the skill of a medical practitioner who opened his own door. Presently there were sounds of hasty steps and hard breathing in the little hall, as of a boy struggling into buttons which were obstinate. Then the door opened.

"Dr. Barret at home?"

"Yes, but—"

"Ask him to step here a minute. I was to give this into his own hands."

Buttons knocked pompously at the parlour door, as if he did not know perfectly well that every word had been audible; and Frank came out in time to see a small box put down in the hall, and the head of the messenger disappearing through the door.

"So it was no patient, after all," said Mary.

"No, it's a box," responded her husband, wearily. "Perhaps some one has sent us a Christmas present, or perhaps it's a hoax. As likely as not."

"I had better take it into the kitchen to unpack, sir," said Buttons; "make a mess here, perhaps."

"Yes, do. And—I think I'll come with you."

But the little fingers moved on nimbly over the stitching, and the quieting foot pressed the rocker of the cradle. What was in the box? Had some unknown or forgotten friend thought upon them, or was it a hoax? It might be even that the young wife's thoughts pictured the possibility of a Christmas dinner, for how could she see her husband sinking daily before her eyes for lack of the necessary comforts without wishing and hoping? More than that, there were the children—those little mouths which she could not fill. How long they were over that box!

Then suddenly there was a step in the room, and Frank stood behind her chair, leaning on it.

"Are you strong, Mary? Can you bear something?"

"Oh, Frank, what is it—don't."

"Nothing bad, little one. Time was when I should have been too proud to rejoice over this, Mary; but for your sake and for the children, I think my pride is dead."

And he put before her the mysterious box.

"Papers," cried Mary, disappointed. "What is it, Frank? What can papers do for us?"

"Read," responded the doctor, pointing to a label.

"Marriage portion of my daughter, Mary Barret, *née* Favoursham."

But still Mary turned a puzzled face to her husband.

"Tell me what it means."

"There is more for you to read," responded Frank, placing another paper under her hand. "You are rich, Mary, that's all. You see I am trying to be good and thankful in spite of my own failure and disappointment. Read."

"Some years ago my daughter asked forgiveness at my hands. I refused it. Now it is my turn to ask, and hers to——Which is it to be? I beg my daughter to forgive me. I send that which I have so long unjustly kept back from her and hers. Let her and her husband take pity on a lonely old man, and come to him. The old house is dull and miserable; it wants the music of children's voices, and there is room in it for all. Let them come to me, and I will show how thankful I can be.

"JOHN FAVOURSHAM."

And Mary's arm was round her husband's neck, and she was trying hard to keep back the tears that would come.

"You will be good, Frank, and forgive him; and be grateful to him for my sake. I know you will! It is a Christmas box worth having, isn't it, Frank?"

O boy in buttons, down with the lamp that requires "as much feeding as a babby!" No matter about it now. Away with the suit that it doesn't matter about daubing! There will be new buttons when those are gone, and plenty of lamps for the future. And by-and-bye there will be a big "To Let" in the windows of the genteel house, and the testy old merchant will be no more alone in his luxurious rooms, but a bright figure will sit before the silver service, and give him his coffee; and childish eyes will look at him with awe, as, in some mysterious fashion, the author of all this grandeur. And the doctor will grow great amongst great surroundings, and visit his patients in his carriage; and the voice under the old gentleman's waistcoat will torment him no more!

A TANGLED SKEIN.

A ROMANCE.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

THE news that the perpetrator of the Westborough murder had been discovered, ran like wildfire through that village and Poundbridge, and people came trooping in from all directions, till the Town Hall was crammed to suffocation; and a goodly mob collected in and about the railway-station to see the prisoner taken out of his carriage, and groan at him according to custom. The latter assemblage, however, was disappointed. Up came the train, and out bundled its passengers, but no handcuffed ruffian—no police—appeared. Three gentlemen were helped out of a first-class carriage by a respectably dressed man, who might have been their servant, so attentive was he to them, particularly to the one with the grey hair. A fly was engaged, and the eldest two of these passengers, accompanied by the respectably dressed man, were driven off to the town. The third, who remained behind on the platform, was Stephen Frankland; and the cause of his thus delaying was, that Cuthbert Lindsay was there to meet him, in accordance with a request contained in the telegraphic message of the night before.

"No, sir," said the little man, firmly, and drawing back, as Steevie pressed forward to shake him by the hand. "There is a good deal to be explained before you and I shake hands again, Captain Frankland."

"Have you not received my telegram, then?" he demanded.

"I have, but it tells me nothing. When a gentleman proposes for a young lady, and rushes out of the house the next morning, telling her not to think of him again, it requires something more than a vague telegram, saying that he has been deceived as to something which he does not condescend to mention, to set him right with her friends," said Lindsay, drily.

"True, Cuddy, and I am here to answer everything. Now come more this way, where we shall be out of hearing. Read that;" and he placed sister Mary's letter in his friend's hand. "That was flung through my window the night before last. Can you wonder now that I fled the house?" Cuddy's stern demeanour fell from him like a mask.

"Oh, my poor fellow! is it true?" he exclaimed.

"Thank God! no, Cuddy. But I had awfully strong reasons to

believe that it was, as I think you will admit, when I tell you what must now be told."

"What an infamous wretch the woman must be!"

"I am almost sure that she, too, has been deceived, and acted conscientiously. But, oh, Cuddy, do let me explain all afterwards, and tell me now, how is she—how is Grace?"

"Grace Lee's a thorough brick!" replied Cuddy, with fervour. "At first we were in an awful fright about her. Upon my word, Steevie, we thought that she had lost her reason."

"My poor darling! my poor, poor darling! Was her grief so wild?"

"No, that was the worst of it! If she had cried, and gone into hysterics, and all that, one would not have minded so much; but she was so awfully calm. Half the day she remained in a sort of trance; and about sunset she heaved a deep sigh, pressed Gerty's hand, and whispered, 'It was like a happy dream, dear—too happy to last. Don't think badly of him, Gerty, for my sake;' and then she dressed and came down, and tried to go about as usual, but we could see that her heart was breaking."

"We are wasting time here!" cried Stephen, petulantly. "Come away, Cuddy. Let me go to her at once. I will explain all as we drive along." And he kept his word.

"I got into an awful row with Gerty," said Cuthbert, when Steevie had concluded, "for sticking up for you. Lord, what a lot of lies I told for your sake, old boy! Hang it! I *knew* you were not the man to do such a thing for nothing, though I was cross with you to your face at the station."

"You have not shaken hands with me yet. No, no!" Stephen cried, as Cuddy began to pull up the ponies in order to do so. "Don't stop! I'll take the will for the deed. Pitch into those fat brutes, and make them go along. You don't half drive, Cuddy!"

"Don't you be impatient! But, as I was going to say, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. After having fought the whole house on your account, and being pitched into right and left, you may imagine how cocky I was when your telegram came. They had gone to bed; but I had them all up, after having first of all sent little Maud privately to tell Grace. I assembled them in the dining-room, and talked to them like a father about the folly of jumping to conclusions, for about a quarter of an hour, before I let them know what news was in the telegram; and I would have kept them longer in suspense, if that great blackguard Jackson had not taken it away from me by force. The upshot was that Gerty relented, said she was sorry for having rowed me, &c., &c. So then I went in and won."

"What, proposed for her?"

"Yes. Tremendously plucky thing for a little fellow like me to do, wasn't it now?"

"And have you been accepted?"

"Well, at first I was, unconditionally; and I became the happiest little chap alive; but this morning she said all depended upon your making it right with Grace."

"Then consider yourself again the happiest little fellow in the world, as you are the best," said Stephen. "Cuddy, how can I show you my gratitude?"

"By not thanking me;—but I have not told you all. Scarcely had it got wind that Gerty and I had—you know what, when that ruffian Gigas comes sidling into my room, looking like a great sheep; and, after a deal of stammering, lets it out that he and little Maud had been engaged for the last three days, and that they had not pluck enough between them to tell anybody. Of course, I flung a boot at his head, and afterwards dragged him into the presence of the injured 'parient.'"

"And what did the injured 'parient' do?"

"Well, he had little Maud into his study, and she said she liked the creature, though how—No, chaffing apart, he's a right down good fellow, is old Gigas, and the brute will have at least a couple of thousand a year: so they are to be married in the spring."

"And you?"

"Why, it never rains but it pours," replied Cuddy. "I have not got rich uncles and estates in Lincolnshire, you know; and dear Gerty's face is her fortune. Will you believe it, that this very morning comes a letter, with a big official seal, containing such a jolly letter from old Pam to Mr. Treherne (they were at college together), offering him the vacant Crown living of Questerthorpe, worth £1,200 a year? There was a slice of luck!"

"It was, indeed!"

"Nothing remains, therefore, but for you to make it all right with Grace, and then we shall all be as jolly as sandboys."

"I am sorry to say that there is more than that to be done, my dear old boy," said Steevie,—“at least, as far as Grace and I am concerned. I have told you whose child she is *not*. It will soon be acknowledged whose child she is.”

"Indeed!"

"She is the granddaughter of Lord Rossthorne; and, incredible as it may appear, he is on his trial at this moment for the murder of John Brandon."

"Good heavens! And is he guilty?"

pulled up the ponies, and taking a fishing-rod from under the seat of the phaeton, began to put it together. This done, he got out, took off his coat, and commenced climbing up a big tree there was on the road side.

"Never you mind, old man!" he said, swinging himself up into the fork, and dragging the fishing-rod after him; "you hold those spirited animals, and see what you shall see." Then the climber, having reached the topmost branches, tied a white handkerchief at the end of the rod, stuck it up high above the now thin and withering foliage, and there left it.

"They can see that signal from the Rectory windows," he said, as he rescued himself in the carriage, "and they know now that the devil is not so black as he is painted—the present application of which pleasant proverb is, that Stephen Frankland has explained himself to the satisfaction of Cuthbert Lindsay, who promised, on his honour, to judge him impartially; and that he is being brought back in triumph to Kernden, home, and beauty. Hurrah! Come up, you little rascals! Do you think I haven't got a point to my whip?" And the ponies caught it.

So when they arrived at the Rectory, no stern inquiry stood between Stephen and the happiness of once more clasping Grace to his heart. By degrees he told her the origin and progress of his suspicions against his father, and cleared up every doubtful point in his past conduct. I am sorry to add that, thus engaged, he forgot all about his subpoena and Poundbridge Town Hall, until Sir George appeared, to report that the prisoner had been remanded for two days; not, however, on account of Steevie's absence, but because another witness, whose evidence was required to complete the case, had not yet arrived; and also to give Lord Rossthorne an opportunity of obtaining legal assistance.

"Which," said the baronet, "he stands sorely in need of, Steevie; for they have produced a man who swears that he saw poor Rossthorne coming out of the wood about three quarters of an hour after the boys; Little Tod and the rest say that they saw Brandron enter it with the stranger. They, too, identify our friend; but after their mistake at the inquest, that won't go for much."

"Who have you sent for?"

"Well, we've telegraphed for Coleman, with instructions to bring down some one from London whom he can trust."

"And where is he now—Lord Rossthorne, I mean?"

"They have let him remain at the hotel in custody of the police. The magistrates are behaving very well, very well indeed. Have you told

that we know of. They will make you divulge all that Brandron said on his death-bed; and if they can only connect the accused with that secret marriage, and the concealment of the child, so as to show a motive, I do not know what can save him."

"But he is innocent. He will swear it."

"Prisoners are not allowed to defend themselves on oath. No one was present in the wood but themselves during their interview. There can be no direct evidence, as far as I can see. The case will have to be judged by circumstances, and all the circumstances are against us. If they can only prove *motive*, we are done for."

Mr. Treherne was very anxious that Sir George should take up his quarters at the Rectory, but he declined.

"Thank you very much," he said, "but I must stay with my friend. I only came over to tell Steevie what had happened. I guessed where I should find him. Good-bye. Nay, Grace, I have a right to one kiss as Steevie's father. God bless you, my dear child! Good-bye;" and he hurried away to his fly, and drove back to Poundbridge.

That night Stephen took Grace aside, and told her all.

"Oh, Steevie!" she said, reproachfully, "why did you not let me know this before? What will he think of me for not having hastened to his side to sustain him under this heavy accusation? Promise that you will take me to-morrow the first thing, Steevie; promise now."

"I will, my darling; but remember that his safety depends upon those who prosecute him not discovering that you are Mary Howell's child."

"My poor mother! But, Steevie, why is that? What can it matter, when he is innocent?"

"Dearie, those who understand these things better than I do, say that if it can be proved that your grandfather is actually the person that poor Brandron came to meet, a *motive* for the murder will be attached to him."

"But you say that they were seen together at Westborough!"

"Yes; and it will appear from the papers that I shall be obliged to produce, that *some one* had a motive for silencing the murdered man. They have to prove that Lord Rossthorne is that *some one*, and they have not done that yet. The mere fact of their meeting is comparatively an insignificant one."

"Well, then, I think this,—I think that no good will be gained by hiding the truth. I don't know why, but I seem convinced that his safety depends upon *all* the truth being known. Don't imagine that I say this because I want to be acknowledged, Steevie. I ask no prouder title than that of your wife," she said, creeping close to his side, and hiding her dear face on his shoulder; "but I cannot think that any good can come from hiding the truth."

The next day Stephen kept his promise, and, accompanied by the Rector, drove Grace over to Poundbridge; and for the first time Lord Rossthorne pressed his grandchild to his heart. Later on towards the evening Mr. Coleman arrived, with the barrister whom he had retained to conduct the defence, and a long consultation took place. Like Grace, but without concert with her, Lord Rossthorne was all for admitting the truth; but the lawyers would not hear of it.

"If your own evidence could be taken in the case, my lord," said Mr. Serjeant Markham, "it might be different. As the law stands, a criminal prosecution such as this is like a game of chess,—the least blunder is fatal to success; and as one bad move may cost the best player his game, so one incautious admission may send an innocent man to the gallows. No, we will admit nothing. We will hold them to the strictest proof. By the way, I am told that Captain Frankpledge—is not that his name?"

"No; Frankland."

"Thank you. I am told, I say, that this gentleman made some demur about producing certain papers at the inquest. Is he a friendly witness?"

"Most friendly," replied Mr. Coleman. "Would you like to see him?"

"No, not I. Only let some one beg of him to make no objections now. We will not *help* their case, but we must not damage our own by appearing to withhold evidence. That would never do."

Next morning, Markham was up betimes, and had examined the *locus in quo* of the murder.

Afterwards, the hearing of the case was resumed in the Town Hall. The prisoner was allowed to sit at the table next to his counsel, and Stephen, with the Trehermes and Grace, who insisted upon being present, occupied a bench close behind him.

The finding of Brandon's body, and the appearance of the stranger amongst the schoolboys on the green, had been proved at the first sitting by the same witnesses who had given evidence at the inquest, and the proceedings were now commenced by the cross-examination of the person who had deposed to having seen Lord Rossthorne coming out of the wood on the afternoon in question.

"Your name is Torrington, I believe, sir?" began Mr. Serjeant Markham.

"It is, sir."

"What are you, Mr. Torrington?"

"A foreign traveller in the service of Messrs. Staple, Stagg, and Mansfield, of Cannon Street."

"Humph! And is your employment sufficiently light to allow of your reading the newspapers, Mr. Torrington?"

"I read the newspapers."

"Regularly?"

"Pretty well."

"There appeared a long account of the inquest in this case in most of the London papers, I think?"

"I dare say there did."

"You dare say, sir! Did you not read it?"

"Yes, I have read it."

"When was it that you first informed the police that you could give the evidence we have just heard from your deposition?"

"Last Monday."

"Four days ago?"

Mr. Torrington bowed.

"Now, sir, will you explain," said the learned serjeant, in his blandest manner, "how it is that you have kept silence on so important a subject from the 29th of last July until last Monday—a period of nearly two months?"

"Because I was abroad."

"When did you go abroad?"

"On the 29th of July. I was on my way to Poundbridge station, to take the train to Folkstone, when I saw Lord Rossthorpe coming out of the wood."

"How do you know that the person you saw was his lordship?"

"I know it was!"

"But *how*, man?—how? You had no motive for noticing him."

"Yes, I had! My brother-in—"

"I don't want to know anything about your brother," interposed the serjeant.

"Ah, but we do, Mr. Markham," said the presiding magistrate. "The witness was about to give his motives for noticing the prisoner. These may be very important. Go on, Mr. Torrington."

"My brother-in-law is a tenant of his lordship's," resumed the witness, "and he pointed him out to me a short time before in London. He was very good to my brother-in-law and my sister when they were in a bit of trouble last year, and I felt half inclined when I saw him there to thank him for it. Besides, he looked tired, and I thought, being on foot, he might condescend to take a seat in my gig, but he hurried past me, and I thought better of it, and did not like to intrude."

"You considered it impossible, I dare say," asked Markham, "that a man like Lord Rossthorne could have any part in such a crime?"

"I did not know that a crime had been committed till I returned from Spain, last Saturday."

"But you told me just now that you read a report of the inquest in the papers."

"So I did, but only on Sunday, when I amused myself by looking over the back numbers of *The Observer* which had been delivered at my house during my absence."

"Humph! You have said that his lordship was coming from the wood?"

"Yes."

"And you were driving in the road?"

"I was."

"Whereabouts were you in the road when you first saw him?"

"Just at the turn before you come to the green."

"Where there are two heaps of stones?"

"There were no stones there then."

"Very well. I think we both mean the same spot—just about twenty yards short of the milestone?"

"Yes."

"Now, is there not a deep valley there, between the road and the wood?"

"There is. When I first saw him he was just mounting the slope."

"Very well. Are there not two pathways, right and left, at the bottom of that valley, as well as the one straight on, which leads past the church into the wood? Is this not so, Mr. Torrington?"

"I believe it is."

"You did not *see* him in the wood?"

"No."

"Then all you can really say is, that you saw him mounting the slope?"

"Coming from the wood," interposed Sir Joseph Sykes.

"I beg your worship's pardon," said the serjeant, sternly; "he might have come from the church, or from along either of the two paths, and not have been near the wood at all. Is that not so, Mr. Torrington?"

"He might have come from the church."

"Or from either of the two other paths?"

"Of course."

"You may stand down."

"No, wait one moment," interposed the attorney who conducted the prosecution. "You said, when you were first examined, that he was coming *from the wood*."

"Well, he has explained that," said the serjeant, impatiently.

"Not quite. Why did you say he was coming *from the wood*, witness?"

"Because he was coming from the direction of the wood."

"As also from the church. What reason had you for speaking of the wood?"

"I had a reason."

"What was it?"

"I thought he was coming from the wood."

"But why, Mr. Torrington?—why?"

"Because he had a hazel switch in his hand, with the leaves on."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Serjeant Markham. "Hazel switches grow in every hedge."

"But not in the church, Mr. Serjeant, or nearer than the wood," was the reply of the attorney.

The two justices put their heads together.

"The effect of the evidence of this witness," said the chairman, "has been so much modified since we sat last, that really, Mr. Snugley, unless you can prove something like motive—"

"I am about to do so, sir," replied the attorney. "Call Captain Frankland."

Stephen stepped into the witness-box, and was sworn.

"Have you brought the papers you were subpoenaed to produce, Captain Frankland?"

"I have."

"Then produce a letter signed 'Susan,' which was found in the deceased Mr. Brandron's room at the 'Rising Sun.'"

The letter, which the reader will remember, was produced and read.

"Now a paper headed 'Copy,' written by the deceased himself."

This was also read.

"Did Brandron tell you—"

"Stop! stop, stop!" said the serjeant. "What he said is not evidence."

Mr. Lagger whispered something in the attorney's ear.

Lord Rossthorne wrote three lines on a scrap of paper, and handed it to his counsel.

"Mr. Brandron knew that he could not live when he spoke," said Snugley, addressing the bench; "and I submit to your worships that if I prove this fact,—and I can do so,—I am entitled to give evidence of what he said, as a dying declaration."

"Then I withdraw my objection," rejoined the serjeant, in a careless tone, and playing with his pen.

Those who knew the serjeant well, and were opposed to him, got nervous when he put on that tone, and flicked the table in that idle way.

"Well, then, did Brandron direct you to find any other papers relative to the subject of those already in evidence?"

"He did."

"Where were you to find them?"

"Hidden in a room at Mangerton Chase."

"Did you find them there?"

"I did."

"Exactly where he told you they would be?"

"Exactly."

"Where are they?"

Stephen handed them in; and all George Howell's letters and the marriage certificate were read by the clerk of the court. Last of all, the declaration made by Susan Alston, and witnessed by Brandron, respecting the birth and legitimacy of the child, was handed to the chairman.

"Have you any other questions to ask Captain Frankland, Mr. Snugley?" he said, when he had read it.

Mr. Snugley had not.

Serjeant Markham rose slowly, and pressing a piece of blotting-paper on his notes as he spoke, asked,—

"You were with Mr. Brandron, I think, from the time he was brought to the 'Rising Sun' till he died?"

"Almost until he died."

"Was he sensible?"

"I believe he was."

"At any rate, you found the papers just produced exactly where he told you they would be?"

"Yes; I have said so already."

"Now, sir, I venture to ask you plainly, did he make any accusation against Lord Rossthorne?"

"He did not."

"Did he mention his name?"

"No."

"That will do, Captain Frankland." It was clear now why the serjeant had permitted what Brandron said on his death-bed to be given in evidence, even though by doing so he admitted the papers found in Mangerton Chase. Having got what he wanted, he then proceeded to attack what his adversary had gained.

"I am sure," he said, "that your honours will not allow your minds to be prejudiced by the contents of those documents until my client is connected with them in some way. It really seems to me to be a waste of time to go on in this fashion."

"If the learned gentleman will have a little patience, he shall see that I am proceeding quite regularly," said Snugley. "Call Charity Spence."

Charity Spence was called, and a very old woman dressed in rusty black hobbled into the witness-box.

"Are you a widow, Mrs. Spence?" demanded the attorney, loudly; for the witness was deaf.

"Ay."

"Was your husband, William Spence, parish clerk at Craigsleigh, in Derbyshire?"

"Ay, for two and for-ty year."

"Do you remember anything particular that happened in the year 1843?"

"Ay. We was sold up for debt. We opened a small ware and provision shop in the village, and failed."

"And so you remember the year 1843 well, Mrs. Spence—eh?"

"Ay, I do that."

"Just after the failure, did a gentleman—a stranger—call upon you?"

"Ay."

"Should you know him if you were to see him again?"

"I think I should, sir."

"Look round the court, and tell me if you can recognize anybody here present as that gentleman."

Charity Spence looked round the court, scanning every face, till she came to the table in front of the bench. Then she pointed her long, claw-like hand at Lord Rossthorne, and said,—

"That's he!"

"How do you know him again?"

"By his proud face."

"Well, what did he do when he came to your house?"

"He got clacking wi' my master."

"You mean your husband?"

"It's all one in our parts! Am I to tell what he wanted?"

"Yes; tell it your own way. Go on, Mrs. Spence."

"Well, they got clacking—talking, you know. They'd met at the church, and clacked as they came along. When they came in my master sent me and the children out, so as we mightn't hear what was said. I went out wi' 'em, but was curious, and came in again round by the back door, and listened. They spoke so low that I could not justly hear what they said at first; but looking through a crack there was in the door, I saw the gentleman give my master five bank notes, and then he said (and I heard him plainly), 'Remember,' said he, 'it's the first page. Remove it as neatly as you can, and I will come again this day week to see if you have kept your promise. If you have, you shall have the other fifty pounds.' That's what he said, and then he went away."

"Did he come again that day week?"

"Not to our shop; but soon afterwards my master brought back the things that had been seized by the bailiffs, and they cost nigh upon ninety pounds. He told me his brother in London sent him the money; but I knew better."

"Now tell me, did your master, as you call him, ask you to make anything for him the day after the stranger came?"

"Ay; he told me to make a cup of strong paste, and I did make it, and gave it him."

"What did he do with it?"

"He took it out with him."

"Do you know where he went with it?"

"Not justly."

"When he went out, did he go towards the church?"

"Ay, he did go that way."

"I have no further questions to ask this witness," said Mr. Snugley, sitting down.

"But I have," said Mr. Serjeant Markham, springing up.

"Now, Mrs. Spence, he said, 'remember you are upon your oath. Did the late William Spence, parish clerk of Craigsleigh, wear a night-cap?'"

"Ay, to be sure."

"Did he put it on the night after you made him the paste, sixteen years ago?"

"Ay."

"I must request your honours to have these last two answers taken down," said the serjeant, with grave irony; "for they seem to me to be quite as important as any other part of her evidence."

"We shall see," replied the attorney, quietly. "Call Charles Ferrers."

And the new clerk of Mr. Thomas stepped forward with a big book under his arm, and was sworn. He deposed to being the present clerk of Craigsleigh Church, having the custody of the registry books, and described the condition they were in when he first found them.

"Upon discovering which," asked Mr. Snugley, "you did your best, I believe, to repair them?"

"Yes, sir. I did not think there could be any harm in it."

"Nor was there. Now, in consequence of something that was said to you (no matter by whom,—unless, indeed, my learned friend wishes to know), did you discover that a page was missing out of one of the books?"

"I did; out of this one."

"What page was it?"

"The first."

"How do you know that?"

"Because each entry is numbered, and the first entry in this volume did not run on consecutively from the last entry in the preceding one."

"Have you got that one with you?"

"No; but it is in court."

"Very well. Did you search for the missing page?"

"I did, everywhere. I had no rest night nor day for ten days about it."

"In the course of your inquiries did you see the last witness, Mrs. Spence?"

"I did."

"And from something that she told you, did you make a further examination of the book you have in your hand?"

"Yea. I had suspicions that—"

"Never mind your suspicions; tell us what you did."

"I took off the back, and then I discovered that the first page—which hitherto I thought had been extracted—*was pasted down on the cover, under the blue marbled paper which lined it inside.* I soaked this lining with warm water, and removed it, as you see, and then disengaged the first leaf without separating it from the book,—merely undoing what had been done before,—and there it is."

"Your worships will perceive," said Mr. Snugley, handing up the book to the magistrates, "that the original of the mutilated certificate found, according to Brandron's statement, at Mangerton Chase, is entered on this page, and that the lady who contracted the secret marriage spoken of in the letters which have been read, was Lord Rossthorne's daughter. I submit now (after this evidence and that of Mrs. Spence), that I have connected the prisoner with all and every one of the documents in your hands, and suggested his motive for the murder of Brandron."

A dead silence reigned through the crowded court as Ferrers demonstrated the discovery he had made of the missing page, and when the attorney for the prosecution thus stated its portentous bearing upon the case, a thrill and a murmur ran through the spectators, and all eyes were turned on the prisoner.

Then Grace Lee rose, advanced to where he sat, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, turned round haughtily upon the crowd, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes, defying them. Another second, and Steevie was by her side.

"Do you ask Mr. Ferrers anything?" inquired the chairman of the prisoner's counsel, who, with Mr. Coleman, was closely scrutinizing the register which had been passed down to them.

"Of course I do, sir!" was the reply, in the air of a man who is about to materially alter the impression which had penetrated even to the bench. "How long have you been parish clerk at Craigsleigh, Mr. Ferrers?" he inquired.

"Only about eight months."

"Don't turn away. Look me in the face, if you please." The new clerk did, and met the cold, keen glance of the practised advocate; but only for a moment. "What were you before you came to Craigsleigh?" His nervousness was not lost upon Mr. Serjeant Markham.

"I was a clerk in London."

"To what church, may I ask?"

"Not in a church at all. I was in a merchant's office."

"Indeed! And how came you to leave that employment?"

The question was a chance one, but it hit the mark. Ferrers flushed crimson, and hung down his head.

"Come, sir, you heard my question, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Then be good enough to favour me with a reply." The serjeant paused for the reply which came not. "Well, then, I'll change the question, as you seem to find some difficulty in answering it. *When* did you leave that employment?"

"In April, 1856," replied Ferrers, with a sigh of relief. The keen eyes were on him.

"And you went to Craigsleigh eight months ago?"

"I was appointed early in last January."

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, where were you, and what were you doing, from April, 1856, to January, 1859?"

"Am I obliged to answer this?" gasped the wretched man, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and appealing to the bench.

"Certainly, if it be pressed," replied the chairman; "though I don't see what it has to do with the case."

"Perhaps it would have been better to have waited till the question was answered, sir, before you said that," observed Serjeant Markham, respectfully, but with cutting sarcasm. "Now, Mr. Ferrers, we are waiting for you. Where were you, and what were you doing, from April, 1856, to January, 1859?"

"I was living with friends part of the time."

"What part of it?"

"The latter part."

"Yes; but how long did you live with your friends?"

"Nearly six weeks."

"Well, that takes you back to about Christmas last. Where were you from the year 1856 up to Christmas last?"

"Well, if you must know, I—I was in prison."

"Ha! ha! And what for, Mr. Ferrers?"

"For getting money on a bill of exchange."

"Which was forged?" Ferrers hung down his head, and was silent.

"The long and the short of it is, then," said the counsel, "that, before becoming parish clerk at Craigsleigh, you had endured a sentence of penal servitude for forging. You may go down, and take away your book, Mr. Ferrers. I am not surprised now at the neatness you displayed in unpasting that leaf. And the learned serjeant sat down with a glance of triumph at the bench.

His satisfaction, however, was short-lived; for the next witness, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, proved that, years ago, long before Ferrers's time, he had noticed that the entries did not run on in consecutive numbers from the one book to the other and then Mr. Sampson Lagger was called.

He deposed to having been present when Ferrers operated on the book, and corroborated all his statements respecting it. He then produced the most damning piece of evidence of all—the letter written by Brandron at Paris, on his way from India, appointing the interview at Westborough, and which had been found, addressed to the prisoner, amongst his papers at Rossthorne Castle!

“My client reserves his defence,” said Mr. Serjeant Markham, in answer to the formal requisition from the bench.

“Then,” said the chairman, “our duty is as painful as it is clear. Lord Rossthorne, you stand committed to Maidstone gaol to take your trial for the wilful murder of John Everett Brandron.”

LOVE-SONG.

THE light is slowly fading,
The moon is in the sky,
It is the hour for parting—
My only love, good-bye!

Hide not those rosy blushes,
Droop not that dark blue eye,
One kiss, and one last blessing—
My only love, good-bye!

Dark as the heaven above us,
So doth my future lie;
Thy memory like the moon shall rise—
My only love, good-bye!

KINGSWOOD CLARK.

HISTORICAL PERSONAGES,

AS ILLUSTRATED IN MINIATURE ART IN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

PART II.

THE rapid development of photography, during the last ten years, has had the effect of almost entirely superseding the miniaturist's craft, properly so called,—a craft which has been as swiftly decaying in that short period as did that of the illuminator and calligrapher about the middle of the fifteenth century, upon the announcement of the discovery of the art of printing. And great was the consternation throughout that quarter of ancient Paris called St. Jacques de la Boucherie (the only relic of which now remaining is the fine Gothic tower, so admirably restored, and which forms so conspicuous an ornament to the new and splendid Boulevard de Sébastopol), where pens, filled with blue or carmine pigment, dropped from the hands of scribes, *enlumineurs*, and miniaturists, palsied by the news of the appearance of the memorable Bible of Fust, of the date of about 1450.

The present year's exhibition of the Royal Academy gave striking evidence of as rapid decay in modern miniature painting,—a small group in one corner comprising all of that class of portraiture, the numerous illustrations of which, by Ross, Chalon, Thorburn, and others, formerly covered the walls of one of the large rooms. The miniaturist's brush is now ancillary to the colourless, yet truthful likeness which the sun has pencilled, and imbues its outlines with the tints and tones of life. "Truth," the old saw tells us, "is great, and will prevail;" and this is the chief quality that has made photography prevail over its predecessor in the art of depicting "the countenance in miniature." Personal vanity has ever made flattery the prime and most active element of the popularity of the portrait-painter. But even this all-prevailing weakness seems yielding to the sterling integrity of the science of light. With the subordinate aid of the colourist it would probably have overcome at last the foible of the otherwise strong-minded Queen Elizabeth—a foible that prompted her to issue that notable mandate to an adventurous artist, to paint her portrait "in a bright light, and not one shade or line in it, at his peril."

It is said that when unguents, cosmetics, and every art of the toilet had at length failed to hide the wrinkles, deep and many, of our "virgin" queen, her unlucky master of the mint fell into disgrace by moulding a too faithful shilling. The die was broken, and only one mutilated impression is now in existence. Her maids of honour, we are told, took the hint, and were thenceforth careful that no fragment of looking-glass should remain in any room of the palace. In fact, the lion-hearted lady had not heart to look herself in the face for the last twenty years of her life, but we nowhere learn that she quarrelled with Holbein's portraits of her youth, or those of her stately prime of virginity by De Heere, Zucchero,

and Hilliard; on the contrary, it was a cumbrous *carte de visite*, painted during the lifetime of her father, that she bestowed on her "illustrious spy," as the dearest token of her esteem, at a very advanced period of her reign, with the inscription (written by herself),—

"The Queen to Walsingham this table sent,
Mark of her people's and her own content."

Nor did she frown to the last at sight of another portrait by the same hand, executed immediately after her accession to the throne, and inscribed with these lines,—

"Juno potens sceptris, et mentis acumine Pallas,
Et reseo Veneris fulget in ore decor;
Aduit Elizabeth; Juno perculsa, refugit;
Obstupuit Pallas, erubuitque Venus."

Of our "divine Astræa"—who made the acute but eccentric Sixtus V. regret that his vow of celibacy excluded him from the possibility of a union with her, the issue of which, he said, would have been naturally qualified to govern the world—there are, in this collection, no fewer than seventeen authentic portraits, of which number fourteen are by Nicholas Hilliard, her celebrated "aurifaber, sculptor, et illuminator."

In 1,908* he has depicted her when princess, in a magnificent dress, with fair hair, raised high over a roll, and rows of small curls below; 2,034, with light brown hair, ornamented above the brow with a large group of gems; 2,035, darker brown hair, with long ringlets on the shoulders, turned back off the forehead—head-tire of lace, with large pendent pearls; 2,037, reddish brown hair, high off the forehead, in small crisp curls; 2,032, darker brown hair, with jewelled coronet, and rope necklace of pearls; 2,036, a very exquisite locket miniature, golden hair, with jewelled head-tire. In 2,795 is a portrait evidently taken at the latter end of her life, it being the most aged of all—the crown worn at the back of the head.

A passing word upon these interesting works of Hilliard,—whose pencil has furnished, in all, as many as thirty-eight miniatures of celebrated persons in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. That artist, for want of an able instructor, studied devoutly the works of Holbein. "Holbein's manner of drawing," he says, "I have ever imitated, and hold it for the best." "But though," remarks Walpole, "Hilliard copied the neatness of his model, he was far from attaining that nature and force which that great master impressed on his most minute works. Hilliard arrived at no strength of colouring; his faces are pale, and void of any variety of tints; the features, jewels, and ornaments expressed by lines as slender as a hair. The exact dress of the times he curiously delineated, but he seldom attempted beyond a head; yet his performances were greatly valued. The Queen

* These figures correspond with those in the Catalogue of "Works of Art on loan at the South Kensington Museum," Part 2.

sat to him frequently, as we see, as also did most of her ladies. The favour which he received from Elizabeth was continued by her successor. Hilliard was the instructor of Isaac Oliver, and died in 1619.

How is it that so many of the beauties of Elizabeth's court, figuring here, are seen to rejoice in *golden* hair? Was it out of compliment to their royal mistress that—

“ — Those crisp, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols in the wind,”

were made of that hue through the abominable practice of dyeing? Philip Stubbs, the Puritan, in his “Anatomie of Abuses,” after speaking with just indignation of face painting, which had become common in his day, proceeds to express his utter horror of the still worse custom of wearing false hair, and dyeing it “of what colour they list.” The flaxen, or auburn, or dark tresses, each in their way so beautiful, as usually adapted by nature to the complexion of the original owner, were then almost invariably disfigured, among the votaries of fashion, by various dyes.

“The *red* dye we might have supposed,” judiciously remarks a critic and satirist upon this delicate subject, “to be in compliment to Queen Bess, did we not learn that she herself possessed eighty wigs of *various colours* ;” and, as we plainly perceive by some of these portraits, she not only possessed, but—we suppose by way of coquettish variety—frequently wore them.

“To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold ;
A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to beholde.”

The belles of this period not only dyed their locks of various colours in obedience to the mandates of fashion, but even had the barbarity to have them shaved off, the better to wear false. These fashions were, of course, admired and imitated by the gentlemen, who dyed their beards, and even wore false ones. The abominable custom, however, of staining the hair seems to have abated during the reign of James, as his son, Prince Henry (2,261), is represented wearing his naturally, and combed back, and Charles likewise.

Elizabeth, through the foible of her vanity, became a decided fashionist, —witness her multitudinous wardrobe of three thousand dresses; and became in her own person, as shown by this series of undoubted *vera effigies*, a striking personification of the fleeting ideas of that aerial power. In the other sex, to be a well-shaped, well-dressed, “proper” man, was by no means the worst letter of introduction to her favour; and she clearly thought, with Ben Jonson, that “rich apparel has strange virtues.” In what brave attire knights and nobles ruffled it in her reign will be seen by the miniatures next indicated. 1,941, that true Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, the most accomplished knight and scholar of Elizabeth's court,—one of “the very chief glories of an age crowded

with towering spirits,"—and whose behaviour to his royal mistress was that of a thoroughbred gentleman from first to last—from the spreading of his cloak to save her dainty feet from the mire, to his last public mention of the lately-deceased queen as "a lady whom time had surprised," uttered during that remarkable defence when tried for treason, in 1603. A glance at 2,795, taken when Elizabeth was well stricken in years, fully bears out the euphemistic gallantry of Sir Walter. He is portrayed on a rich blue background as a man in the prime of life, with light grey eyes, short brown hair, and yellow beard. His dress is pinked, and diagonally laced with reddish brown bands; his hat is low-crowned, of a pale pinkish brown. An exceedingly interesting miniature (slightly faded) in a gold case, externally enriched with *cloisonné* enamel of beautiful execution. Carey, Lord Hunsdon (1,939), stood in a degree of relation to the queen, nearer to her of anybody living. He was her first cousin, the only son of her mother's sister, Mary Bollen, wife of Sir W. Carey. Elizabeth ennobled him on her accession, and gave him Hunsdon House, Herts, where she visited him.

In the magnificently equipped George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland (2,206, by J. Oliver),—armed at all points for the lists, and wearing above his armour, damascened with silver, a surcoat, with sleeves hanging loose above the elbow; a sheaf of white ostrich plumes, fastened by a richly jewelled aigrette, decking the high-crowned hat, donned, in lieu of the helmet beside him, obviously to exhibit the glove-token that was his boast,—we have an especial favourite of the queen, and one of the peers who sentenced Mary Stuart to the block. Tradition avers that on some happy occasion, the sad flirt, his royal mistress, allowed him to keep her glove, which he chivalrously had studded with diamonds, and ever after bore at all tilts and tournaments, conspicuously placed in front of his helmet. He was father of the celebrated Anne, Countess of Dorset (1,901 and 2,046). In (2,205) a full-length of Robert Sutton de Dudley, Earl of Leicester, we have the bold, bad, prime favourite of Elizabeth, also in tilting trim, partially armed with breastplate and armpieces, richly inlaid with gold. He wears round, "bombastic" white breeches, laced vertically with straps of gold lace; trunk hose, with the garter (blue) round the left leg; a white scarf is tied on his left arm *en rosette*, with long fringed ends, and his headpiece is replaced by a black velvet high-pointed hat, with turn-up brim and white feathers. He commanded the army assembled at Tilbury to defend the kingdom against the Spanish Armada.

The queen's last and deeply lamented favourite, the ill-starred Essex (2,585), figures in plain attire; and though described by his secretary, Sir H. Wotton, as so little of a coxcomb in his dress that he scarcely knew what he had on, we find him here foppishly wearing *ear-rings*. The strange fashion of men wearing rings and roses stuck in their ears, at that period of the sudden uprising of all the noblest characteristics of

the English mind, is only one of many strange anomalies. The custom is satirized by Hutton, in his *Epigrams* (1619):—

“Superbus swaggers with a ring in 's eare ;
And likewise, as the custom is, doth weare
About his neck a riband and a ring,
Which makes men think that he's proud of a string.”

One of those beaux who rejoiced in a ring and a string hanging over his ruff, may be found in *Case No. 3*. Shakspeare alludes to the use of ear-rings as if censuring its folly ; but in one of the portraits supposed to represent him, each ear is adorned with this effeminate ornament. Hall, likewise, in his *Satires* (book vi., sat. 1), notices a gallant,—

“Tattelus, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coate and ringed eare.”

And Master Matthew, in “Every Man in his Humour,” says to Brainworm, “I will pawn this jewel in mine ear.” In Marshall’s portrait of Dr. Donne, in 1599, the ear-ring takes the form of a cross. At the dispersion of the Stowe Collections, a pair of ear-rings worn by men were sold ; the mode of fixing them to the ear was by a spring, rendering piercing the lobe unnecessary.

2,211, the noble, manly-looking countenance of Ambrose Dudley, the son of that strenuous supporter of Lady Jane Grey, John, Duke of Northumberland. Dudley, created Earl of Warwick in 1562, highly distinguished himself at the battle of St. Quintin, 1577, and at the defence of Newhaven, of which fortress he was governor.

Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland (2,212), a great patron of literature, and a gallant soldier. In 1588 he served in the fleet in the attack on the Armada, and as a volunteer at the siege of Ostend. He was imprisoned by James I. for many years, on suspicion of being engaged in the Gunpowder Plot. 2,584, the time-serving Paalett, first Marquis of Winchester, who contrived to hold place under four Tudor sovereigns. This pliant courtier, on being asked how he had maintained himself secure through so many changes, answered, “By being a willow, and not an oak.” There is a miniature, by Hilliard (2,306), purporting to be a likeness of Edmund Spenser, the friend of Sidney and Raleigh,

"The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day,
And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear" (*Spenser*);—

and that other famous lady, Maria (2,238, by Zuccherò),—

"—— The subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"—

complete the illustrious triad of the House of Penshurst, which the pen of Ben Jonson, and the pencils of Isaac Oliver and Zuccherò, have immortalized.

Who will not rigorously scrutinize the features of Catherine Carey, Countess of Nottingham (2,053, by J. Oliver), when reminded that to this lady, the hot-headed but brave and generous Essex entrusted the ring for delivery to the queen? And recalling the terrible detail of the last moments of the wretched countess, when, in an agony of rage and grief, Elizabeth shook the dying woman in her bed, our train of thought upon the stirring events of this reign is brought to its climax and close.

One of the direct effects of the massacre of St. Bartholomew on England was to seal the fate of the lovely ex-queen Mary Stuart, of whom poets sung, while taking their last lingering look,—

"Contentez vous, mes yeux,
Vous ne verrez jamais chose de plus belle ;"

but whose exquisite grace, fine wit, and perfect manner, could not preserve her from the doom of a traitress. In "that infamous year," as Lord Clarendon justly terms 1572, the news of the massacre in Paris excited a natural sympathy and alarm in this country; and, thanks to the research of Sir Henry Ellis, we now find that the foul murder of Mary was first suggested by the base and cruel councillor—Fear. Female jealousy may have smoothed the way to its execution, by one of the most cold-blooded and perfidious of her sex; but its origin was in alarm—the cause of most of the evils that affect nations. In Ellis's "Original Letters" there is one from Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, to Lord Burghley (dated, "In haste, from Fulham, this Vth of Sept., 1572"), which shows that a right reverend prelate had the singular honour of first suggesting this great crime, as an expedient "for the saftie of our Quene and Realme, yf God will. Furthwith," writes the miscreant, "TO CUTTE OF THE SCOTTISH QUENE'S HEADE: *ipsa est nostri fundi calamitas.*"

Of this royal victim there is an exquisite miniature—perhaps the most interesting of the seven (2,294)—representing her playing on a lute, seated on a high-backed chair, each arm of which is surmounted by a crown, one being that of the dauphin of France, the other probably that of England. That the adoption of these insignia gave great umbrage to her cousin Elizabeth is well known. Another victim to the fear and jealousy of the one queen and the fascinations of the other, is Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (2,478, by Sir Antonio More). Appointed Mary's judge, he

eventually became her suitor. Elizabeth took little notice of this intrigue at first. She merely said to Norfolk, when he took leave of her one night, after having supped in the royal apartment, "My lord, take heed what pillow you lay your head on." But the warning was of no avail. That pillow, by command of his incensed queen, proved to be the block in 1572. There is a very curious onyx cameo (2,043), bearing profiles of Mary and the narrow-minded coxcomb, her husband and kinsman, Darnley, ascribed to Valerio Vincentino; and a locket miniature of James Stuart, the Regent Moray (2,551, by Sir Antonio More), assassinated by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh.

The costume of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign underwent but little change for some time after the accession of her successor. That self-complacent Solomon, the crafty, ignoble, dissolute, cowardly, indolent, pedantic, arbitrary James I., has been described, on his first arrival in England, as "a little fat personage, with large and wandering eyes; a bonnet cast by chance upon his head, and sticking on as it best could; his legs too thin for his weight; his clothes so thickly padded out to resist a dagger-stroke, of which he was in constant dread, that he looked more like a vast seal than a man; a flabby, foolish mouth, widened for the freer extrusion of remarkably broad Scotch;" and all these surmounting a horse, saddled after the manner of an arm-chair, with appliances for the rider's support; in spite of which his Majesty not unfrequently managed to tumble awkwardly to the ground. Hilliard, doubtless, did his best for that ungraceful and ungracious personage in 2,213 — the most favourable likeness of the six portraits here. Of his consort, the vain, gay, bold, ambitious, and enterprising Anne of Denmark, there are four miniatures (2,252, 2,508, 2,604, 2,647, the last by Oliver), undoubted portraits of her:—two others we consider as very apocryphal. She was as fond of dancing and masques, fine dresses and costly entertainments, as he was fond of hunting; nor had she, on the whole, much more personal dignity than her husband. She was dissipated, thoughtless, extravagant, and had her favourites. Anne, we are told by Carte, took great delight in making the king jealous, and seems to have entertained a feeling somewhat warmer than friendship for the famous Lord Herbert of Cherburv. if we may believe that some-

young prince. In a few months after the gloomy event of his decease, the Princess Elizabeth, deservedly called "the Queen of Hearts," was married to the Prince Palatine of the Rhine (2,044, by J. Oliver), Frederick of Bohemia—from which marriage our present admirable sovereign is descended; and the English Court was saddened by the absence of so much grace and beauty—not without some misgivings of the dark fortune through which she had to pass, as the neglected daughter of England and throneless queen of Bohemia. Of her there are five authentic portraits (2,221, 2,301, 2,555, 2,256; as a child, 2,462); but the miniature 2,632, bearing her name, is certainly a portrait of Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, of whom we shall speak presently.

In 2,600 we have a likeness of that royal and deep-drinking Dane, Christian IV., the queen's brother. It affords an illustration of the gross and indecorous manners of the English Court, that at a feast given by Cecil (Lord Salisbury) at Theobalds, on the occasion of king Christian's visit here in 1606, that of three ladies of the highest rank who took on themselves to enact the Christian Graces, Faith and Hope were so hopelessly drunk that they could not stand, and Charity fell into the king's arms in a state of helpless exhaustion. The two mighty princes likewise, James and Christian, got so thoroughly "royal" (the phrase then meaning, to exceed in one's cups), that his English majesty was carried to his couch in the arms of his courtiers, while his Danish brother-in-law mistook his bedchamber, and blundered into that of the Countess of Nottingham, the handsome and spirited wife of the Lord High Admiral of England. These drinking revels did not terminate for upwards of a week, and nearly caused the death of several of the courtiers.

Aloof from, and untainted by, the vices of that dissolute Court, in cultivated seclusion lived that interesting person, the Lady Arabella Stuart, first cousin to James I. Seven miniatures—three by Hilliard, three by J. Oliver, and one by Hoskins—familiarize us with those lovely features which long imprisonment, alas! wasted to idiocy; while her letters to James vouch for the mental capacity of one who through life was little more than a prisoner at large, and whose every movement was watched and suspected. Lady Arabella was too closely allied to the throne for her own happiness. Her accepted lover and husband, by a stolen marriage, was William Seymour (2,512). The progress and catastrophe of their affection were singularly tinged with romance. We must remember that he was that same Hertford so distinguished for his gallantry and loyalty during the civil wars,—the same Hertford who, when his royal master was condemned to the scaffold, with Lindsey, Southampton, and the Duke of Richmond, accused himself, in his capacity of privy councillor, of being alone guilty of what was laid to the king's charge, and requested, with those noblemen, that he might die in the place of his sovereign. After the sanguinary scene was over, he was one of those who accompanied the dead body of Charles, when it was borne in silence, and almost secrecy,

to its last home. The love of such a man gives dignity to romance. On discovering their marriage, James imprisoned the fair culprit and Seymour in separate houses. By disguising in man's apparel, Arabella effected her escape; Seymour also broke away, and they had appointed a meeting-place abroad. The vessel conveying the lady was taken at sea. She was brought back, locked up in the Tower, and harshly used. No interference in her favour was of any avail, and finally, James rejoiced in the conclusion brought to his unfounded apprehensions by the insanity and death of a kinswoman as beautiful and unfortunate as his mother herself had been. She died on 27th September, 1617, more than four years after her unfortunate attempt to escape, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault as Mary Stuart and Henry, Prince of Wales.

Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford (2,047, by Oliver), the companion of the early days of Mary Stuart, at Combe Abbey, was distinguished as well for her learning and taste as her courtly manners. Lady of the bedchamber to Anne of Denmark, none appeared with greater splendour in those magnificent masques which made the "nights more costly than the days;" and no pageant or revel was complete without her. The Queen, by her excessive passion for these shows and entertainments, incurred enormous expenses; and not greatly distinguished for personal graces, she displayed a singularly tawdry, tasteless, and often immodest style of dress. The miniatures of several noble ladies of this reign will sufficiently show how obtrusively immodest the fashion of exposing the naked breast had become. While a ruff or band, of immoderate size, stretched forth from the throat, the front of the dress was cut away immediately beneath it, nearly to the waist, which made the fashion more noticeable, as all the other part of the bust was overclothed, while the bosom was perfectly bare. Lady Hunsdon's costume (2,381) is an instance in point; as is that of Lucy Harrington, just noticed. But that which most strongly excited the ire of the Puritans was the ruff (worn so large and stiff with coloured starch, that ladies, we are told, were obliged to feed themselves with spoons two feet long); and a writer of that sect, who made a furious attack on the dress and manners of the times, thinks it a heinous addition to the sinfulness of the ruff that it was so *clogged* and *pestered* with needlework. He tells us, also, that the lords of the Court were very choice about their shirts, which were often made of cambric, with open work down the seams, and often cost ten pounds each, which, he adds, "is horrible to think of." Nor did the ladies' head-tires escape his quaint invective, which, he says, "of force must be curled, frizzled, and crisped; laid out in wreaths and borders from one ear to another. And lest it should fall down, it is under-propped with forks, wires, and I cannot tell what,—rather like grim, stern monasters, than chaste Christian mothers. At their hair, thus wreathed and crested, are hanged bugles, oaches, rings, gold, silver, glasses, and such other childish gewgaws." But the most *outré* singularity of male apparel ever seen in this or any other age, was

the *trunk hose*, now first invented. In order to make these "bags" stick out, they distended them, amongst other devices, with bran; and a ludicrous story is told of a gallant who, whilst in conversation with some ladies, unluckily caught his *sack* upon a nail, when the sudden collapse of his nether garment caused intense disgust to the wearer, and infinite merriment to the fair beholders. Another good story is related of a certain beau, who was summoned before a sumptuary court for wearing "bags stuffed in his sack," contrary to law. The accused convinced his judges that the stuffing was not composed of any forbidden article, producing from the interior of his trunks merely a *pair of sheets*, two tablecloths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glass, a comb, and a nightcap! Pierce Penniless (1592), railing at "cloake-bag breeches," says "they are bombasted like beer-barrels;" and Holinshed blames men at this time for spending most money on this article of dress, which was sometimes very elegantly cut and embroidered. Like so many others, it was a fashion borrowed from the French beaux, and at first seems to have been looked upon as a startling novelty by the Londoners. "I cannot endure these *round breeches*: I am ready to swoon at them," says Lucida, in Field's play, "A Woman is a Weathercock," 1612.

We must not omit to draw attention to the likeness of a too celebrated woman of this period—Frances Howard, Countess of Essex (2,055 and 2,231), with her cunning, cockatrice eye, compressed mouth, and bright red hair. A dishonourable affection sprang up between Robert Carr, Earl of Rochester, and this faithless wife of the young Earl of Essex (2,288), and the ambition of the guilty woman was directed to sharing the name and fortunes of James's favourite. A plea was invented against the husband, in order to obtain a divorce, and the advocacy of the King was secured by a fee of £25,000. James argued, and canvassed, and brow-beat the bishops until the majority were won over, and separation was pronounced. But Rochester's friend, Overbury, strongly dissuaded him from marrying the divorced countess; and when he confided this opposition to his bride, the evil nature of her heart was roused to madness. She vowed the death of Overbury, and before the celebration of her wedding made interest to have him imprisoned in the Tower. Having failed to bribe a good swordsman to slay him in a duel, she next took the surer way of poison, and Overbury was found dead in his room. Meantime the King celebrated the marriage with regal pomp, created Rochester Earl of Somerset, and seemed to be glad of Overbury's end, as delivering him from a rival in the new earl's regard. But from the day of Overbury's death, Somerset seemed a miserable man. Cold eyed and stern browed, the guilty couple looked upon each other; and no one, in the pale and haggard Somerset, could have recognized the gay and graceful Carr; nor in the brazen yet subdued partner of his crime, the bright and fascinating Frances Howard. Remorse was at work, and made wreck of their happiness and their beauty. Nobody, however, would whisper the dark

suspicion to the King till it began to be perceived that Somerset's influence was on the wane.

It was the monstrous favouritism of James that withdrew the eyes of all from his other follies and those of the Queen, making them appear comparatively of little consequence. And that unfortunate failing—a blind and wilful reliance on unworthy favourites—the ill-fated Charles inherited from his father. Eleven portraits of Charles I. by various hands amply attest that all the graces of nature as well as the gifts of fortune were united on that noble and manly head. The rich brown hair fell in beautiful ringlets upon his shoulders; the peaked beard gave a grave dignity to his face. He has been accused of stiffness, and loftiness of demeanour; but if a haughtiness was visible at any time, it was instantly softened by the exquisite judgment in those externals of greatness which told him that courteousness and urbanity were the true signs of superiority, and that only the weak and ignorant can condescend to be cold and proud. Naturally sedate and retiring, he lacked the freedom and liveliness which gave a sort of charm to the ludicrous familiarity of his father. In 2,111 and 2,158 we have two graceful enamels by Petitot; 2,771, a locket likeness, with some of his hair,—a relic presented by George IV. to Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. The hair was taken from the coffin of Charles, when it was opened in the presence of Sir H. Halford and others, in 1813, by order of the Prince Regent. Another (2,770), set in an enamelled locket with pearl drops—as worn by the royalists after the King's murder. The most curious, perhaps, of all is 2,276, representing the King with his beard unshaven, and having at back a likeness of the faithful Juxon. His queen, the graceful daughter of the great Henri (2,519) and Maria de Medicis (2,758), is five times depicted: in 2,112 by Petitot—a charming enamel; while 2,225 is more interesting, perhaps, as executed in this country by Hoskins. The asserted loveliness of this French princess, notwithstanding the exquisite portraits of her by Vandyke, and the lavish praise of contemporary poets, has been sometimes disputed. "We have a most gallant new queen of England," says that amusing letter-writer, Howell, "who in true beauty is far beyond the long-wooded Infanta; for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed. But this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion,—a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection." Her eyes appear to have been really beautiful. Waller speaks of them in the inflated language of the day,—

"Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself had thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own."

"Such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

She was somewhat low of stature. Pantoufles, or shoes raised on

cork soles, often two inches from the ground, were worn in those days to give height to the figure. They were sometimes richly embroidered with precious metals and jewels. They excited much reprobation in England, and were preached against by the clergy. More commonly worn abroad than here, it was probably on the supposition that his young bride was indebted to pantoufles for her height, that Charles, when handing her from her coach on her arrival, immediately looked down at her feet. "Sire," said Henrietta, displaying her shoe, "I stand on mine own feet. I have no helps of art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower." Their unfortunate daughter, better known as *la belle Henriette*, and married to Philip, Duke of Orleans (1,954), is represented in as many as five miniatures by Petitot (2,134, 2,451, 2,558, 2,630, 3,346). She was poisoned in the heyday of her joyous existence by a draught of succory-water, handed her by the envious niece of Mazarin, Olympia Mancini, Countess of Soissons. That dark deed imputed to her husband, probably without reason, has never been wholly cleared up. But the suspicion which formerly attached to the Countess was naturally revived when Henrietta's daughter, Maria Louisa d'Orleans—young, beautiful, and graceful as her mother—after having reluctantly married Charles II. of Spain, was poisoned at Madrid by a cup of iced milk, from the hand of that same Countess of Soissons, and died in a few hours in the same agony her mother had previously done. That wretched disciple of the detestable Brinvilliers died at Brussels in 1708, poor, despised, and forsaken, not only by all who had formerly been her friends, but even by her son, the Prince Eugene (2,454).

That magnificent favourite of our first two Stuart kings is here (2,365, 2,390)—Buckingham—who, in 1623, set out clandestinely with "baby Charles" for the most formal Court in Europe, under the names of Jack and Tom Smith, with a single attendant, to get a sly look at the Infanta, and led King James, and, by false representations, the nation itself, into a war with that power. The Spanish match being abruptly broken off, the duke went, in 1625, to Paris, to conduct Henrietta Maria to London. Whilst at the French Court, he conceived an extravagant passion for Anne of Austria (1,957, by Petitot), and it has been often recorded of the young queen, that having contrived to elude the jealous scrutiny of Cardinal Richelieu (2,246), she managed to send the gay and handsome George Villiers *her own garter*, as a memorial of their flirtation on the banks of the Somme. The *gage d'amour* really sent, however, was a diamond *aignillette*, then worn by both sexes as a shoulder-knot. The splendid ornament in question, with twelve diamond tags, had been presented to her by her husband, Louis XIII., on the occasion of a masked ball, given by the Duchess of Chevreuse, purposely planned to procure Buckingham the opportunity of a *tête-à-tête* with the young queen. Madame de Lanoy, the zealous spy of the Cardinal, having detected the disappearance of the shoulder-knot from the queen's casket, acquainted him with the fact, and the

wily minister instantly offered to present one of the ladies of Charles's Court, in his interest, with 50,000 livres, if she could succeed in cutting away a couple of the tags of the shoulder-knot the first time that Buckingham appeared wearing it. A fortnight afterwards the two tags were in Richelieu's hands. The Duke had worn the *aigillette* at a state ball, and the Cardinal's emissary had cut away a couple of its glittering pendants unobserved. His revenge seemed certain. From this incident, trifling as it may appear, a misunderstanding arose, in 1627, between the two Courts, chiefly from the personal antipathy of Buckingham to Richelieu, who had thus exposed and thwarted his ridiculous passion. The powerful favourite promised, and secured, the support of England to the rebellious Huguenots of La Rochelle, and it was whilst superintending a second expedition for the relief of that city, in 1628, that he met his death from the knife of the Puritan, Felton.

Luxury had made great advances in England. Entertainments were splendid and costly. Bassompierre, the French ambassador, speaks with admiration of the magnificence of the English Court, the festivals given to him by various persons of rank; and one, in particular, given by Buckingham to the King and Queen, which he declares to have been the most magnificent he had ever witnessed. The brilliant duke's example made splendour fashionable, especially in entertainments and apparel. The wardrobe formed a serious item in every one's expense. A single Court dress of this sumptuous personage is said to have been valued at £80,000. James I. had encouraged this taste for dress, which continued long after his death, and that of Buckingham. The luxury and prodigality of the Court in this respect was remarked with surprise by the secretary of the French ambassador in 1641. But expensive tastes of a more refined and elevated kind fortunately prevailed at the same time. "The accession of Charles I.," says Walpole, truly, "was the first era of real taste in England." Charles began to form a collection of pictures; bought the entire gallery of the Duke of Mantua, then considered the best in Europe; invited hither eminent artists, and diffused a taste for art among his subjects. Buckingham, in imitation of the King, and the Earl of Arundel, from genuine taste, became collectors. The latter, through the exertions of an enterprising agent, obtained more than 200 pieces of sculpture in Greece, Syria, and Asia Minor. Tapestry weaving was naturalized in this country, and a thriving manufactory established by Sir Francis Crane, at Mortlake, where beautiful and costly designs were wrought, a single piece procured for Archbishop Williams costing not less than £2,500. Much money was tastefully expended in the embellishment of houses. Eminent foreign artists were employed to enrich walls and ceilings with fresco paintings; carving and gilding were lavishly exhibited; the silks and carpets of the East, gold and silver stuffs, the damasks of Italy, ebony, and silver plate, were frequently used in the furnishing of our mansions. Great progress, therefore, had been made in social refinement from the

commencement of Charles's reign. Let us now glance at the faces of some whose memories deserve to be cherished, for the parts they played during its troubled close, so long as loyalty and patriotism are looked upon as prime virtues. Of the first and best who perished in that sad civil strife, there is a likeness of John Hampden (1,996, a small oval, *en grisaille*), who, after fighting his country's battle, and not his own, in the fierce six months' legal contest, which ended by formally placing the liberties of England at the foot of the throne, shed his blood on the field in the struggle to recover them; and in 2,515, the characteristic portrait, in a buff coat, of the fiery Royalist, Rupert, withstanding whose impetuous charge Hampden received his death wound, at Thame. At 2,586 and 3,691, we find two portraits of, perhaps, a still greater character, the gentle and philosophic Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, the constitutional kingman, who fell shortly after, at Newbury, fighting in the front rank of Lord Byron's regiment; and of his relict there is a charming miniature (2,844). Lettice Morison, who survived her amiable husband some four sorrowful years, wears over her bodice a rich Vandyke point-lace chemisette, reaching high up to the throat, round which hangs a necklace of pearls and rubies. A jewelled head-tire surmounts the fair hair, clustered in countless small rings, with a long white feather drooping over her right shoulder. It represents her in the full bloom of womanhood, but by whom does not appear. 2,525, the devoted servant, though obnoxious counsellor, of his king, Strafford,—that boldest and most intellectual of statesmen, the moving spirit of the whole attempt at arbitrary power, which recoiled so fatally upon his own head as well as that of his master,—may be found side by side with that paragon of unselfish and unswerving loyalty—Montrose, the *Great Marquis*. 2,234, 2,638, the high-souled Charlotte de Tremouille, by C. Janseen, wife of Stanley, Earl of Derby (2,587), so famous for her gallant defence of Lathom House, in 1644, when besieged by 2,000 Parliamentarians, and the Isle of Man, in 1651. Though a Frenchwoman by birth, she did not forget that she was an English countess, and gloriously did she maintain her allegiance—being the last person in the British dominions who yielded to the republic.

The Court of the *Grand Monarque* receives almost complete illustration from the enamels of Petitot alone. Jean Petitot, a Genevan, unequalled as an enamellist, was deservedly patronized by two monarchs who gave the noblest encouragement to artists—Charles I. and Louis XIV. While in England, Petitot learnt some of the choicest chemical secrets in the enamellist's craft from a Huguenot fellow-townsmen, Sir Theodore Mayerne (2,095), who had the good fortune of having been appointed physician to four kings—Henri Quatre, and our James I., Charles I. and II. Mayerne was a great chemist, and by imparting to Petitot the processes of the chief colours used in his peculiar branch of art, enamels surpassing the famous vitrifications of Venice and Limoges were produced. The application of chemistry to the composition of pigments, he liberally communi-

cated to the painters who enjoyed the royal patronage—Rubens and Vandyke, as well as to Petitot.

And now to point out a few stars of this galaxy of celebrities and palace beauties limned by the master enamellist, sixty-six of whose productions grace this collection. 1,957, 2,336, 2,688, Anne, daughter of Philip Third of Spain and the Archduchess Marguerite of Gratz, born at Valladolid, 1601, was called Anne of *Austria*, it must be remembered, as the line of Charles V. (though he had resigned the hereditary dominions held in Germany to the family of his brother) was still the elder branch of the house of Austria. This explains the discrepancy that an Infanta of *Spain* should usually be called Anne of *Austria*. Married to Louis XIII. in 1615, she became Regent of France during the minority of her son in 1643, with Mazarin as her minister. Capable of warm affection, her favourite device of a pine-apple, with the motto, "Not for my crown," had happy illustration in many matured and lasting friendships. Swarthy in complexion and with irregular features, this queen was remarkable for having preserved the beauty of form and whiteness of her hand and arm to an advanced period of life. Foremost of her early and attached friends shines Marie de Montbazon, the famous, witty, and beautiful Duchess of Chevreuse (2,690), styled *la Belle des Belles*, and who appears to have been sacrificed for that friendship by Richelieu, and whom Louis XIII. had deemed so dangerous that he expressly enjoined the Regent never to recall her to Court. The wishes of the morose Louis, however, had little weight with the queen, for as soon as that king was dead, the duchess was summoned enthusiastically from her long exile, though it seems that Anne regretted almost as soon as she had granted her permission to re-enter France. From hatred to Mazarin, Madame de Montbazon headed the cabal of "the Importants"—plotted his assassination—was discovered—finally banished the Court, and quitted her country for ever. 2,298, Jules Mazarin, the place of whose birth, and the station of whose family, are equally doubtful. It is certain that before obtaining the unbounded confidence of Richelieu, he had been a soldier, a negotiator, and a priest. After the death of Richelieu and Louis XIII., the humble-minded prelate fingered gently the globe and sceptre of the queen-regent, till he got them into a deputed grasp, which retained them with a pressure more or less firm till the day of his death. 2,464, the dashing, lovely, intriguing Duchess de Longueville, sister of the great Condé. This renowned beauty was the cause of the first duel under the regency. Count de Coligny, the bosom friend of her brother, the young hero of Rocroi, became her lover; and the duchess having been scandalized by a lampoon, concocted by Madame de Montbazon, exacted from Coligny that he should fight the Duke of Guise. Having ascertained the time appointed, the incensed lady repaired to the house of the old Duchess of Rohan, on the Place Royal, and there, from behind a blind, became an unseen spectator of the combat which ended most disastrously

for her champion. The following verses written on the duel will show, by the sentimental levity with which they treat the connexion between Coligny and Madame de Longueville, the looseness of French morals at that time :—

“ Essuyez vos beaux yeux,
Madame de Longueville ;
Essuyez vos beaux yeux,
Coligny se porte mieux.

“ S’il a demandé la vie,
Ne l’en blâmez nullement ;
Car c’est pour être votre amant
Qu’il veut vivre éternellement.”

The duchess, with her brother Condé, headed a powerful faction among the disaffected nobles. This party, distinguished by its airs of affectation and presumption, was called that of the “*petits maîtres* ;” and Condé’s conduct becoming at length intolerable, the fortunes of the “young Fronde” were temporarily crushed by a *coup d’état* of Mazarin ; Condé, with his brother, the Prince of Conti, and his brother-in-law, the Duke de Longueville, being arrested and imprisoned at Vincennes. The next year, 1651, saw Condé again free and in the ascendant, and Mazarin an exile at Bruhl. The young king, though only thirteen, was now declared of age, and went at the head of his army to scatter the rebels. All was confusion in France. But the terrible scenes of the rebellion then passing in England were somewhat burlesqued by those of the Fronde. In the jumble of parties and families, Louis found among the many heroines of the Fronde one of the most enthusiastic enemies in his fair cousin the celebrated Mademoiselle Montpensier (2,240), who very romantically and spiritedly held the town of Orleans against the royal forces. This disloyalty the queen-mother never forgave ; for when, some few years later, Mademoiselle gently intimated her inclination to share the throne with her magnificent king and cousin, the plain-spoken Anne nipped all the *grande Mademoiselle’s* hopes and aspirations in the bud, by retorting, with a bitter smile and rather unregal petulancy, that “the King was not for her nose, although it was a long one.” Her *mésalliance* with De Lauzun (long afterwards) sent her, stripped of wealth, from Court, and the Count to the Bastille—with the cannon of which fortress she had once turned the tide of battle against Louis.

The wars of the Fronde being ended, balls, ballets, banquets, and masquerades occupied the French Court in untiring succession. Petitot

scandal, Anne of Austria was compelled to exchange her maids of honour for matrons, or *dames d'honneur*, but not before her son had been within an ace of espousing Mary de Mancini, Mazarin's niece. Still, the watchful queen-mother, with the wily cardinal at her elbow, could not prevent the susceptible boy-king from continually falling over head and ears in love with her ladies; so at last they married him to the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. The features of Louis's consort are less known than those of his many mistresses. There is no enamel of her here by Petitot; nor does Madame de Motteville's description of the princess, on the occasion of the nuptials in 1660, strictly agree with the full-length in one of the cases (not noticed in the catalogue), as both she and her husband are there depicted in middle life. The observant *dame d'honneur* who, amongst a brilliant train, accompanied the rejected Mademoiselle (Montpensier) at the first interview of the royal pair at the Isle of Pheasants, says,—“The Infanta is short but well made. We admired the extreme fairness of her complexion—her blue eyes appeared to us to be fine, and charmed us by their softness and brilliancy. We celebrated the beauty of her mouth, and of her somewhat full and roseate lips. The outline of her face is long, but being rounded at the chin, pleased us; her cheeks, rather large but handsome, had their share of our praise; her hair, of a very light auburn, accorded admirably with her fine complexion. To speak the truth, with more height and finer teeth, she would deserve to be estimated as one of the most beautiful persons in Europe. Her bust appeared to be well formed and tolerably full, but her dress was horrible.”

Of the lovely De la Valliere, there are three enamels by Petitot (1,962, 2,163, 2,242), and one miniature, by an unknown hand, as *Diane Chassereau* (2,521). There are four of Madame de Montespan (1,960, 1,961, 2,597, 2,689), two of the fair Fontanges (1,964, 2,239), while one of the prim Maintenon completes the group of celebrated women who were in turn the prime favourites of Petitot's great patron. The part that poor silly Fontanges played among these contending beauties for the love of the luxurious Louis, was singular, brief, and melancholy. Maria Angelica de Rousille, created Duchess de Fontanges within a few weeks after coming to the Court, was brought there by an intrigue of Montespan, who, perceiving her own empire on the wane, strove, by bringing this young and lovely girl on the scene, to check the rapid ascendancy of the maturer Maintenon. Fontanges has been described as possessing “beauty merely physical, without one ray of intellect.” With features regular as those of a statue, her complexion had all the glow of her eighteen summers. Her figure was at once full and flexible, and her only defect was the colour of her hair, which was of too warm an auburn. “It was the monarch the weak beauty loved,” remarks a judicious memoir-writer, “in Louis de Bourbon, not the man;”—the monarch, whom her vanity translated into gauds and glitter, luxury and ostentation, brocades and jewels; and the

brilliant spectacle she produced in her gorgeous coach, with its eight cream-coloured horses. The royal voluptuary seems to have been incessantly tormented by her caprices, exactions, demands, and pretensions, and frequently regretted the weakness which had placed him in the power of a child.

There are several highly interesting miniatures of the time of the "merry monarch." One of Henry, Duke of Gloucester, younger son of Charles I. (1,914), who, during exile, having joined the great Condé as a volunteer, was asked by him, on going into action at Dunkirk, "Were you ever in a battle?" The prince answered in the negative. "Well," returned Condé, irritated by the incapacity and obstinacy of the Spaniards, "in the course of half an hour you will see us lose one." His words were fully verified. The Spanish army being totally overthrown, Dunkirk surrendered, and was ceded to England.

Of Cromwell there are thirteen miniatures: 2,557, by Cooper, is that for which Sir J. Reynolds gave 100 guineas; and 2,100 is the unfinished portrait which the Protector is said to have caught Cooper in the act of surreptitiously copying: a most extraordinary physiognomy—the solemn melancholy, mixed with heroic resolution, of one who had set his life on a cast, and had not yet won it. How interesting to have the two representations together! In both, as Lord Corke said of the cast of the original countenance itself, taken a few moments after death, we recognize "the strongest characteristics of boldness, steadiness, sense, penetration, and pride;" but it is in Cooper's only that we have "the muscles strong and lively, the look fierce and commanding." There is his wife, Elizabeth Bourchier (2,101), and (2,102) his favourite daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Claypole.

There are portraits of James II., Anne Hyde, and Mary of Modena; but the most interesting illustrations of those troubled times are the Jacobite miniatures lent by Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, the present representative of the ducal house of Perth. Of Prince Charles Edward there are no fewer than twelve; of the Chevalier de St. George (better known as the "Old Pretender"), five; with four of his wife, the Princess Maria Sobieski; and of the Princess Stolberg, one (2,397); of Mary, Princess of Orange, two, and several of William III. In Anne's reign we have the great captain, Marlborough, exquisitely drawn in pencil; his celebrated wife, Sarah Jennings; and Louis Hector, Duke de Villars, his chivalrous opponent at Malplaquet—a small oval miniature, not bigger than a half-crown.

The historic chain is carried down in both countries even to the present day; but we have probably noticed enough out of the 908 miniatures exhibited to characterize this invaluable and surpassingly interesting collection. To make proper use of it, the intelligent observer should try to forcibly throw his mind for a while into these bygone ages of stirring incident, excluding as much as may be the intrusion of modern

ideas, and realize from the stores of his reading the form and presence of the past. We cannot imagine, with a *mise en scene* of such groups as these, any mode of studying illustration of personal history with so much of relish and appreciation. What iconography possesses of genius, illustration, and historical attraction, needs not to be told; or how interesting it is to trace the changes wrought by memorable years of action or of passion on such countenances as those of Henry VIII., Charles I., Strafford, and Cromwell. If, then, it is true that we must look upon portraits as the precious auxiliaries of written documents, and notably the likenesses of personages to whom it has been given in various ways to render their names eminent by deeds, character, or conduct—what must be said of a series of authentic portraiture, coloured, taking, and attractive, like that seen together for the first time in this country? This array of celebrities embraces a period of three centuries of the history of France and England. Here are sixteen momentous reigns of English sovereigns alone, brought upon the stage costumed and characterized. Modern history, commencing with the Union of the Roses, reassumes its proper form and visage, and struts once more before the curtain. The century itself, in fact, lives again, and passes before our eyes with its intellect, its types, and its passions. In the train of our Tudor and Stuart monarchs come the princes and princesses born in the purple, and most of the actors who have left their mark either in the business or pleasures of their times. Dr. Johnson pertinently remarks, that “he who has neither done things worthy to be written, nor things worthy to be read, takes the trouble of transmitting his portrait to posterity for very little purpose. If the picture be a bad one, it will soon find its way to the garret; if good as a work of art, it will perpetuate the fame, probably the name indeed, of the artist alone.”

How deep and reverential, on the other hand, is the interest with which all men contemplate the likenesses of the good and great that have been! How powerful the feelings with which we peruse the features even of the illustrious villain of former times, in “the very shape and habit as he moved”! The man is not to be envied who can walk rapidly along the speaking walls of Windsor, or Lambeth, or Petworth, or Knowle, or Hatfield. or the Bodleian. He surely deserves best the name of

A FEW INTERVIEWS WITH SNAKES.

BY CAPTAIN DRAYSON, R.A.

It is rare indeed to find any person who has not a sort of instinctive horror of snakes. I have, however, known one or two people who could make pets of these creeping creatures, which they would allow to crawl over them, and to nestle their cold, clammy coils against their hands, or even neck. These people, however, were invariably those who themselves possessed a sort of moist, clammy skin, not unlike that of the serpent tribe, and thus possibly there was some fellow-feeling between the two. For my own part, I have a great antipathy to all sorts of snakes, lizards, and other reptiles, and when brought into proximity with them, a strange creeping feeling commences at the pit of my stomach, and gradually steals upwards and downwards, until the ends of my toes and fingers, and the crown of my head, sympathize strongly with the first-mentioned region. Possessing this idiosyncrasy, which I believe is not a very singular one, I may consider it unlucky that I should have been brought so frequently and closely into contact with varieties of the serpent race; yet such has been my fate, as the following facts will show. I had arrived at the full-blown dignity of jackets and trousers before I made the acquaintance of a real live snake. The interview occurred in the county of Sussex.

It was on a very warm summer's day that I was walking across a meadow, when my attention was called to a moving object in the newly cut grass about two yards in front of me. Armed with a stick, I carefully approached the spot, and instantly saw a snake fully three feet long. Without waiting to consider the consequences, I killed it, although it was merely a harmless reptile, and a destroyer of nothing larger than frogs or toads. Still, in consequence of being alone, and this being the first live snake that I had seen, the circumstances are as vividly present to my imagination as are those which afterwards occurred during encounters with monsters twenty feet in length.

Whilst residing in various parts of Sussex and Hampshire, I very frequently encountered snakes, adders, and that harmless reptile—yet one so dreaded by the ignorant country people—viz., the blindworm or deaf adder. A sight of the dark chain of spots, the distinctive characteristic of the poisonous adder, was invariably followed by endeavours to destroy the venomous reptile; whilst the yellowish or mackerel-like back of the common

descend from its elevated position. It was really a very beautiful creature, of a pale green colour, about eight feet long, and not very stout. My experienced friend announced that it was a "tree snake," perfectly harmless, except to small birds, lizards, and such like, which it could catch and destroy. It was allowed to escape. Not so was the creature near which I shortly after found myself.

Hunting in the dense bush which extends up the greater part of the shore on the eastern coast of South Africa, I, with my Kaffir companion, oppressed by the heat, seated ourselves on the ground in a little open glade. Scarcely had we sat down a minute, and before the little circular snuff gourd had yielded any portion of its contents into the hollow on the upper part of the thumb, when the Kaffir's eyes suddenly became wild in appearance as he looked behind me, and he in another instant started on his feet, and shouted, "*Inyoka!*" (a snake!).

This warning was not to be neglected, for we were in a district which the old maps correctly describe as infested with serpents. For here the deadly cobra might be seen extending his hood as he threatened the approaching traveller. The fat, brilliantly-marked puff adder was by no means an unlikely object to attract the hunter's attention, as it lazily basked in the sun, and seemed almost unwilling to move even to avoid being trodden upon. Endless varieties of smaller but most venomous serpents were common in the neighbourhood, whilst the Natal rock snake was also an inhabitant of the locality, and might be seen of a size quite sufficient to induce caution in the visitor to his retreat, eighteen to twenty-three feet being by no means an unusual length. Thus the cry of "*Inyoka,*" and the excited look of an experienced bush hunter, were sufficient caution to make me follow the Kaffir's example, and to spring to my feet.

My attention was then directed to a small bare mound about seven feet from the spot on which I had been sitting, where I immediately saw a large venomous-looking black snake. It had apparently just become aware of our intrusion, for although coiled up, it had raised its head about two feet, and was examining us. The Kaffir's gun was soon pointed at the reptile, but I would not allow him to fire, as we were in pursuit of large game, and expected to meet some buffaloes in a few minutes. A stout stick was quickly cut from a tree, and with it the black snake was assaulted. The monster was very vicious; it lunged forward at us, coiled and turned in every conceivable manner; but our agility was more than a match for all the serpent's cunning, and there in the wild wood the battle terminated in favour of man. The snake was fully six feet long, and quite a foot in circumference, whilst its deadly poisonous fangs were three quarters of an inch in length.

After the snake had been killed, the Kaffir cut off its head, which he then carefully buried, a precaution not unnecessary where men walk about with bare feet.

I then listened to a tale from my dark companion, and heard how a

certain old Kaffir who had been discovered bewitching the cows in a kraal, and had used certain incantations to prevent an increase in the population, was banished from the village. The fact was announced to me, that the bad old man thirsted for revenge, and changed himself into a black snake, similar in all respects to that just slain. He then glided around the kraal, watching for victims, and at length succeeded in biting the most ancient Kaffir in the kraal, who died soon after the sun had set. "*Chingarna yaa*" (he was a rascal).

The fences made by the Kaffirs, and consisting of small roughly-made wattled hurdles, were favourite resorts of snakes; and once, while climbing over one of these, I narrowly escaped the dart of a cobra. The fence was about four feet in height, and was so constructed that when any person trod on the upper portion he unavoidably compressed the various branches and sticks beneath him. It happened that a cobra was either crawling through this fence, or had located himself in it at the time of my climbing to the summit, and thus my weight caused the sticks to squeeze the body of the reptile. Fortunately I was looking down, and just in time I saw the head of the snake shoot out from the hurdle. I sprang, as may be imagined, quickly and far, and was well out of reach when the head of the monster was thrown over the top of the hurdle, just at the spot where an instant before my feet had been placed. The cobra did not approve of having his body pinched, but still less must he have liked the penetration of his head by a broad-bladed Zulu assagy, a fate that quickly followed his attempt upon my life.

Beneath the branches of a giant Euphorbia, sheltered by its shade, and almost lulled to sleep by the monotonous sound of a little bubbling mountain stream, I reclined one day, after a very successful foray amongst the guinea-fowl which were occasionally found near the Bushman's river, a locality situated about one hundred and twenty miles inland from Port Natal. A quantity of long grass, which had been washed down quite flat, grew on each side of the little rivulet, and on this several dead branches were scattered, and old trunks of trees grouped, left in their places by the last periodical flood. Over this grass I observed a large brownish-coloured snake gliding towards me. His large size, and the absence of the broad arrow form of head, showed me that he was not venomous; I therefore allowed him to approach me, whilst I remained perfectly still. Although

After examining me for about two minutes the snake gradually approached me, keeping its head slightly raised, and looking steadily at my eyes. Its approach was so slow, and there was no break in it, such as that made by putting one foot before the other, that I felt an almost irresistible inclination to remain still and quiet, and allow the snake to glide on towards me. Had the snake been forty feet in length, or had I been no bigger than a rabbit, I believe that, unless by a considerable exertion of the will, I should not have felt disposed to move. If the snake had been compelled to advance by a series of steps, each one would then have repeated the warning, and would have intimated that it was dangerous to stay; but the gliding, insidious approach of the snake appeared to produce a wish to wait until some decided movement should be taken by the reptile.

Shaking off this singular temporary sensation by a decided action of the will, I raised myself on my elbow and stretched out my hand for my gun. The snake observing the movement stopped, and elevated its head, which it waved slightly in a horizontal direction. It was now not more than ten paces from me, and although tolerably certain that it was not a poisonous snake, yet, for fear of a mistake, I deemed it prudent to ward it off, and intimated my idea by means of a broken branch which I threw at it.

The snake appeared disinclined to leave me, but yet slowly glided away, stopping occasionally to look round, as though desirous of further acquaintance. I let him go; our interview had been so close and so mysterious, that I could not have killed him. There was also something wild and interesting in thus alone making the acquaintance of a reptile in its native wilderness, in observing some of its peculiarities, and in feeling slightly that singular power by means of which there is no doubt many of the serpent race occasionally obtain their prey.

It is by no means pleasant, when seated on the ground in localities where poisonous snakes abound, to place your hand unconsciously on a cold, moist creature, which immediately wriggles away from beneath it. I experienced this effect on the grassy flat of Natal, when waiting for my horse to be caught by my second Kaffir, my head man being seated opposite to me. Seeing my start, and the alarm expressed in my face, the wily black hunter merely smiled, and said, "Not a snake; only a lizard."

"I don't know," I replied; "neither of us has seen it," the grass being too long to admit of our doing so at a glance.

"Yes," replied the Kaffir, "but a snake always glides *over* the grass, never *through* it near the roots; whilst a lizard glides between the roots, low down. Only a lizard."

Having repeatedly heard of a snake being killed by a lizard, I was

twenty-two feet in length. Powder and shot are far too much for these reptiles, and on a case of emergency I am convinced that an active man with a sharp knife would prove too much for a Python of twenty feet in length.

One of the Pythons slain gave me great trouble in skinning, as I was at the time unacquainted with the orthodox way of divesting a snake of his hide. My attempt consisted in passing a knife under a portion of the skin, and ripping it up in the same manner that a rabbit's skin is taken off. This was the wrong method entirely. The correct plan is as follows:—Get the skin cleared off the head and off a few inches of the neck of the snake, and turn the skin thus separated inside out. Then fasten the snake's head firmly up to a high branch, so that the snake is hung clear of the ground. Either by the aid of the branch, or of the snake, cling to the animal in the same manner as sailors grasp by a rope. Keep the legs firmly hold of the snake's body, and grasp the separated skin with the hands; then by gradually allowing the hands to bear the weight of the body, the skin is dragged off from the snake, and comes down inside out.

Snakes as a rule retire during the night to some secure retreat, but when the heat is very intense, even at night they will make a journey from their holes in search of food, or for some other reason. It is then that they are particularly dangerous, for they cannot be seen, in consequence of the darkness, and thus they may be approached or trodden on unconsciously. They may also find themselves chilly, and may endeavour to obtain warmth by nestling close to a sleeper, who upon waking may by accident squeeze the reptile, and thus cause it to bite.

My nerves were once somewhat severely tried during the night; the circumstances were as follow. Having joined two friends, who were combining Eland shooting and the examination of the supposed residence of a predatory tribe of Bushmen, we had encamped for the night, and retired to rest in a bell tent. My two companions were soon asleep, whilst I could only obtain a temporary doze, the distant howl of a hyena, and some other similar noises, being sufficient to prevent me from sleeping soundly. More than once I fancied that there was a slight rustling noise near my head, but upon listening intently I believed that the wind was sufficient to have caused it. After some time had elapsed, however, I became convinced that something was moving on the blanket which served me for a pillow. My first intention was to put out my hand to feel what was there, but remembering that snakes were common in the neighbourhood, I fortunately remained quiet.

.Again and again the creeping noise was audible, and then all would be still and silent. I knew that, unless alarmed or in self-defence, a poisonous snake would, in nearly every instance, rather avoid than attack a person; and therefore as long as I remained quiet, so long was I safe; whilst if I moved I might tread or put my hand on the very animal that

I was trying to avoid. Any doubts that I might have had as regarded the cause of the noise were set at rest by my feeling a cold object just touch the top of my head as it glided past me, and seemed to halt by the side of my pillow. I was now perfectly aware that if the snake were venomous I was in extreme danger of being bitten; for to move even might irritate the creature which was now so close to me. To wait, therefore, appeared most prudent, although it was a severe trial to my nerves; and when listening to the long-drawn breaths of my companions, I could not but envy their safe and unconscious condition.

It might have been one hour, it might have been ten minutes, that I lay almost fearing to breathe, when I heard one of my companions cease to snore, and begin to turn on his blanket. It required courage to break the silence, but I fancied there was a chance of release. Scarcely moving my lips, I asked in a low tone if he were awake.

"Yes; why?" he answered, in the quick yet perfectly awake manner that a light sleeper usually adopts when suddenly aroused.

"Don't move much," I repeated, "but strike a light if you can, for there is a snake close to my head, and I daren't move."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, and commenced with his box of lucifers to obtain a light. They were damp, however, and it was some time before they would yield the longed-for light.

Before the full flame of the match illumined the interior of the tent, I heard a slight noise on my pillow, so that when the candle was lighted, and I suddenly jumped up, I was not surprised when no signs even of a reptile could be discovered.

"On with your boots" was, however, a suggestion immediately acted upon, before we searched under some of the articles in the tent. With caution we raised the various likely covers, and there, beneath a fold of the oilskin on which I had lain, we discovered a snake, not very large, nor of the most venomous kind, he being merely a *Ringal hals*, about three feet long; still, his bite would have produced considerable pain, and was sufficiently poisonous to have destroyed a dog, so that his room was better than his company, as we intimated to the "body," as we flung it on the nearly extinct bivouac fire, where the poison would be effectually burnt out, and all danger of treading on the head avoided.

These are some few of the interviews that I have had with snakes, but during some four years' residence in various thinly inhabited portions of South-eastern Africa, and when wandering day after day in the bush, along the ravines or over the plains, serpents became quite familiar objects, and unless something unusual happened were merely knocked on the head, and no note made thereof in the memorandum-book. The interviews which I have had with various members of the serpent race induce me to adopt the following opinions in connection with them.

In the first place, nearly always a poisonous snake will, if possible, escape at once from a man, and will not attempt to bite him unless in

self-defence. On two occasions I almost placed my foot upon a snake which was concealed in long grass. The creatures were both poisonous, and each rose and drew back his head as though to strike ; but fortunately I did not move a muscle, and the snake in a very few seconds lowered his head and glided away : one was a large cobra, and the other a smaller species, and very like the cobra. Had I advanced but half a pace in either instance, I am certain, from the manner of the snake, that I should have been bitten.

But there are, I believe, times when the poisonous snakes are oppressed by a superabundance of poison, and then they are impelled to bite anything which their instinct tells them will enable them to get rid of their surplus stock of venom.

The poison of the snake appears to act upon the circulation, and death seems to be caused by the circulation becoming more and more feeble, until the heart at length ceases to beat. Anything, therefore, that would produce an increased action of the heart ought to be a useful remedy. Thus, strong stimulants, or even running about, has been found highly beneficial in cases of snake bites. To suck the poison from out of the wound is also a remedy, whilst it is always a safe plan to bind a ligature tightly round the limb and above the part bitten ; thus the poison is as it were insulated, and prevented from acting on the whole body.

The failure of chemical tests to discover anything very peculiar in the venom of a serpent, as well as several other facts in connection with the action of these subtle agencies on the human frame, remind us that there is yet a large volume to be read in explanation of the mysteries of human life.

51318A

THE DISINHERITED:

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TIGRERO.

DON RUIZ and his sister left the red chamber together, gloomy, sad, and despairing, and not daring to communicate their impressions, because they knew that they had nothing to hope from an exchange of conventional consolation. When they reached the hall whence ran the stairs leading to their different suites of rooms, Don Ruiz let loose his sister's arm, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Courage, Marianna," he said, gently.

"Are you leaving me, brother?" she remarked, with a slight tinge of reproach in her voice.

"Are you not going to your own rooms?" he asked her.

"And what do you intend doing?"

"To tell you the honest truth, sister," he replied, "after what has occurred in the red chamber, I feel in such a state of excitement, that I want to breathe the fresh air; did I not, I fancy I should be ill."

"Do you propose going out then?"

"In leaving you, my dear sister, it is my firm intention to saddle Santiago, and ride about the country for two or three hours."

"If that be the case, Ruiz, I will ask you to do me a service."

"What is it?"

"Saddle Madrina at the same time."

"Your mare?"

"Yes."

"Are you going out too?"

"I want to pay a visit to my nurse, whom I have not seen for a long time. I am anxious to speak a few words with her."

"Will you go alone to the rancho?"

"Unless you give me the pleasure of your company."

"Do you doubt it, sister?"

"Yes, and no, Ruiz."

"Why this reticence?"

"I will explain it to you, brother. To be frank with you, I want to see my nurse, and I may spend the night at the rancho; in the event of that happening, I do not wish you to make an attempt to dissuade me by entreaty or otherwise."

"Reflect, sister, that the country is not tranquil, and that you may incur danger in a wretched rancho, where any resistance would be impossible."

"I have thought of that, and calculated all the chances. But I repeat

to you, I must go to the rancho, and may be obliged to pass there not only a night, but a day or two."

Don Ruiz reflected for a moment.

"Sister," he then said, "you are no ordinary woman, and everything you do is carefully calculated. Although you do not tell me the motives for this visit, I guess that they are serious, and hence will make no attempt to thwart your wishes. Act as you please, and I will do all you wish."

"Thank you, Ruiz," she answered, warmly; "I anticipated you would say that, for you understand me: my visit has a serious motive, as you have divined."

"Then I will go and saddle the horses," he remarked, with a smile.

"Do so, brother," she replied, as she gently pressed his hand; "I will wait for you here."

"I only require five minutes."

The young man went out. Dona Marianna leant on the balustrade, and fell into deep thought. Don Ruiz returned, leading the horses by the bridle: brother and sister mounted, and at once left the hacienda. It was about four in the afternoon: the great heat of the day was spent, the birds were singing gaily beneath the foliage; the sun, now level with the lowest branches, had lost much of its heat; and the coming breeze, which was beginning to rise, refreshed the atmosphere and bore far away the clouds of mosquitoes which had for several hours darkened the air. The young people galloped silently side by side, absorbed in their thoughts, and only taking absent glances at the splendid scenery unfolded around them as they advanced further into the country. They thus reached the rancho without exchanging a word.

Bouchaley, faithful to his friendship for Dona Marianna, had long before announced her arrival to the inhabitants of the rancho, who had hurried out to welcome her. With a hurried glance, Marianna assured herself of the presence of her foster-brother, which seemed to cause her great satisfaction.

"Goodness! you here so late, nina?" the ranchero said, in his delight; "what blessed wind has blown you?"

"The desire of seeing you, *madresita*," the young lady answered, with a smile; "it is so long since I embraced you, that I could not wait any longer."

"It is a good idea, nina," the ranchero said; "unfortunately it is late, and we shall only be able to converse with you for a few moments."

"How do you know, old father?" she replied, as she leaped off her horse and threw her arms round his neck; "who told you I should not spend the night at the rancho?"

"Oh, oh, you would not do us that honour, nina," the old man answered.

"You are mistaken, father, and the proof is that I ask my brother to leave me here, and return alone to the hacienda."

"Then I am discharged," Don Ruiz said, laughingly.

"Yes, brother; but you have no cause of complaint, for I warned you."

"That is true; hence I do not complain, little sister: still, before we part, tell me at what hour I am to come and fetch you to-morrow."

"Do not trouble yourself about that, Ruiz; Marianno will bring me home."

"And this time I shall not behave as the last, nina: may the Lord confound me if I lose sight of you even for a moment," the tigrero said, as he took the horse's bridle to lead it to the corral.

"Will you be so cruel, Marianna," Ruiz observed, "as to force me thus to return at once?"

"No; I grant you an hour to rest and refresh yourself, but when that time has elapsed you will start."

"Agreed, little sister."

They entered the rancho: No Sanchez, with that hospitable speed all Mexican rancheros display, had already covered the table with pulque, mezcal, Catalonian refino, orangeade, and infusion of tamarinds. The young people, thirsty from their long ride, and not wishing to grieve the worthy persons who received them so kindly, did honour to the refreshments thus profusely offered them. Don Ruiz, while teasing his sister about her strange fancy for spending the night at the rancho, though he felt convinced that she must have a very serious reason for it, conversed gaily according to his fashion, and displayed a dazzling wit which is easier in Mexico than elsewhere; for, owing to the natural intelligence of the people, no matter their rank, they are certain to understand. When day began to fall, the young gentleman took leave of the rancheros, mounted his horse, and started for the hacienda.

In Mexico, as in all intertropical countries, evening is the pleasantest part of the day: at that time the inhabitants are all in the open air. At night they sit in front of the rancho doors, conversing, singing, or dancing; two or three in the morning arrives before they dream of going to bed. But on this day, contrary to her habit, when she paid her nurse a visit, Dona Marianna seemed fatigued: at times she had difficulty in checking a yawn, and her desire for rest was so evident that the nurse was the first to invite her to retire. The young lady required no pressing, and after bidding the old folks good night, entered the rancho and the room prepared for her. So soon as Marianna had left them the old couple also

"Silence, Marianno!" she answered, in a low voice, and laying her finger on her lips: "all is quiet, at least I suppose so, but I wish to speak with you."

"Go on, tocaya," he replied, as he leaped from the hammock and folded it up.

"Yes, but I am sorry at having waked you; you were sleeping so soundly, that I looked at you for nearly a quarter of an hour ere I dared to disturb your rest; for sleep is such a blessed thing."

"Nonsense," he answered, with a laugh: "you were wrong, nina; we wood-rangers sleep so quickly that an hour is sufficient to rest us, and, if I am not mistaken, I have been lying down for more than two. Hence speak, nina; I am attentive, and shall not miss a word of what you say to me."

The young lady reflected for a moment.

"You love me, I think, Marianno?" she at length said, with a certain hesitation in her voice.

"Like a sister, nina," he said, warmly; "in truth, are we not tocaya and tocaya? why ask such a question?"

"Because I want you to do me an important service."

"Me, nina? Carai! do not be alarmed; I am devoted to you body and soul, and whatever you may ask—"

"Do not pledge yourself too hastily, tocaya," she interrupted him, with a meaning laugh.

"A man cannot do that when he firmly intends to keep his promise."

"That is true; still there are things from which a man at times recoils."

"There may be such, nina, but I do not know them; however, explain your wishes to me frankly."

"I think, Marianno, that you are on friendly terms with the hunter called Stronghand?"

"Very intimate, nina; but why do you ask the question?"

"Is he an honest man?"

The tigrero looked at her.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked her.

"Why," she said, with considerable embarrassment, "I mean a man of heart,—a man, in short, whose word may be taken."

Marianno became serious.

"Senorita," he said, "Stronghand saved my life under circumstances when my only hope was in Heaven; I have seen this man perform deeds of incredible courage and audacity, for the sole object of serving people who frequently did not feel the slightest gratitude to him. To me he is more than a friend—more than a brother; whatever he bade me I would do, even if I had to lay down the life he saved, and which belongs to him. Such, nina, is my opinion about the hunter called Stronghand."

The young lady gave a glance of pleasure.

"You are deeply attached to him?" she murmured.

"As I told you, he is more to me than a brother."

"And you often see him?"

"When I want him, or he wants me."

"Does he live in the neighbourhood, then?"

"A short time back he stayed several days at the rancho."

"And will he return?"

"Who knows?"

"What did he during his stay here?"

"I am not aware; I believe that he hunted, though I did not see a single head of game he had killed whilst he was here."

"Ah!" she said, pensively.

There was a silence: Marianno looked at her, somewhat surprised that she should have waked him for the sake of asking him such unimportant questions.

"Well," she continued, presently, "if you wanted to see Stronghand, do you know where to find him?"

"I think so."

"You are not certain?"

"Forgive me, nina, I am certain; we have a spot where we are safe to meet."

"But he might not be there."

"That might happen."

"What would you do in that case?"

"Go and seek him at another place, where I should be sure of finding him."

"Ah! and where is that?"

"At the village he inhabits."

"What village is that? I know of none in the vicinity."

"Pardon me, nina; there is one."

"A long way from here, I presume?"

"Only a few leagues."

"And what is this pueblo?"

"A village of the Papagos."

"What?"

"Yes, I have forgotten to tell you that. Although he is a white man, Stronghand has, for reasons I am ignorant of, joined the Indians, and been adopted by one of their most powerful tribes."

"That is singular," the young lady murmured.

"Is it not?" the tigrero replied, understanding less than ever the object of the conversation.

The maiden shook her head coquettishly, and seemed to form a sudden resolution.

"Marianno," she said, "I asked you to do me a service."

"Yes, nina, and I answered that I was ready to do it."

"That is true: are you still of the same mind?"

"Why should I have altered it?"

"This is what I want of you."

"Speak."

"I wish to see Stronghand."

"Very good; when?"

"At once."

"What?" he asked, in amazement.

"Do you refuse?"

"I do not say that, but—"

"There is a but, then?"

"There always is one."

"Let me hear yours."

"It is long past midnight."

"What matter is that?"

"Not much, I allow."

"Well, what next?"

"It is a long journey."

"Our horses are good."

"We risk not finding the hunter at our usual meeting-place."

"We will push on to his village."

The tigrero looked at her attentively.

"You have a great need to see Stronghand in that case?" he asked.

"Most extreme."

"It is more serious than you suppose, senorita."

"Why so?"

"Hang it! it is not so easy to enter an Indian village."

"But you do so."

"That is true; but I am alone and well known."

"Well, I will go on after you; that is all."

"Are you aware that the Indians have revolted?"

"That does not concern you, as you are a friend of theirs."

Marianno shook his head.

"You ask a very difficult thing again, tocaya," he said, "in which you run a great risk."

"Yes, if I fail; but I shall succeed."

"It would be better to give up this excursion."

"Confess at once," she said, impatiently, "that you do not wish to keep the promise you made me."

"You are unjust to me; I am only trying to dissuade you from an

find him. Are you satisfied now? will you adhere to your doubts, and still refuse to accompany me?"

The young man had listened to Dona Marianna with earnest attention; when she ended he replied,—

"I no longer hesitate, nina; as things are so, I am bound to obey you. Still, I beg you not to make me responsible for any events that may happen."

"Whatever may occur, my kind Marianno, be assured that I shall be grateful to you for the immense service you have rendered me."

"And you wish to start at once?"

"How far have we to ride?"

"Some ten or twelve leagues."

"Oh, that is nothing."

"Not on a regular road; but I warn you that we shall be compelled to follow hardly visible wild beast tracks."

"The night is clear; we shall have sufficient light to guide us, so let us start."

"If you wish it," the young man answered.

A few minutes later they left the rancho at a gallop. It was about two in the morning; and the moon, which was at its full, lit up the landscape as in bright day.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EXCURSION.

As we have already said, Dona Marianna, although still so young, was gifted with an ardent soul and an energetic character, which the unusual dangers of a border life had, so to speak, unconsciously ripened. In life these select organizations do not know themselves; events alone, by exciting their living strength, reveal to them what they are capable of at a given moment, by urging them bravely to endure the attack of malignant fortune, and to contend resolutely with their adversary. When the Marquis, forced by the necessities of his unhappy condition, had a frank explanation with his children, and confessed to them into what difficulties he was suddenly thrown, Dona Marianna had listened to him with the most sustained attention. Then, by degrees, a species of revolution took place in her. Stronghand's words reverted to her mind, and she had a vague idea that he could avert the danger that was suspended over her father's head.

On recapitulating all that had occurred to her since her departure from Rosario—the help the hunter had rendered her on various occasions with unexampled devotion—the conversation she had held with him a few days previously, and the promise she had made him,—it appeared evident to her that Stronghand, better informed than perhaps the Marquis himself was about the machinations of his enemies, held in his hands the means of saving the Moguer family, and parrying the blows which were about to be dealt them in the dark.

Then, full of hope, and confiding in the promises of this man who had never made his appearance except to prove his devotion to her, her resolution was spontaneously formed, and without informing any one of the project she had conceived, for fear lest an effort might be made to dissuade her, she went to her nurse's rancho, in order to obtain an interview with the hunter by the agency of her foster-mother. Under existing circumstances, the step taken by Dona Marianna was not at all easy or without dangers. The daughter of the Marquis de Moguer galloping at night along the Indian border, only accompanied by one man—devoted, it is true, but who, in spite of all his courage, would be powerless to defend her against an attack—displayed more than temerity in this action; and however great her bravery was, and the confidence she had in the honesty of the enterprise she was thus blindly undertaking, still she could not refrain from an internal shudder on thinking of her isolated position, and the ease with which she might be surprised, carried off, or even massacred by the revolted Indians. Too proud, however, to allow any of the secret fears that agitated her to be seen, Dona Marianna affected a tranquillity and freedom of mind she was far from feeling. She conversed in a low voice with her foster-brother, teasing and scolding him about the difficulty he had made in granting her request, and describing her delight at a ride through such exquisite scenery on so magnificent a night.

Marianno did not think, and consequently did not understand what he supposed was a girl's fancy. Accustomed since childhood to yield to all the wishes of his foster-sister, and obey her as a slave, he had on this occasion done what she desired without trying to account for such an unusual excursion, so happy did he feel at obliging her. At the same time, he felt a lively pleasure at accompanying her, and thus passing a few hours in her company. We must not mistake the feelings that animated the tigrero for Dona Marianna. He loved his foster-sister with his whole soul, and would have gladly died for her; but this feeling, lively as it was, had nothing personal or interested about it: it was merely friendship, but a friendship elevated to the most complete self-denial and the most entire devotion—in a word, to the most sublime degree which this feeling can attain in the human heart. Hence the tigrero, comprehending the responsibility weighing on him, rode on, as is commonly said, with his beard on his shoulder, carefully examining the bushes, listening to the desert sounds, and ready on the slightest alarm, bravely to defend the girl who had

gentle eminence forming a bend of the river, on the top of which the fugitive gleams of an expiring fire could be seen at intervals.

"That is where we are going," he said.

"Then we have only a few minutes' ride, and it is useless to hurry our horses."

"You are mistaken, nina. Not only is the track we are following very winding, and will detain us, but, through an optical illusion easy to be understood, this hill which you fancy so near to us is at least two leagues distant as the crow flies; so that, taking into account the windings, the distance is nearly doubled."

"Can we not cut across country, and thus shorten the distance?"

"Heaven forbid, nina! We should get into trembling prairies, in which we should be swallowed up in a few minutes."

"I trust to you in that case, Marianno; besides, now that, thanks to that fire, I am certain of meeting the hunter, my anxiety is less lively, and I will await patiently."

"Permit me to remark, my dear tocaya, that I did not say certainly that we should find Stronghand at this bivouac."

"What did you tell me, then?"

"Simply that we might hope to meet him here, because it is the spot where he generally encamps when hunting in these parts."

"Still, as we can perceive the flame of that watch-fire—for that is really a flame, is it not?"

"Certainly; still, we have yet to learn whether this fire has been kindled by Stronghand or some other hunter. This mound is one of the most suitable places of encampment, owing to the height of the hill, which allows the country to be surveyed, and thus avoid a surprise."

"Then probably we shall not find the hunter at the encampment?"

"I do not say that either, nina," Marianno answered, with a laugh.

"But what do you mean?" the young lady said, impatiently patting the pommel of her saddle with her little hand; "you are really unendurable."

"Do not be angry, tocaya; I may be mistaken. If Stronghand is not here, perhaps we may find a hunter who will tell us where he is."

"Why not an Indian?"

"Because there are no Indians at that camp fire."

"Tocayo, I must really ask this time how you can possibly know that?"

"Very easily, nina: I do not require to be a sorcerer to guess so simple a thing."

"Do you consider it so simple?"

"Certainly; nothing can be more so."

"In that case I will ask you to explain, for it is always worth while learning."

"You fancy you are asking, nina; and yet there is always something to be learned in the desert."

"Good, good, to-day; I know that; but I am waiting for your explanation."

"Listen, then. This fire, as I told you, is not an Indian fire."

"That is not exactly what you said to me. Go on, however."

"The Indians, when they camp on the white man's border, never light a fire, for fear of revealing their presence; or, if compelled to light one in order to cook their food, they are most careful to diminish the flame, in the first place by digging a deep hole in the ground, and next by only using extremely dry wood, which burns without crackling, flaming, or producing smoke, and which they carry with them for long distances, in case they might not find it on their road."

"But, my friend, that fire is scarce visible."

"That is true; but still it is sufficiently so for us to have perceived it a long distance off, and thus discovered the existence of a bivouac at this spot, which, under present circumstances, would entail the surprise and consequent death of the imprudent men who lit it, if they were Indians instead of hunters."

"Excellent reasoning, *companion*, and like a man accustomed to a desert life!" a rough, though good-humoured voice suddenly said, a few yards from them.

The travellers started and pulled up sharply, while anxiously investigating the surrounding thickets. Marianno, however, did not lose his head under these critical circumstances; but with a movement swift as thought raised his rifle, and covered a man who was standing by the side of a thicket, with his hands crossed on the muzzle of a long gun.

"Hold, *compadre*!" the stranger continued, not at all disturbed by the *tigrero's* hostile demonstration; "pay attention to what you are about. A thousand fiends! do you know that you run a risk of killing a friend?"

Marianno hesitated for a moment; and then, without raising his rifle, remarked,—

"I fancy I recognize that voice."

"By Jove!" the other said, "it would be a fine joke if you did not."

"Wait a minute; are you not Whistler?"

"All right, you remember now," the Canadian said, with a laugh; for the person was really the hunter whom the reader saw for a moment at the village of the Papagos.

The *tigrero* uncocked his rifle, which he threw over his shoulder, and said to Marianna,—

"It is a friend."

"Are you quite sure of this man?" she asked, in a low, quick voice.

"As of myself."

"Who is he?"

"A Canadian hunter or trapper. He has all the defects of the race, but at the same time all its qualities."

"I will believe you, for his countrymen are generally regarded as honest men. Ask him what he was doing on the skirt of the track."

Marianno obeyed.

"I was attending to my business," Whistler replied, with a grin; "and pray, what may you be doing, so poorly accompanied at this hour of the night, when the Indians have taken the field."

"I am travelling, as you see."

"Yes, but every journey has an object, I suppose."

"It has."

"Well, I do not see what end yours can achieve by continuing in that direction."

"Still, we are going to do so till we have found the man we are in search of."

"I will not ask you any questions, although I may perhaps have a right to do so; still, I fancy you would act more wisely in turning back than in obstinately going on."

"I am not able to do so."

"Why not?"

"Because I have not the command of the expedition, and I cannot undertake such a responsibility."

"Ah, who is the chief then? I only see two persons."

"You seem to forget, *senor*," Dona Marianna said, joining in the conversation for the first time, "that one of these two persons is a female."

"Of course she must command," the trapper answered, with a courteous bow; "pray excuse me, *madam*."

"I the more willingly do so, because I hope to obtain from you important information about the object of the journey we have undertaken, perhaps somewhat too carelessly, in these desolate regions."

"I shall be too happy to be agreeable to you, my lady, if it be in my power."

"Permit me, in that case, to ask you a few questions."

"Pray do so."

"I wish to know what the camp is whose watch-fires I perceive a short distance off?"

"A hunter's bivouac."

"Only hunters?"

"Yes, they are all white hunters or trappers."

"I thank you, *senor*. Do you know these men?"

"Very well, considering I am a member of the band."

Dona Marianna hesitated for a moment.

"You wish to have an immediate interview with Stronghand?"

"Yes, I repeat, senor, for reasons of the highest importance."

"In that case you are Dona Marianna de Moguer."

"What," she exclaimed in surprise, "you know my name?"

"That needs not astonish you, madam," he said, with the most exquisite politeness; "I am the intimate friend of Stronghand. Without entering into any details that might justly offend you, my friend told me that you might perchance come and ask for him at our camp fire."

"He knew it, then," she murmured, in a trembling voice, "but how did he learn it?"

Though these words were uttered in a whisper, Whistler heard them.

"He doubtless hoped it would be so, without daring to credit it, madam," he answered.

"Good heavens!" she continued, "what does this mean?"

"That my friend, in his eager desire to be agreeable to you, and foreseeing the chance of your coming during his absence, warned me in order to spare you a very difficult search, and thus induce you to grant me a little of that confidence you deign to honour him with."

"I thank you, sir. Now that you know me, would it be taxing your courtesy too greatly to ask you to guide my companion and myself to your bivouac?"

"I am at your orders, madam, and believe me that you will receive a proper reception, even though my friend does not happen to be there at the moment."

"What?" she said, suddenly checking her horse, "can he be absent?"

"Yes, but do not let that cause you any anxiety; he will soon return."

"Good heavens!" she murmured, clasping her hands in grief.

"Madam," Whistler again continued, "I understand that the reasons which urged you to undertake such a journey must be of the utmost importance; let me, therefore, go on ahead to the camp, and make all the preparations for your reception."

"But Stronghand, senor?"

"Warned through me, madam, he will be back by daybreak."

"You promise me that, senor?"

"On my honour."

"Go then, and may Heaven requite you for the good-will and courtesy you show me."

Whistler bowed respectfully to the young lady, took his rifle under his arm, and soon disappeared in the forest.

"We can now go on without fear," said Marianno; "I know Whistler to be an honest, worthy fellow, and he will do what he has promised."

"Heaven grant I may see the man whom I have come so far to meet."

"You will see him, be assured; moreover, all precautions were taken in the event of your visit."

"Yes," she murmured, pausing; "and it is this which renders me alarmed. Well, I put my trust in the Virgin."

And flogging her horse, she went on her way, followed by the tigero, who, according to his habit, could not at all comprehend this remark, after the desire the young lady had evinced to see the hunter.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HUNTERS' CAMP.

It was no great distance to the bivouac, and the travellers reached it about half an hour after Whistler. Still, though this period was so short, the worthy Canadian had profited by it to erect for the young lady, who thanked him by a smile, a jacal of branches, under which she found a shelter as comfortable as desert life permits. The hunters' camp had a military look, which greatly perplexed Dona Marianna. Strong wooden palisades defended all the approaches; the horses, which were ready saddled, were fastened to piquets; several watch-fires, lighted at regular distances, sufficiently illumined the plain to prevent the approach of any enemy, whether man or beast; and four sentinels, standing rifle in hand on the entrenchments, followed with a vigilant eye the slightest undulations of the lofty pass. Some thirty men, with harsh and irregular features, clothed after the fashion of wood-rangers, in fur caps, cotton shirts, and leather calzoneras, were lying in front of the fires, rifle in hand, in order to be ready for the first alarm.

Orders had probably been given beforehand by Whistler, for the sentinels allowed the two travellers to pass unquestioned through a breach in the entrenchment, which was immediately closed after them again. The Canadian was awaiting them in front of the jacal; he helped Dona Marianna to dismount, and the horses were led to join the others, and supplied with a copious meal of alfalfa.

"You are welcome among us, senora," he said, with a respectful bow, "in this jacal, which no one will enter save yourself; there is a bed of skins, on which you can take a few hours' rest, while awaiting Stronghand's arrival."

"I thank you, senor, for this graceful attention, by which I cannot profit, however, till you have reiterated your promise."

"Senorita, two horsemen have already set out to fetch Stronghand, but I repeat, that he cannot be here for some hours; now, if you will accept the humble refreshment prepared for you—"

"I only require rest, senor; still, I am not the less obliged to you for your offer. With your permission, I will retire."

"You are the mistress here, madam."

The young lady smiled, pressed her foster-brother's hand, and entered the jacal. So soon as Dona Marianna had let fall after her the blanket which formed the doorway, the tigero quietly removed his zarape from his shoulders, and laid it on the ground.

"What is that for, comrade?" Whistler asked, astonished at the performance.

"You see, compadre, I am making my bed."

"Do you mean to sleep there?"

"Why not?"

"As you please; still, you will be cold, that is all."

"Nonsense! a night is soon spent, especially when so far advanced as this one is."

"I trust that you do not doubt us."

"No, Whistler, no; but Dona Marianna is my foster-sister, and I am bound to watch over her."

"That care concerns me at the moment; so do not be at all alarmed."

"Two sentries are better than one; besides, you know me, do you not? Although I place the utmost confidence in you, I will not surrender the guardianship of my *tocaya* to another man; that is my idea, whether right or wrong, and I shall not give it up."

"As you please," the trapper said, with a laugh.

And he left him at liberty to make his arrangements as he pleased. The *tigrero*, though he knew most of the hunters, or, perhaps, because he knew them, did not wish to leave his foster-sister unprotected among these reckless men, who, accustomed to the utter licence of a desert life, might, under the influence of strong liquors, forget the sacred duties of hospitality, and insult Dona Marianna. In this the young man, in spite of his desert experience, was completely mistaken.

We have no intention to attempt the rehabilitation of these men, who, generally endowed with evil instincts, and who do not wish to yield to the demands of civilization, retire into the desert in order to live as they like, and seek liberty in licence; still, we will mention in their honour, that a nomadic life, after a certain lapse of time, completely modifies their character, curbs their passions, and so subjects them that they gradually become purified by constant danger and privations, by getting rid of all that was bad in them, and retaining beneath their rough bark and coarse manners principles of honesty and devotion of which they would have been considered incapable at an earlier period. What we say here is scrupulously true of about two-thirds at least of the bold pioneers who traverse in all directions the vast savannahs of the New World; the others are incorrigible, and within a given time end by becoming real bandits, and carry their contingent of crime to those formidable bands of pirates of the prairies, who ambush like hideous birds of prey to await the passage of caravans, and plunder and massacre the travellers.

But, whether good or bad, the dwellers on the prairie—no matter whites, half-breds, or red-skins, trappers, pirates, or Indians—have one virtue in common, and whose duties they carry out with remarkable punctuality and generosity, and that is hospitality. A traveller surprised by night, and wearied by a long journey, may, if he see a camp fire in the

huts of an Indian village, present himself without fear, and claim hospitality. From that moment he is sacred to the men he applies to, no matter if they be Indians, bravos, hunters, or even pirates. These individuals, who would not have scrupled to assassinate him by the side of a ditch, treat him like a brother, show him the most delicate attentions, and will never make any insulting allusions to the length of his stay among them : on the contrary, he is at liberty to remain as long as he pleases, and when he takes leave his hosts say good-bye regretfully. At the same time it is true that, if they meet him a week after in the forest, they will kill him without mercy to raise his hair and take his weapons ; but this need only be apprehended with the pirates and some Indian tribes of the far west : as for the hunters, when a stranger has once slept by their side and shared their food, he is for ever sacred to them.

The tigrero, therefore, was completely mistaken when he feared lest Dona Marianna might be insulted by these men, who, although coarse, were honest and loyal in the main ; and who, flattered by the confidence this lovely, innocent girl placed in them, would, on the contrary, have gladly defended her had it been necessary.

Whistler went off with a laugh, and lay down by the side of his comrades. As we have already said, the night was far advanced when Dona Marianna and her travelling companion reached the camp of the hunters : a few hours at the most separated them from sunrise ; and the young lady, who at first resolved to spend these hours awake, overcome by fatigue, had yielded to sleep, and enjoyed a calm and refreshing rest. So soon as day began to appear, Dona Marianna repaired as well as she could the disorder produced in her dress by her lengthened journey, rose and went to the door of the jacal. The camp was still plunged in the deepest silence : with the exceptions of the sentries still on the watch, the hunters were fast asleep.

The dawn was just breaking, and striping the horizon with wide vermilion bands ; the sharp and rather cold morning breeze rustled softly through the branches ; the flowers that enamelled the prairie raised themselves, and expanded their corollas to receive the first sunbeams ; the numberless streams, whose silvery waters made their way through the tall grass, murmured over the white and grey pebbles as they bore their tribute to the Rio Bravo del Norte, whose capricious windings could be guessed in the distance, owing to the thick cloud of vapour that constantly rose from it and brooded over its bed. The birds, still hidden beneath the foliage, were timidly preluding their harmonious concert ; the glad earth, the bright sky, the serene atmosphere, the pure light,—all, in a word, revealed that the day which had now entirely appeared was about to be tranquil and lovely.

The maiden, refreshed by the rest she had enjoyed, felt herself new-born as she breathed the first exhalations of the flowers and the sharp odour which is found in the desert alone. Without venturing to quit the jacal,

in front of which the tigrero was lying, she surveyed the surrounding landscape, which, thanks to the elevation she stood at, lay expanded at her feet for a long distance. The profound calmness of re-awakening nature, the powerful harmonies of the desert, filled the maiden's heart with a gentle melancholy: she pensively indulged in those thoughts which the great spectacles of nature ever arouse in minds unaffected by human passions. In the mean while the sun ascended the horizon, and the last shadows melted away in the dazzling beams propelled by the day-star. Suddenly the girl uttered an exclamation of delight, for she noticed a band of horsemen fording the stream, and apparently coming in the direction of the hill. At the cry his foster-sister uttered, the tigrero bounded to his feet and stood by her side, rifle in hand, ready to defend her if necessary.

"Good morning, tocaya," she said to him.

"Heaven keep you, nina!" he replied, with a shade of anxiety. "Have you slept well?"

"I could not have done so better, Marianno."

"All right then; but why did you utter that cry?"

"I cried out, my friend, and scarce know why."

"Ah, yes—stay; look at those horsemen coming up at full speed."

"Carai! how they gallop! They will be here within half an hour."

"Do you think that Stronghand is among them?"

"I suppose so, nina."

"And I am sure of it," said Whistler, with a respectful bow to the young lady; "I have recognized him, senorita; so will you allow that I have kept my promise?"

"Most fully, senor; and I know not how to express my thanks for the hearty hospitality you have given me."

"I have no claim to any thanks from you, senorita, as I have only carried out my friend's intentions: nina, it is to him alone you should offer thanks, if you consider that you ought to make them."

In the mean while the camp was aroused; the hunters were yawning, and turned to their daily avocations; some led their horses to the watering-place, others kindled the fires; some cut the wood requisite to keep them up, while two or three of the older men acted as cooks, and got breakfast ready for the party. The camp changed its appearance in a minute; it lived the nervous, agitated life of the desert, in which each man performs his task with the feverish speed of persons who are aware of the value of time, and do not wish to lose it. The young lady, at first surprised by the cries, laughter, and unaccustomed movement that prevailed around her, began to grow used to it, and eagerly watched the occupations of the men she had beneath her eyes. A sharp challenge of "Who goes there?" suddenly made her raise her head.

"A friend!" a voice she at once recognized answered from without.

Suddenly a band of horsemen entered the camp, at their head being Stronghand. The young man dismounted, and after exchanging a few words

with Whistler, he went straight up to the maiden, who was standing motionless in the doorway of the jacal, and watching his approach with amazement. In fact, as we have said, Stronghand was not alone; several persons accompanied him, among them being Thunderbolt and Dona Esperanza: the rest were confidential Indian servants. When Stronghand came in front of the young lady, he bowed to her respectfully, and then turned to the persons who accompanied him.

"Permit me, *senorita*," he said to her, "to present to you my mother, Dona Esperanza, and my father: both love you, though they do not know you, and insisted on accompanying me."

The maiden, blushing with joy at this delicate attention on the part of the hunter, who thus placed their interview beneath the safeguard of his father and mother, replied with emotion,—

"I am delighted, *senor*, with this kind inspiration of your heart; it augments, were it possible, the confidence I have placed in you, and the gratitude I felt for the eminent services you have rendered me."

Dona Esperanza and the sachem embraced the girl, who, at once ashamed and joyous at the friendship of these persons, whose exterior was at once so imposing and so venerable, knew not how to respond to their caresses and the kindness they evinced to her. In the mean while the hunters had raised, with great skill and speed, a tent, under which the four persons were at once protected from the curious glances of the persons who surrounded them. Through that innate feeling of women, which makes them love or detest each other at the first glance, Dona Esperanza and the young lady at once felt attracted to each other by a natural movement of sympathy, and leaving the gentlemen to their occupations, they withdrew on one side, and began an animated and friendly conversation. Dona Marianna, subjugated by Dona Esperanza's seductive manner, and drawn toward her by a feeling of attraction for which she did not attempt to account, as she felt so happy with her, spoke to her open-heartedly; but then she was greatly surprised to see that this lady, whom she was bound to suppose an entire stranger, was perfectly acquainted with all that related to her family, and knew her father's affairs better than she did herself: her amazement increased when Dona Esperanza explained in the fullest details the reasons that occasioned her presence in the hunters' camp, and the precarious position to which the Marquis de Moguer was reduced.

"I could add many more surprising things, my dear girl," Dona Esperanza continued, with a smile, "but I do not wish to fatigue you at present; sufficient for you to know that we really take an interest in your family, and that it will not be our fault if your father is not soon freed from all his cares."

"Oh, how good you are, madam!" the young lady exclaimed, warmly; "how can I have merited such lively interest on your part?"

"That must not trouble you at all, my dear girl; the step you have

taken to-day to come to your father's assistance, and the confidence you have placed in my son, are for us proofs of the loftiness of your feelings and the purity of your heart. Although we are almost Indians," she added, with a smile, "we have white blood enough in our veins to remember what we owe to persons of that race."

The conversation went on thus between the two ladies on a footing of frank friendliness, until the moment when Stronghand came to interrupt it, by stating that breakfast was ready, and that they were only waiting for them to sit down. The tigrero and the Canadian had both been invited to share the meal, but they declined the invitation under the pretext that they did not like to eat with persons so high above them in rank, but in reality, because the worthy wood-rangers preferred breakfasting without ceremony. Stronghand did not press them, and allowed them to do as they pleased. Dona Marianna bit her lips in order to suppress a smile, when the hunter informed her that they were about to sit down to table; for, owing to her recent journey and her life on the Indian border, the young lady was well aware that such meals were extremely simple, and eaten on the grass. Hence her surprise was at its height when, after passing into a separate compartment of the tent, she perceived a table laid with a luxury which would have been justly admired even in Mexico: nothing was wanting, even to massive plate and valuable crystal. The dishes, it is true, were simple, and merely consisted of venison and fruit; but all had a stamp of true grandeur, which it was impossible not to appreciate at the first glance. The contrast offered by this table, so elegantly and comfortably laid, was the greater, because, behind the canvas of the tent, desert life could be seen in all its simplicity.

The young lady seated herself between Thunderbolt and Dona Esplanza, Stronghand sat down opposite to her, and two men-servants waited. In spite of the agreeable surprise which the impromptu comfort of this repast, prepared for her alone, caused her, the young lady did not at all display her surprise, but she ate heartily and gaily, thus thanking her hosts for the delicate attentions they showed her. When the dainties were placed on the table, and the meal was drawing to a close, Stronghand bowed to Dona Marianna.

"Senorita," he said, with a smile, "before we begin a serious conversation, which might, at this moment, appear to you untimely, be kind enough to permit my mother to tell us one of the charming Indian legends with which she generally enlivens the close of our meals."

Dona Marianna was at first surprised by this proposition, made, without any apparent motive, at the close of a lively conversation; but imagining that the hunter's remarks concealed a serious purpose, and that the legend, under its frivolous aspect, would entail valuable results for her, she answered, with her sweetest smile,—

"I shall listen with the greatest pleasure to the narrative the senora is about to tell us, because my nurse, who is of Indian origin, was wont to

lull] me to sleep with these legends, which have left a deep and most agreeable impression on my mind."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LEGEND.

DONA ESPERANZA exchanged a look with the sachem, and after reflecting a moment, as if recalling her ideas, she said to Dona Marianna, in her gentle, sympathizing voice,—

"My dear girl, before beginning my narrative, I must inform you that I belong to the Aztec race, and am descended in a direct line from the kings of that people. Hence, the story you are about to hear, though simple in its form, is completely exact, and has dwelt among us intact for generations. I trust," she added, with a stress, "that it will interest you."

Then turning to one of the criados who stood motionless behind the guests, she said,—

"The quipos."

The criado went out, and almost immediately returned with a bag of perfumed tapir skin, which he handed his mistress with a bow. The latter opened it, and drew out several cords plaited of different coloured threads, divided at regular distances by knots mingled with shells and beads. These cords are called quipos, and are employed by the Indians to keep up the memory of events that have occurred during a long course of years, and thus represent books. Still, it requires a special study to understand these quipos, and few people are capable of deciphering them, the more so as the Indians, who are very jealous about keeping their historical secrets, only permit a small number of adepts to learn the explanation, which renders any knowledge of Indian history almost impossible for white men. Dona Esperanza, after attentively examining the quipos, selected one, replaced the others in the bag, and letting the knots of the rope glide through her fingers, much as a monk does with his beads when telling his rosary, she began her narrative.

For fear of injuring this story, whose truth cannot be doubted, and which we ourselves heard told in an atepetl of the Papagos, we will leave it all its native rudeness, without attempting to adorn it with flowers of European metaphors, which, in our opinion, would deprive it of its peculiar character. Dona Esperanza spoke as follows:—

"At a certain period of the year," she said, while beginning to feel the quipos, which served her, as it were, as a book, "long before the appearance of white men on the red territory, a numerous band of Chichimeques and Tolteques, who originally dwelt at the lakes, becoming dissatisfied, resolved to emigrate to the south-west in pursuit of the buffaloes, and carried out their resolve.

"At Salt Lake they divided, and those who remained continued to bear their primitive name; while the others, for an unknown motive, assumed

that of Comanches. These Comanches, more enterprising than their brothers, continued their journey till they reached the banks of the Rio Gila, where they encamped and divided again. One band, which resolved not to go further, was christened by the others, who determined to press on, the 'Great Ears;' but the whites who first discovered them called them 'Opatas.' The remainder of the band continued to march in the same direction, and found the Rio Bravo del Norte at the mouth of the Rio Puerco. They had only two principal chiefs left, and gave themselves the name of Neu-ta-che, which means, 'Those who reach the river's mouth.' One of the chiefs had an only son, and the other a lovely daughter, and the young people loved each other. But this raised the anger of the father of the unhappy girl to such a height, that he made his band arm and prepare to fight. But the father and the young man crossed the Rio Gila, and buried themselves with their band in the territory afterwards called by the white man Senora or Sonora, where they settled and continued to reside peacefully until the period when the whites, ever in search of new lands, arrived there in their turn, and, after many cruel wars, succeeded in gaining possession of the country.

"The Comanches had founded several towns in Sonora, and, in accordance with their constant habit, in the neighbourhood of the gold and silver mines they discovered, and begun to work. One of their towns, perhaps the richest and most populous, had for its chief a warrior justly renowned for his wisdom in council and valour in the combat. This chief was called Quetzal-malin—that is to say, the 'Twisted Feather.' His nobility was great and very ancient; he justly declared that he was descended in a direct line from Acamapichtzin, first king of Mexico, whose hieroglyphic he retained on the totem of his tribe, through that veneration which our fathers displayed for their ancestors. This hieroglyphic, which his descendants have preciousely retained, is composed of a hand grasping a number of reeds, which is the literal translation of the name of the noble chief of the race. Twisted Feather had a daughter, eighteen summers old, lovely and graceful; her name was Ova, and she ran over the prairie grass without bending it; gentle, pensive, and timid as the virgin of the first loves, her black eyes had not yet been fixed on one of the warriors of the tribe, who all sought to please her.

"Ova wore a tunic of water-green colour, fastened round her waist by a wampum belt, with a large golden buckle. When she danced before her father, the old man's forehead became unwrinkled, and a sunbeam passed into his eyes. Her father had often told her that it was time for her to marry; but Ova shook her head with a smile: she was happy, and the little bird that speaks to the heart of maidens had not yet sung to her the gentle strains of love.

"Still a moment arrived when Ova lost all her careless gaiety. The young girl, so laughing and so wild, became suddenly pensive and dreamy: she loved.

"Ova went to find her father; the chief at this moment was presiding over the great council of the nation in the great medicine calli. The maiden advanced, and knelt respectfully before her father.

"'What is it, my daughter?' the chief said, as he passed his hand gently through her long hair, which was fine as aloe threads.

"'My father,' she replied, looking down modestly, 'I love and am beloved.'

"'My daughter, what is the name of the chief who is so happy that your choice should have fallen on him?'

"'He is not a chief, my father: he is, perchance, one of the most obscure warriors of the tribe, although he is one of the bravest; he works in the gold mine that belongs to you.'

"The chief frowned, and a flash of anger sparkled in his glance.

"'My father,' the maiden continued, as she embraced his legs, 'if I did not marry him, I should die.'

"The chief gazed at his daughter for a moment, and saw her so sad and resigned, that pity entered his heart. He, too, loved his daughter—his only child; for the Master of life had called away the others to the happy hunting-grounds. The aged man did not wish his daughter to die.

"'You shall marry the man you love,' he said to her.

"'Do you promise it to me on the sacred totem of the nation, father?'

"'On the sacred totem of the nation I promise it; speak, therefore, without fear. What is the name of the man you love?'

"'He is called the Clouded Snake, father.'

"The old man sighed.

"'He is very poor,' he muttered.

"'I am rich enough for both.'

"'Be it so. You shall marry him, my daughter.'

"Ova rose, sparkling with joy and happiness, bowed to the assembly, and left the medicine lodge.

"Clouded Snake was poor, it is true—even very poor, since he was constrained to work in the gold mine; but he was young, he was brave, and was considered the handsomest of all the warriors of his age.

"Tall, robust, and muscular, Clouded Snake formed as complete a contrast with Ova, who was pale and frail, as a noble buffalo does with a graceful antelope. Perhaps their love emanated from this contrast.

"The young man, though he was so poor, found means to give his betrothed perfumes of grizzly bears' grease, necklaces of alligators' teeth, and wampum girdles.

"The young people were happy. On the eve of the marriage, Clouded Snake laid at Ova's feet buckles of gold and two bracelets of shells, mingled with beads of pure gold.

"Ova accepted these presents with a smile, and said to her betrothed, as she left him,—

"Farewell; we part to-day to see each other to-morrow, and to-morrow we shall be united for ever."

"On the next day Clouded Snake did not come. Ova waited for several months; Clouded Snake did not reappear."

"In vain, by the chief's orders, was the young man sought for throughout the entire country: no one had seen him, no one had heard speak of him."

"Clouded Snake no longer existed, except in the heart of Ova."

"She wept for him, and people tried to make her believe that he had gone to fight the white men; but Ova shook her head and wiped away her tears."

"Forty times did the snow cover the summit of the mountains, and yet it had been impossible to clear up the mystery of Clouded Snake's disappearance."

"One day some labourers at work in the gold mine, which had belonged to Ova's father, and was now her property, while going far down an old gallery, which had been abandoned for a long time, exhumed a corpse as miraculously preserved as the mummies of the *teocallis* are in their bandages."

"The warriors flocked up to see this strange corpse, clothed in a dress belonging to another age, and no one recognized it."

"Ova, who was then old, and who, to please her father, had married the great chief of his nation, when her last hope expired, went with her husband to the spot where the corpse was exposed to the sight of visitors."

"Suddenly she started, and tears darted from her eyes; she had recognized Clouded Snake, as handsome as on the day when she left him with the hope of a speedy reunion. She, on the other hand, aged, and bowed down more by grief than years, was weak and tottering."

"Ova wished that the corpse of the man whom she had been on the point of marrying, and whom the evil spirit had torn from her, should be restored to the mine from which it had been removed after forty years. The mine, by the orders of the chief's wife, although extremely rich, was abandoned and shut up."

"Ova ordered a hieroglyphic to be carved on the stone that covers the body of her betrothed, which may be thus translated:—'This sepulchre is without a body; this body is without a sepulchre; but by itself it is a sepulchre and a body.'"

"Such," Dona Esperanza added, as she finished the legend, and laid down the quipus, "is the story of the lovely Ova, daughter of the great chief Twisted Feather, and of Clouded Snake the miner, just as it occurred, and just as Ova herself ordered it to be preserved by a special quipus for future ages."

Dona Esperanza stopped, and there was a moment's silence.

"Well, senorita," the sachem asked, "has the legend interested you?"

"Through its simplicity it is most touching, senor," the young lady

answered; "still, there is something vague and unsettled about the whole story, which impairs its effect."

Thunderbolt smiled gently.

"You find, do you not, that we are not told the precise spot where the events of the narrative occurred, that Sonora is very large, and that the town in which Twisted Feather commanded is not sufficiently indicated?"

"Pardon me, señor," the young lady remarked, with a blush, "such geographical notions, though doubtless very useful in settling the spot where events have occurred, interest me personally very slightly. What I find incomplete is the story itself; the rest does not concern me."

"More so than you suppose, perhaps, señorita," the sachem remarked; "but pray be good enough to state your objections more fully."

"Excuse me, señor, but I have not yet recovered from the surprise which the events that have occurred during the last few hours have occasioned me, and I explain myself badly, in spite of my efforts."

"What do you mean, señorita, and to what events are you referring?"

"To those which are taking place at this very moment. Having started from home to ask an interview of a wood-ranger, whom I naturally supposed encamped in the open air, and shared the life of privations of his fellows, I meet, on the contrary, persons who overwhelm me with attentions, and, under an Indian appearance, conceal all the refinements of the most advanced civilization. You can understand how this strange contrast with what surrounds me must surprise, almost frighten me, who am a young girl, ignorant of the world, and have undertaken a step which many persons would disapprove if they knew it."

"You are going too far, my dear child," Dona Esperanza replied, as she tenderly embraced her; "what you have seen here ought not to surprise you. My husband is one of the principal chiefs of the great Confederation of the Papagos; but he and I, in other times, lived the life of white men. When we withdrew to the desert, we took with us our civilized habits, and that is the entire mystery. As for the step you have taken, it has nothing that is not most honourable to you."

"I thank you for these kind remarks, and the interpretation you are pleased to give to a step conceived, perhaps, a little too giddily, and executed more giddily still."

"Do not regret it, señorita," said Thunderbolt; "perhaps it has helped your father's affairs more than you suppose."

"As for the story of Ova," Dona Esperanza continued, with a gentle smile, "this is how it ended:—the poor woman died of despair a few days after the discovery of the man she ought to have married, and whom she had held in such tender memory for so long a time. At her last hour, she expressed a desire to be united in death to the man from whom she had been separated in life. This last wish was carried out. The two betrothed repose side by side in the mine, which was at once closed again, and no one has dreamed of opening it up to the present day."

"I thank you, senora, for completing your narrative. Still," Marianna said, with a sigh, "this gold mine must, in my opinion, be very poor, since the Spaniards, when they seized the country, did not attempt to work it."

"Not at all, my dear child; on the contrary, it is excessively rich. But Ova's secret has been so well kept that the Spaniards remained in ignorance of its existence."

The two ladies were by this time alone, as the sachem and his son had left the tent.

"It is strange," the maiden murmured, answering her own thoughts rather than Dona Esperanza's remark.

The earnestness with which the lady insisted on referring to the legend, astounded and interested her. A secret foreboding warned her that the story had a hidden object, whose importance still escaped her, though she was burning to discover it. Dona Esperanza attentively followed in her face the various feelings that agitated her, and were reflected in her expressive face as in a mirror. She continued,—

"This is why the mine was not discovered when the Spaniards seized the town where it was situated. It had been stopped up for a very long time. The old inhabitants were killed or expelled by the conquerors; and those who escaped were careful not to reveal this secret to their oppressors. The latter destroyed the town, and built an immense hacienda over its mines."

"But—pardon me for questioning you thus, senora—how have all these facts come to your knowledge?"

"For a very simple reason, my dear child. Ova was my ancestress, and the knowledge of this mine is consequently a family secret for us. I am, perhaps, the only person in the world who, at the present day, knows its exact position."

"Yes, I understand you," the young lady said, becoming very pensive.

"Still you are trying to discover, are you not, my dear child?" the old lady continued, kindly interrogating her, "why, instead of letting you speak of the important matters that brought you here, my son urged you to ask this story of me; and why, without pity for your filial sorrow, I consented to do so; and why, now that it is ended, I am anxious for you to learn the minutest details?"

The girl hid her face in the old lady's bosom, and burst into tears.

"Yes," she said, "you have understood me, madam, and pray pardon me."

"Pardon you for what, my dear child? for loving your father? On the contrary, you are quite right. But yours is no common nature, my child; though we have only been acquainted for a few hours, you have sufficiently appreciated my character, I think, to recognize the interest I take in you."

"Yes, yes, I believe you, madam; I must believe you."

"Well, console yourself, my dear girl; do not weep thus, or I shall be forced to follow your example; and I have still some details to add to this interminable story."

The maiden smiled through her tears. "Oh, you are so kind, madam," she answered.

"No, I love you, that is all, and," she added, with a sigh, "I have done so for a long time."

Dona Marianna gazed at her with amazement.

"Yes, that surprises you," she continued, "and I can well understand it. But enough of this subject for the present, my darling, and let us return to what I wanted to say to you."

"Oh, I am listening to you, madam."

"I will now tell you where Ova's town stood, and its name. It was called Cibola."

"Cibola!" the girl exclaimed.

"Yes, dear child, the very spot where the Hacienda del Toro was afterwards built by your ancestor, the Marquis de Moguer. Now do you understand me?"

Without replying, Dona Marianna threw herself into the old lady's arms, who pressed her tenderly to her bosom.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG OF THE HOUSEHOLD, IN COZY NOOK.

HASTY CONCLUSIONS; OR, IS LARRY A THIEF?

BY MRS. O'BRIEN.

"THE leafy month of June" had arrived, with its joyous train of sunshine and flowers, fragrant woods, and blooming meadows. It was towards the close of a bright summer's day, and the brilliant rays of the setting sun were illumining the gilt vane of the pretty village church of Sunnyside, as it peeped above the shade of dark green trees. At the corner of a lane fragrant with hawthorn blossom, stood three children, accompanied by a man-servant and a large Newfoundland dog. They were evidently expecting some one by the coach which passed along the high road at the end of the lane every evening.

"I think our clocks must be wrong, Mason," said the eldest of the children, a little girl of eleven or twelve years old, turning to the man-servant as she spoke.

"No, Miss Julia, I fancy they are about right; but the coach is often a little *bit* behindhand."

Henry, the youngest of the party, was busily occupied in patting Neptune, the Newfoundland dog, and talking to him something in this style:—

"Good Nep.! brave Nep.! dear old Nep.! who's coming to see you? Do you know, Nep.? Poor old fellow! Won't you jump and wag your tail in a few minutes? That you will. Shall I tell you who is coming, shall I then? Well, it is your very own, your dear master, Percy. Now, Nep., what do you think of that?"

"Nep." wagged his tail, and uttered a strange sort of intelligent whine, as much as to say he knew all about it quite well. Henry went on.

"Won't he hug his old Nep., that's all! I know he will; for you're a dear, good, faithful dog, and he loves you very, very much."

"I say, Fanny," continued Henry, turning to his other sister, "look at Nep.'s ears. I'm sure the coach must be coming."

The children listened attentively, and soon distinctly heard the sound of wheels in the distance.

"He's coming—he's coming!" cried Henry.

Nep.'s eyes glistened, and his tail wagged faster than ever. In a few minutes more the coach had stopped close to where the children were standing and a few minutes more

"Dear Percy," said Julia, "how well you are looking, and how much you have grown! I'm sure study must agree with you."

"And I know something else that will agree with me," said Percy, laughing. "Can you guess what it is, Henry?"

"No; *do* tell me."

"Why, the haymaking, to be sure. By-the-bye, how is the grass in the meadows, and when will it be fit for cutting? They were making hay in several places we passed through this afternoon."

"Our grass is quite ready," said Fanny, "and I think papa would have had it cut sooner, only he waited for your coming home."

"That is just like our good, kind father," said Percy; "he knows what I like. Why, I wouldn't have missed haymaking for anything. It is the best treat of the whole year."

"Papa has had great difficulty about getting mowers," said Julia; "so many of the people who mowed for him last year have emigrated; and I heard him say this morning that he could not get hands."

"Has Larry been heard of yet this season?"

"No; and papa thinks he too must have emigrated, as so many of his fellow-countrymen have done during the past year."

"Don't you remember the hay-forks he promised to make for us all this summer?" said Henry. "I thought he would have kept his word."

"What do you think I heard Jenkins, our new steward, tell papa this morning?" exclaimed Julia. "He declared that all the Irish labourers were a set of 'idle thieves.' I heard him use the very words."

"And I'll answer for it that Larry is as good and honest a fellow—ay, and as industrious a one, too—as ever lived," cried Percy, warmly; "I don't care what Jenkins says to the contrary."

"He told papa," continued Julia, "that we should have all our best poultry stolen if we employed any Irish in the meadows; and I think he has almost persuaded papa to have none but English labourers this year."

"If Larry comes, he must and shall be employed," said Percy; "I am sure papa will let him. I'll speak to him about it the first opportunity. Larry a thief! Larry, with his good-humoured, honest face! I'll never believe it, that I won't."

The children had now turned out of the lane into a fine old avenue of beech trees; and at the first glimpse of two figures advancing towards them from the other end, the whole party set off running at full speed to meet them.

"Dear papa! dear mamma!" "My boy! my dear Percy!" were the joyful exclamations, as the children reached their parents.

The happy group then turned towards the house, and were soon seated round the family tea-table.

"Percy, my boy," said his father, when the meal was finished, "are you tired, or would you like to take a walk with me down to the farm, and see some of the improvements I have made since you were last at home?"

"Oh, papa, I am not in the least tired. I could walk all night with you."

"I will promise not to keep you *quite* so long," said his father, smiling.

"May I come too, papa?" asked Julia, beseechingly.

"If mamma has no objection."

Mamma gave a willing consent, and the happy trio set off on their ramble.

"Julia tells me you have heard nothing of poor Larry this summer, papa."

"No, my boy; I conclude he must have gone to America, as so many have done."

"I am quite sorry," said Percy; "I so reckoned on seeing him again."

"He was, I believe, an honest poor fellow," said Mr. Stanley, "rather an exception to his kind, if I am to believe what my new steward says."

"But *do* you believe all he says, papa?"

"Well, Percy, you see he has had a great deal of experience; has been for many years manager of a far larger estate than mine, and he *ought* to know something about it. Here he is, coming across the park. I want to speak to him, and hear if he has been at all successful in getting any mowers, for they ought to begin cutting to-morrow morning, by rights."

As Jenkins approached, Percy whispered to Julia, "I'm sure Larry's face is a great deal more pleasant-looking than *his*."

"Hush," said Julia; "now you are letting your prejudice get the better of your reason, as mamma would say."

"Good evening, Jenkins," said Mr. Stanley; "what about the mowers?"

"I think I have sufficient hands to begin the large meadow to-morrow morning, sir. I have had some trouble, I can assure you. I might have had plenty of Irish, but I'd have nothing to say to any of *them*. It's well you took my advice about them, sir."

"Why so, Jenkins?"

"I met Farmer Giles just now, sir. He's an easy, good-natured sort of a man, and he let a whole party of Irish mowers sleep in his great barn last night. This morning they all set off, and took ever so many of his best hens with them! Serve him right, as I just told him, for having anything to do with such people."

"But how did Farmer Giles know that the Irish mowers took his hens? Did he see them?"

"Of course not, sir. They were off before any one was stirring on the farm, but the thing is plain enough; the hens were there last night, and they were gone this morning."

"But might not some one else have stolen the hens?" asked Julia.

"Oh no, miss; who else do you think would go to do such a thing? No, it was *them* Irish, safe enough, and I wouldn't answer for your beautiful guineafowls for a day if you had anything to do with them, that I wouldn't."

"I am afraid you are a little prejudiced against these men, Jenkins," said Mr. Stanley.

"They're such an impudent set, sir. Why it was only this afternoon that a party of them came to the farm, and said they knew you would

"Oh, papa! it was Larry. It *must* have been Larry!" cried Percy. "What was he like, Jenkins?"

"He was as queer and roguish a looking fellow as ever I saw, sir; with an impertinent grin on his face all the time I was talking to him."

"It was poor Larry," said Julia. "Where is he gone, Jenkins?"

"I'm sure I don't know, miss. I told him to be off, and not try to deceive me with any of his stories; for that I was not so silly as to believe them."

"I wish you had not been quite so hasty, Jenkins," said Mr. Stanley. "If it was really the man I believe it to have been, he spoke nothing but the truth. He *has* been employed by me for several years; and he promised, when he was here last summer, to make some little hay-forks for my children; and that was, I dare say, what he meant when he spoke of presents."

"Well, sir, of course I didn't know that," said Jenkins. "My opinion is, that they are all a bad set; and that the less any English gentleman has to do with them the better."

Mr. Stanley then directed Jenkins to make inquiries round the neighbourhood, and see if he could hear anything of Larry and his friends. Jenkins could not refuse to do so; but his evident dislike to the commission made the children fear that his search would not be very minute, or his inquiries very extensive.

"And what hands have you engaged for to-morrow morning, Jenkins?"

"Four of the villagers, sir; and three men who have been working on the railway lately, but they say they can mow very well. You've no objection, I suppose, sir, to their sleeping in one of the outhouses, as they live a long distance off?"

"Certainly not, Jenkins. I suppose they are decent sort of men, and may be trusted?"

"Oh yes, sir—real English, every one of them."

So saying, Jenkins pursued his way across the park, and Mr. Stanley and his children continued their walk to the farm.

"If Larry is not found, I shall never be able to bear the sight of that Jenkins," said Percy.

The next morning, the well-known sound, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, arose from the fragrant meadow, and penetrated into Percy's bed-room. He awoke, and jumped out of bed.

"So they have begun already!" cried he from the window, to his brother Henry, who was still snoring away very comfortably. "Henry! Henry!" shouted Percy; "don't you hear the mowers sharpening their scythes?"

"Yes, yes! I hear!" murmured Henry, turning himself round, and beginning to snore again.

"Come, Henry, come! I want you to get up and come into the meadow with me. Perhaps we may hear something of poor Larry."

The name of "Larry" had a magical effect. It made him start up, and

early, he met a party of men some miles from Sunnyside, and he thought they looked like Irishmen; and this was all the information he could obtain.

The grass was too wet for the children to be much in the meadows that day; but early the next morning, Percy and Henry, accompanied by their sisters, went to pass, as Percy called it, a long, happy haymaking day. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves; but in the midst of all their pleasure, thoughts of poor Larry would obtrude on their merriment.

"If he had been here," said Henry, "we should have had our nice little hay-forks; and do you remember, Fanny, the pretty umbrella he made for you of the leaves of the horse-chesnut tree?"

"Oh yes! and what a kind-hearted creature he was!" added Julia. "I recollect when the mowers found a poor little ground-lark's nest, hidden amongst the long grass, Larry would not let them take it, but set up a branch of a tree over the nest, to mark the spot and to keep persons from treading upon it."

"And he said," continued Julia, "that it was a sin to do wilful harm to any of God's creatures."

After dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley joined their children in the hay-field, and nurse and baby came also; and, to complete their happiness, tea was brought out and placed under one of the large trees in the meadow. This was what they all enjoyed so much; and their mamma promised they should have a similar treat the next day, if the weather continued fine.

It had been a very hot, sultry day; and as the sun descended, black, heavy clouds arose and gradually spread over the sky, obscuring the light of the moon, which was at its full, and casting gloom and darkness around.

In an old, ruined cow-shed lay some five or six men. Their scythes standing in a pile in one corner, showed them to be mowers.

"Faith, and it's sorry I'll be to lave this part of the counthry without seeing thim."

"And it's I'd be afther seeing them directly, Larry," said one of his companions.

"If it wasn't for that bit of an agent, it shouldn't be long first; but didn't he jist tell me they didn't want me?"

"And is it you, Larry O'Sullivan, who are going to believe what the likes of an agent tells you?"

"What would you have me do, Mike?"

"Go, bould like, up to the house, and ask for the young masther."

"And it's I'd do it in a minit; but—the agent."

"And it's I who have lived to see the day that Larry O'Sullivan is afeard of an agent! Sure, an' it's a disgrace to your mother you are Larry!"

This last opinion, expressed in a most forcible tone and manner, was without its effect on Larry; who, summoning up all his courage, declared that he would go that very moment, if all the agents in the "good ould counthry" were there to stop him.

This sentiment being much applauded by his comrades, Larry arose, and taking from one corner of the shed a bundle, which looked like some sticks wrapped round with haybands, he walked forth into the darkness.

Now it had not been altogether fear of the agent that had made Larry reluctant to go and endeavour to see Mr. Stanley's children, but he had been told he was not wanted; and, though very poor, he was very proud, and did not like to "intrude himself" on any one.

However, his pride had yielded at last to the taunts and remonstrances of his companions; and he now determined, come what might, to see some of the family before he left Sunnyside.

Feeling quite sure, from the agent's manner to him the previous evening, that it would be useless to apply to him again, and that if he were seen by him or any of his men approaching the house he would be stopped, and prevented from proceeding further, he made up his mind to find his way to the house unknown to any one; and as he was well acquainted with the grounds, he felt little doubt of being able to do so. Accordingly, instead of going through the farm, he made a short cut across a plantation of firs which skirted it on one side, and by so doing avoided the farm buildings. As he was on the point of issuing from the trees, just where a gate led to one of the farmyards, he heard the sound of voices, and, fearful of being discovered, he withdrew into the plantation, to wait until the persons should have passed by.

The voices sounded nearer and nearer, and through the darkness Larry presently distinguished the very indistinct forms of two men, who were conversing together very earnestly.

When they reached the gate, close to which Larry was concealed, they stopped, and Larry could now hear all they were saying.

"I tell you I saw the bag in his hand."

"When?"

"This very evening he was counting out all the gold; I know there must have been thirty sovereigns at least."

"And did you see where he put it?"

"Of course I did! Where would my eyes have been if I had not? He put it in the small cupboard just over the chimney."

"And are you sure he's out now?"

"Didn't I see him away down to his club at the 'Half Moon' yonder?"

"And who's at home?"

"No one but his wife and children. We can get it as easily as possible and be far off long before daybreak."

"Come along, then, I'm your man! But what if any of the men should be about?"

"There are none here now; and if there were, I'd make short work with them; so they'd better not come near me!"

Larry could see the last speaker showing something to his companion as he spoke.

"Is it loaded?"

"All right!"

And the two figures moved on.

Larry stood for a moment like one bewildered. What was to be done? His mind was soon made up. It would be useless for him to attempt to see these armed men alone; but his companions were not far off. And the next instant Larry was running as fast as his legs could carry him towards the ruined cow-shed.

"Well, Larry, sure and it's not long you've been," said his friends, as he stood breathless before them; "but what is the matter with ye? Is the agent himself after ye?"

In a few hasty words Larry told his tale, and the whole party were quickly and silently taking the road towards the farm. Larry's knowledge of the premises was of great use to him. He and his companions carefully avoided all the public paths, and kept their noiseless way through shrubberies and over fields, until the cottage of the agent came in sight.

A light was burning in the window, and all seemed quiet.

"We're in time, boys," cried Larry; but just as he spoke he fancied he heard a slight scream. They had still to cross a small meadow before they reached the house, and ere they were halfway the scream was repeated.

Larry and his companions now quickened their pace, and soon arrived at the small garden which surrounded the house. All was quiet at the back, and the door was fastened. They then hastened round to the front of the cottage. The light was still burning; and on looking in, what was Larry's horror, to see the two men, whom he immediately recognised as the same he had heard speaking a short time before! One of them had his hand on the throat of the poor woman, who was vainly attempting to scream; and the other was busily occupied in ransacking a cupboard which was over the fireplace.

To beckon his companions to advance—to rush in at the front door, which was unfastened—to seize the two men, who were soon overpowered by the five stout Irishmen,—all this was done in even a shorter time than it has taken to relate.

Larry first directed his attention to the poor woman, who was half dead with fright, though not otherwise injured; and from her he learned that the two thieves had entered the house as she was sitting at work, and had demanded the bag of gold which her husband had that afternoon. On her refusing to give it to them, one of them put his hand on her throat to prevent her giving an alarm, but not before she had uttered the screams which Larry had heard; and the other began searching for the gold, which he had just got possession of as Larry and his companions arrived.

When the thieves found there was no chance of escape, they tried to bribe their captors to set them at liberty, but found such a course equally fruitless. Larry at first hesitated as to what steps he had best take, but at last determined on leaving the two prisoners in charge of his four companions, and going at once himself to the "Half Moon" inn, which was about a mile distant, to inform the agent of what had taken place. Before leaving the farm, he took the precaution of pinioning the arms of the two men with some strong rope he procured from Mrs. Jenkins; and then, having seen her quite restored, and placed with her children in the next room, he left the cottage, and proceeded at a quick pace towards the roadside inn where the agent was attending his club.

Club night was the great event of the week at the "Half Moon." The members consisted chiefly of small farmers and stewards to the neighbouring gentlemen; and all the affairs of the country for miles round were discussed at these weekly meetings.

As Larry descended the hill, at the foot of which the inn was situated

the sounds of mirth and laughter resounded from the little parlour in which the village politicians were assembled.

The party were just at the very height of their merriment, when Larry reached the door, and Jenkins, who was chairman that evening, was in the act of making a most patriotic speech, in which he endeavoured to prove that every man who was not bred and born an *Englishman*, *must* be a rogue and a vagabond; that every gentleman who employed any but Englishmen on his estate was a traitor to his country; and ended by proposing as a toast, "Prosperity to England, Englishmen, and none else but Englishmen."

It was at the very moment when this liberal sentiment was being uttered that Larry entered the passage, and addressed the landlady,—

"Is there one agent here of the name of Jenkins, ma'am?"

"What did you say, my good man?"

"Sure, and I was only afther asking if one Jenkins, an agent, was here jist now."

"What is your business with *Mr. Jenkins*?" asked the landlady, laying a great stress on the word *Mr.*, and eyeing Larry rather suspiciously.

"And it's jist a few words I'd be afther spaking to him," said Larry.

"You must tell me your business, young man, or I cannot possibly disturb him. He is with his club."

"Och, thin, my business is quite private intirely, ma'am, and consarns himself alone."

"Then you'd best take a seat, and wait till the club breaks up. They'll be leaving in about an hour."

"An hour!" cried Larry; "faith, and it's this very minute I must see him!"

"Then you must tell me your name, and I'll let him know."

"My name! sure, and it's Larry O'Sullivan! but I'm thinking that won't bring him in a hurry. Jist say, if you please, ma'am," said Larry, looking very important and mysterious, "that it's very important business consarning *himself*, that I'm afther."

The landlady went into the parlour, and approaching Jenkins' chair, whispered, "If you please, Mr. Jenkins, there is a young man outside, who says he must speak to you for a few minutes."

"Who is he, Mrs. Dilly?"

"I don't know him," replied the landlady; "but he looks vastly like one of them harvesting men, and he told me to say his name was Larry O'Sullivan."

Jenkins burst into a loud laugh.

"The impudence of them Irish," said he, "is beyond belief! Here is a
good for nothing ————"

"He'll laugh in your face as soon as look at you," said Jenkins.

"Let him laugh, let him come," exclaimed the members unanimously ;
"let's have a little sport with him, Jenkins."

So the landlady was despatched to send in Larry.

"Go into that room, young man," said she, "and you'll find Mr. Jenkins sitting at the further end of the table."

A loud shout of laughter greeted poor Larry's entrance.

"Come in, Larry ; speak out, man, and let us hear what you have to say."

Larry made his way at once to where Jenkins was sitting, and said, in a low voice,—

"Can I spake a word in private to ye'r honour?"

"I tell you I want nothing to do with you or yours," cried Jenkins, angrily ; "it's a pity you wouldn't take my word for it this afternoon ; but now I tell you, once for all, that no Irishman shall be employed by me, if the grass isn't cut between this and Michaelmas ; so be off with you at once."

The blood rose to Larry's face as he answered,—

"Sure, and it's not afther hiring myself I'm come at all, at all."

"And what is your business, then?" interrupted Jenkins, fiercely.

"Faith, and it's robbed ye might have been, and ye'r wife and the childer murdered this same night, if it hadn't been—"

"Jenkins' face turned deadly pale, as he grasped Larry furiously by the arm.

A crowd of persons gathered round him at the same moment, as if to prevent his escape.

"You villain," cried Jenkins, "you haven't dared—"

"Haven't dared what, Mister Jenkins? Is it in ye'r right mind ye are? I repate it again and again—it's robbed ye might have been, and ye'r wife and childer murdered, an hour and more since, if it hadn't been for the Irishmen ye think so badly of."

And Larry gazed round on the assembled group with a look of honest indignation.

"What do you mean?" cried Jenkins, in an agitated voice ; "are they safe, or are they—?"

"Och, thin, ye may make ye'r mind aisy, Mr. Jenkins," said Larry ; "they are all as safe as birds in their nests, thanks be to Him who watcheth over men, and birds, and beasts." And then, in his own simple way, Larry related the whole particulars of the events of that evening.

Long before he had ceased speaking, Jenkins had let go his hold of Larry's shoulder ; and when he had finished his story, the agent grasped both his hands, whilst tears of gratitude streamed down his cheeks.

"Larry, my brave, my fine fellow, I have been very unjust towards you ; but I'll make it up to you for it yet ; you shall be—"

"It isn't that, please yer honour ; only if ye'll have but a better opinion of us from the ould counthry for the future, it's Larry O'Sullivan will be content."

A consultation was now held as to what course had best be pursued with regard to the thieves.

Fortunately, two of the district constables happened to be of the party at the "Half Moon," and they agreed to accompany Larry and the agent back

to the farm. They did so, and found the prisoners quite safe in the custody of Larry's friends.

The moment Jenkins saw the two thieves, he cried out,—

"The very men I engaged yesterday from the railroad! Well, after that, I'll never believe in the honesty of an Englishman again."

A cart was got ready, and the two prisoners, in charge of the constables and two of the Irishmen, were conveyed to the nearest town, which was only about two miles distant.

As for Jenkins, he insisted that Larry should come up with him at once to Mr. Stanley's.

Larry proposed waiting until the morning; but Jenkins said he could not rest in his bed until he had set matters right.

The family were just about retiring to rest, when Mr. Stanley was informed that his steward wished to speak to him on particular business.

When Mr. Stanley entered the library, the first person he saw was Larry.

"Why, Larry, my good fellow, I'm heartily glad to see you. But what brought you here at this hour, Jenkins?"

"I came, if you please, sir, to do justice to a brave, honest man, whom I have greatly wronged."

Mr. Stanley looked his astonishment, and Jenkins proceeded—

"I have been, as you know, sir, very bitter against him and his countrymen. I thought I was right, sir; but I feel now that I was quite wrong. Had it not been for Larry O'Sullivan and his friends"—and Jenkins' voice trembled with real emotion—"my house would have been robbed to-night, and my wife and children murdered!"

Jenkins then related minutely the whole story about the thieves, and concluded by saying,—

"I've been taught a lesson to-night, sir, which I trust I shall never forget, and I'll never believe an Englishman again, I promise you."

"That will be going precisely to the opposite extreme, Jenkins, and I hope you will form no such uncharitable or hasty conclusion. What you have to do is to endeavour to get rid of the strong prejudices which have hitherto, prevented your forming a just estimate of character. Believe me, there are good and bad of *all* countries. A man is not obliged to be a villain because he happens to be born an Irishman, and it does not follow that a man *must* be honest *because* he is of English birth. It is not a man's country, or birth, or colour, or speech, or any national peculiarity whatever, that can entitle him to our admiration, or justify us in treating him with contempt.

'An honest man's the noblest work of God,'

"Sure and it's like a bishop ye'r honour spakes. I only did for Mister Jenkins what I hope he'd have done for the like of us in the same situation; but I'm right glad it's made him think better of us," continued Larry, seizing hold of the agent's hand, and shaking it with tremendous energy.

Jenkins was not usually a demonstrative person, but he would have put up with anything from Larry just now, and returned his grasp with warmth.

"Think better of you! I tell you I'll always maintain, from this day, that in all the world there are no such brave fellows as—"

"Stop, stop, Jenkins!" said Mr. Stanley, laughing; "you are rushing into hasty conclusions again; and I cannot let Larry's countrymen have all the credit for bravery, much as I love and admire the 'green isle' and its inhabitants."

"God bless you for that same, your honour!" cried Larry.

"And now, my good friends," said Mr. Stanley, "I must say good night to you both. It is quite time we were all thinking of retiring to rest, if we wish to thoroughly enjoy the merry-making to-morrow." So saying, he shook hands with the two new friends, who departed, and were soon seated in the comfortable sitting-room at the steward's cottage, doing ample justice to some supper which Mrs. Jenkins had ready against their return from Mr. Stanley's.

Before they had finished, the cart returned from the neighbouring town; and the Irishmen brought word that the thieves had been carefully lodged in the Town Hall, and would be brought up for examination before the magistrates on the following morning. It was far advanced into the night before the inmates of the farm retired to rest; and when they did so, it was, on the part of Jenkins and his wife, with heartfelt thankfulness for their preservation that evening.

Larry and his friends lay down on some sweet hay in a comfortable barn, and slept the sleep of brave and honest men.

The first thing the children heard in the morning was that Larry had returned, and that he was going to mow for their papa, as usual. But when Mr. Stanley related to them the whole of the adventure of the preceding night, their enthusiasm was unbounded; and their papa had enough to do, for some time, to prevent their forming very *hasty conclusions* concerning Jenkins' want of penetration, and expressing their opinion that he almost deserved to have been robbed, as Henry said.

The haymaking festivities were unavoidably postponed for a day, as Larry and his companions, and Jenkins himself, were obliged to attend at B—, as witnesses against the prisoners.

There was no doubt whatever as to their guilt, and they were both fully committed for trial.

enjoyment, and to partake, likewise, of some of the good things provided for the occasion.

Mr. Stanley had been liberal in his supply of good home-brewed ale, and many songs were sung, and many toasts drunk under its cheering influence. Mr. Stanley's health being drunk, accompanied with three hearty cheers, that gentleman, when returning thanks, said he should now propose a toast to which he believed they would all respond.

Mr. Stanley's toast was—

“All honest and brave men, of whatever race, rank, or country;” and it was remarked that no one appeared to re-echo that sentiment more heartily than the once strongly-prejudiced Jenkins.

Larry continued to work for Mr. Stanley until the close of the harvest, when that gentleman proposed to him to remain as one of his regular farm servants. Larry was grateful for the offer, but said he couldn't find it in his heart to “lave the ould counthry intirely;” and then, “there was the ould mother, and the wife, and the childer.” This last argument was unanswerable; and so Larry departed, carrying with him the money he had earned, and several substantial presents from his kind English friends. Every summer, however, he was as constant in his return as the very swallows themselves; and in the course of a few years he was accompanied by a “young Larry,” who eventually remained in the service of Mr. Stanley.

“Young Larry” was, in due time, made under-steward, and, by his steadiness and good conduct, gained the esteem of his employers, and was able to render great help to his parents in their old age.



MADELEINE GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS," ETC.

"Lisez l'ouvrage, vous le jugerez après. Si quelques traits vous paraissent trop marqués, ce n'est pas l'auteur, c'est la vérité qu'il faut en accuser."—GUILLAUME LE FLAMMEUR.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE COCKER BEHRINGBRIGHT, WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN BARON
BEHRINGBRIGHT IF HE HAD CHOSEN.

I FLATTER myself, as the saying is—though probably, like most other people who say so, I flatter myself that I do *not* flatter myself—that I know as well as any of my brother, or even sister novelists, what manner of man the hero of a romance ought to be; and perhaps it would be enough for me to deny—as with great truth I can—that this romance is a romance, to be excused the necessity of playing the Frankenstein to a suitable figurant of the kind on these boards. Even a great and ceremonious prince, of the *ancien régime*, returning to Court so oppressed with laurels and the gout, that he could hardly mount the great staircase of the Tuileries, which so many persons have found it quite easy to slip down—albeit the Grand Monarque himself, all wig and waistcoat, and gracious smiles, stood ready to receive him—held the mayor of a certain town he passed through, excused for not firing a salute of twenty-one guns in his honour, on the score that there was none in the place. And inasmuch as, moreover, my hero is not a hero, I may claim increased rights of exemption. But I should wish it to be clearly demonstrated that it is not

for want of knowing better, that I persist in describing persons and events as they actually were and came to pass.

It may suffice for this purpose if I give a faint sketch of the properties which I know go to make up a personage of the nature omitted in this story. I know, for example, that the hero of a romance ought to be of a "noble stature:" that is to say, something between a giant and a man; or, to bring the notion to the level of the most ordinary capacity, of the average height of a Royal Life Guardsman—blue or red, don't matter for the colour—dismounted from his charger, and employed in condescending parley with a nursery-maid and a perambulator. I know that he ought to be of "a pale, intellectual complexion;" and that his hair should cluster in glossy masses of "raven blue-black" around his manly forehead, should define his scarlet upper lip, and, according to the present fashion, hang from his chin in a magnificent, Arab sheik-like beard to his waist. His eyes should be of a "rich hazel brown, full of fire and tenderness," excepting when he was sunk in deep melancholy over the reflection that he should not see the heroine of the story again for a good number of intervening chapters. He ought to be dressed in the best black broad-cloth from head to foot, save where a fine white linen shirt-front should be displayed, projecting in graceful puffs over that tortured seat of sensibility, his breast—like the ornamental cut paper on a rusty fire-grate in summer. The wrists of this shirt ought to be uncommonly long, though not so long as to conceal the superior length of the taper fingers. These taper fingers are, according to the modern novelist, the most indubitable proof of the hero's aristocratic descent: for, 'tis said, it takes three generations of *doing nothing* to make an aristocratic hand; and it is no longer permitted to establish the position without farther trouble by letting the nails grow too long to render any species of work possible—which was the right thing in the time of the great king alluded to erewhile. Finally, I know that a genuine hero's boots should be of *lustrous leather*, and of the best Parisian make, in order that he may be a hero even to his *valet de chambre*—a race of people said to be more insensible than grave-diggers themselves to the claims of exalted humanity over its fellows.

Thus much to show that it is not through ignorance on the present writer's part, but through the necessity of painting an actual man as he actually is, that I introduce George Cocker Behringbright to the reader's notice, under outward presentments extremely unlike the *beau idéal* here liberally thrown in gratis.

He was a man, I regret to say, very like other men who are not peers of this realm; which makes a great difference, of course, in everything. He was neither tall nor short, nor fat nor lean, but he had good shoulders, and stood stoutly on his lower limbs, as if it would not be easy to knock him off them; he had a head and face like a vast number of other heads and faces of British manufacture, which you may see every day, in any number, passing from east to west, or from west to east, as the case may

happen, under Temple Bar; thinking hard, but not otherwise meaning any particular harm to any person or thing. A head that was of a good size: not too big, but with ample space in the upper region for the brains—a space perhaps becoming a little too conspicuous through the slightly grizzled and originally sandy brown, short-cut hair. For Mr. Behringbright had not fallen into the taste of the times for hirsute embellishment, and even his chin was as smoothly shaven as a grenadier's of His Majesty King George III. Not that he was so old as to be necessarily bigoted as to his hair; indeed, in spite of the opinions of friends, I doubt if he was quite forty yet. But it may be, through one of those mistakes into which we are all liable to fall, Mr. Behringbright thought he should look younger without so venerable an appendage as a long beard; forgetful that Fashion is always young, even when she powders her locks in complaisance to an old king, grown gray in the service. Or perhaps—and this is a good deal likelier than our other conjectures—he would not take the trouble to be of the mode, which, it is well known, in its earlier stages, requires a considerable recess from society before one can emerge with the rudiments of all one's future honours, in some luxuriance of growth, to receive the surprised and occasionally ironical congratulations of one's friends and intimates.

To continue this authentic description, no sculptor would have selected Mr. Behringbright's visage as a model of manly beauty. But many persons might have recognized in that face the unmistakable indications of manly good sense, calmness of nerve, and steadiness of judgment. George Behringbright looked the kind of man people would like to be near, if they were in a steamboat on fire in the middle of the Atlantic, or in the thick of a railway collision in a tunnel. There was something at once so deliberate, firm, and tranquilly sagacious in the cut of the middle-sized, sober, projecting nose, the steadily-set lips, the high, unwrinkled, but easily compressing forehead, which looked as if it mastered great ideas at a crunch. Not that you would, if a skilful physiognomist, have accepted this man as a person possessed of decidedly comfortable hardness of mind or heart; on the contrary, there was something in the turned-down corners of the mouth,—in the sensitive and rather shrinking glance of those clear grey eyes, that spoke of one who had been capable of great sufferings, and might be capable of more, but would rather not put himself in the way of having to endure them. A man *blasé* by being ill-used rather than ill-using, but who had had enough of the sort of thing, and intended, if possible, to pass the remainder of his days peacefully. A man, nevertheless, whose remains of youth and original warmth and earnestness of the passions,—it was likely enough,—inclined him to wish to enjoy himself, having ample means, if money be the means, to that end. Heaven knows why this man had ever allowed his name to be sullied by its union with that of the daring and disgraceful creature whom the profligates and fools of that day had agreed to call Incognita.

It would be a wonderfully long story to try and explain an anomaly so

startling in the character of a sober London merchant of the nineteenth century, altogether to the satisfaction of the extremely rational, and of course unfailingly consistent, reader; but Mr. Behringbright's personal history might, perhaps, throw some gleams of illumination on the subject, and therefore we may as well introduce a slight sketch of it in this place.

George Cocker Behringbright was the eldest of the three sons of an immensely rich capitalist, who had risen, by all accounts, *from nothing*—mushroom-like—under the sulphureous mists of the last great European war; but who much more probably was descended, as he himself always would have it, from a diamond merchant of Amsterdam of the same name, who, at the period of the *real* French Revolution, thought proper to pass over into England with his treasures, and there turned them to an amazingly better account, in the way of banking and loan-mongering.

The son of this Amsterdam diamond merchant—became English, like most of us, by the circumstance of being born in England—also married an English wife, who allied the somewhat dull and lethargic blood of his ancestry with the Saxon-mettled and thoroughly native fluid in the veins of a Miss Smith, of Oaklands, in Surrey, whose father had also risen to a high rank in the moneyed aristocracy of the country by his own exertions. George Cocker, as I have before mentioned, was the eldest result of this alliance; and he was carefully trained, from his childhood upwards, in all the family faiths and traditions, with the view of his becoming in his turn, in the fulness of time, the head of the great hereditary mercantile firm which, under his sires, had held a foremost place among the richest and most powerful of the trading sea-kings of England.

At the same time his father—or possibly rather his mother, since it is a kind of ambition that runs very strongly in the Smith family—was desirous that the son should be qualified for a higher position in “society” than the parents had ever been able to achieve, in so aristocratic a commercial country, by mere force of money alone. Mrs. Behringbright wished that the representative of the house should take rank also as a gentleman, and become, perhaps, a Member of Parliament, and a person of consequence in the Legislature; always, it may be, with an eye to business: for if money is power, so is power money,—in certain cases not unknown to political and financial interweavings even in these virtuous times of our own.

Accordingly, George Cocker Behringbright received what is called a first-class university education, but he did not exhibit the least liking or attraction towards the more exalted destinies in contemplation for him:

tionally inclined, as was natural in a Smith who intended her eldest son for a lord, and kept up a continual croak out of some of the newspapers on the faults of the administration. On the other hand, Mr. Behringbright never pretended to any special airs of his own, but gave in to commerce, and very evidently took as hearty and sincere an interest in following in the steps of his ancestors, as if those footsteps had led to the clouds.

I do not say what might have happened, considering the natural contrariety of humanity, if Mr. Behringbright had been commanded by his parents, and entreated by his family in general, to become what he made himself. He might very possibly then have turned his attention another way; but as it was, even his mother was at last obliged to give him up as a hopeless case for political eminence, and to relinquish her intention of sending him into Parliament on the opposition benches, and thence, by an easy leap, into the Upper House. She gave him up as a person who was only born to sustain the commercial status of the family, and most determinedly exhibited his ancestral phlegm and perseverance in going the ways his ancestors had always gone.

Upon this the Baroness—for such George Cocker Behringbright's mother had now constituted herself, in despair at her eldest son's stupidity, baroness, one may almost say, in her own right, for the intervention of her husband was not to be counted for much, and she wore the title on her cards in no less defiance of him than of the Heralds' College of London—the Baroness Behringbright, who was a notable woman in all respects, and perceived that no better could be done, set to work in another direction, to regulate her eldest son's career to his advantage.

Not a *marrying man* indeed, Mademoiselle Olympe! How could you expect it? Why, the poor man had already been married once!

"*Marié et bien marié, ma foi!*" as a great wit could not help observing of another party two hundred years ago, just as great wits of the present day—by W. M. Thackeray!—cannot avoid running occasionally into the same confluent small-pox of words.

"*Marié et bien marié.*"

The Baroness's only brother had left an only daughter, heiress to all his wealth, which was not very greatly inferior in amount to the accumulations of the Behringbright family itself. Nothing had all along annoyed the Baroness more than the notion of the heiress passing out of her own

her in any way he could; he was of a nature peculiarly open to feminine influences in all its details; and in spite of his outward Dutch phlegm, and the difficulty of stirring his passions alight, his soul was honeycombed with fire, and easily yielded sparks to the stroke, or even the touch, in those days, if subtly applied. Heaven knows what might have come of it, if the air had been admitted into that whole glowing subterranean, and fanned that hidden mass of igneous matter to a furnace glow!

Miss Abella Smith, the heiress, and Behringbright's cousin, was not, however, exactly the kind of agent to effect this result; and it is very possible G. C. Behringbright might have gone to his grave, like a great many other people, entirely ignorant of the mightier suppressed energies in his own nature, but for a series of events and consequences which make what is called among men, the Chances of Life, and among the supernals, Destiny.

In point of fact, Miss Abella Smith was a *very* common-place personage, and in no wise likely to light up a flame, disastrous or otherwise, in the human heart. If the whole truth must be told, she was particularly what the ladies call *plain*—and, oh me! how much they mean by the word!—to look at; weak and hot-headed internally, almost in equal proportion; and, indeed, to say all, in point of temper, education, *constitution* even, a spoiled child, who only wanted the least possible misdirection to become a wicked one.

At the period, however, when he was first requested to court his cousin, George Behringbright was of an age when it is said that no woman is absolutely displeasing. He had just left school, as it were, for he had made rather a serious business of acquiring information in his university career; willing, as far as he possibly could, to comply with the expectations of his family. He had mingled very little in society, and his mother took good care, while her projects were brewing, that no fascinating interloperesses should distract the attention of her son. Miss Abella was at least young, and had sufficient of womanly coquetry and pride to desire to overcome an indifference in a member of the opposite sex which it is possible she discerned. She played, therefore, a pretty strong card in the game. Habits of obedience to family authority were also adhesions of their continental extraction, which clung to the Behringbrights in their transplantation to the free and generous English soil, which it is well known suffers no slavery upon it; not even the slavery of filial duty, and patient obedience to the commands which were deemed sacred in those foolish old patriarchal days when Jacob waited seven years for his bride. And to all this it must be added, that George Cocker in his younger days was as thoroughly impregnated with the family notions on financial subjects as any other member of it, and fully perceived the propriety of keeping Miss Abella Smith's two hundred thousand pounds in it. He was a great deal more mercenary then, poor fellow, than he became at a subsequent period, when he knew the value of money better.

Accordingly, the Baroness Behringbright was not doomed to failure in everything that regarded her eldest hope; and in due course she had the extreme satisfaction of knowing that she had beaten a whole swarm of intriguing mammas and fortune-hunters, and of presiding over one of the most splendid marriage breakfasts ever given in May Fair,—the fashionable locality or ere Belgravia was,—in celebration of the union of that distinguished heir of “one of our most wealthy commercial families, who have done so much to establish the mercantile greatness of this country on the highest and securest pedestals, with the beautiful and accomplished heiress of the late excellent and esteemed Moydore Smith, Esq., and Co., of Toadmorton Street, and Goldchamber Hall, Wessex, many years M.P. for the East Riding of the county of Richmond.”

I do not suppose—at least, I never read of it—that there was ever a finer bridal feast, even when an old Plantagenet king wedded him to some damsel who brought him a province and a war for a dowry. The whole neighbourhood was made wretched for weeks afterwards by the splendour of the fête; for, in spite of all one’s natural benevolence, it is not pleasant to see other people *apparently* superlatively happy. But when the bride-cakes, silvered and towered up with all manner of chaste designs by Mr. Gunter, were distributed among the guests; when the cold fowls and the ham, the only real eatable dishes, and all the other splendid indigestibles, were either devoured or removed otherwise; when the tablecloths of white satin, flowered with silver, were raised, covered with the stains of “wine and wittles,” in the solemn words of the waiters who performed the ceremony, and wondered at the wastefulness of “nobs,” who were not content with what would wash; when the last bottle of fifty dozens of Clicquot’s first brand had been drunk in the kitchen to the ‘ealth of the young pair just departed, by the hiccuping butler and a confused crowd of glaring-eyed other domestics, male and female, rejoicing over the termination of the fatiguing glories of that ever memorable day,—there was still something to follow; and Mr. and Mrs. George Cocker Behringbright had to live “happy and happy” together ever afterwards—if they could.

But they couldn’t. We have seen and said that Miss Abella Smith was a spoiled child and heiress. What that means in practical exposition, Heaven befriend those whose miserable doom it is to learn. There was no kind of selfishness, absurdity, headlong caprice, insatiable craving and croaking, of which that overwhelming heiress was not capable. She did not love her husband, but she persecuted him as if she did. She seemed to consider that he also had been created by Providence solely to wait upon her caprices, in common with all the rest of the animate and inanimate world. She had a notion, I believe, that the sun only rose and set because she required its light. She considered that her money entitled her to everything, and that no other being in existence had any rights or privileges but such as she could manage to dispense with. Blessed saints! what a martyrdom she led George Cocker Behringbright during a period of seven long, long,

long years; dating from the second day of their honeymoon, when she ordered him to buy her a nosegay of some pet hothouse flower of her fancy, and went into hysterics, in their travelling carriage and four, because he thought they had better not turn aside from their road to Lyons and Italy, and drive seventy miles or so to the nearest great town, where they could hope to meet with rare exotics of the kind!

Mr. Behringbright was, as has been recited, even as a very young man, of much patience and self-control; but his wife's inordinate exactions grew at last to disturb even his resigned and philosophical mood. It came to pass, then, one unlucky day, that—although he had the finest of town and country houses, the most gorgeous of furniture, the most splendid of decorations of every kind and sort to his existence—he perceived he was not happy. He was very far from happy—he was miserable. There was no congeniality between his wife's tastes, manners, or occupations, and his own. They had not an idea in common. She was frivolous, heartless—insipid in private intercourse, beyond expression—far beyond the average run of things in domestic bliss. At the same time she was overbearing, insolent, abusive even, in her whole language and demeanour. Enormous as the portion of her wealth placed at her own disposal was, she managed to be extravagant beyond its limits; and yet there was nothing but discomfort and confusion in the gorgeous household. No one was happy in it; no one thing in its proper place. Above all, this poor woman was bitten with a very bad form of the Smith *rabies*, and was bent and determined, whatever it cost to her or hers, to become a leading member of fashionable society.

What torments, what mortifications, what days and nights of fatigue and joyless dissipation—what enormous expenses, in fine, did George Cocker Behringbright undergo, toiling in the galleys of his senseless Cleopatra's determination to this effect! How did the ungrateful, fugitive waves indeed burn with their gold, as they strained up their Cydnus against all manner of baffling winds and gales, with sails spread vainly purple to the uncongenial and unfavouring skies, that rained pitilessly on them in return, and kept the crew perpetually in wet and steaming garments, suffering all manner of catarrhs and respiratory miseries! It is quite impossible that anybody, who is allowed to eat a crust of bread in peace in a corner, can have any notion what a wretched life of it George Cocker Behringbright led, as an unwilling, unfit, every way indisposed, quiet, domestic, home-loving *leader of ton*, by his wife's decree!

He grew to hate it at last, and all about it, and to grow sulky, and to refuse to lift the oar, at whatever risk of the galley-master's lashing tongue; and the beginning of a great contention was firmly established between the spouses, one of whom was the most obstinate and self-willed of all possible ignorant and egotistic individuals; the other, that formidable sort of animal—a patient man driven beyond his patience.

The performance advanced, of course, in complexity and stormy

interest. Reality is as great a dramatist as Shakspeare, and does not let her scenes flag. These cunningly-devised, artificial torrents of destiny come to no stand-still either, until the catastrophe is poured in a very natural-looking gush and overflow down the artfully grouped rocks and chasms, into such fathomless deeps of foam and froth as Niagara itself exalts in !

It is not to be denied that, besides the abounding elements of contention and rupture that had always existed in the diverse and opposed natures of the ill-matched pair, Mr. Behringbright had discovered in the interval that his wife was decidedly no beauty, and that, in by far the greater part of her proceedings, she exhibited the most disgusting want of good taste, good manners, and even of a decently good heart, which inexpressibly pained and repulsed his own. Alienation of course followed these allusions, disputes, jealousies, separate apartments, rancorous feuds, friends interfering on all sides. But undoubtedly the main faults still continued on *her* side—her own friends (*mehercle* !), even her lawyers, admitted it—up to the time when the sad discovery was made of that truly wonderful lapse from all virtue and honour and decency, on the part of Mrs. George Cocker Behringbright, which resulted in the shocking divorce case, of which all of us who are permitted to read the papers are aware ; wherein the plaintiff was one of the wealthiest of London merchants, and the defendant a miserable Irish groom !

It is not a thing to be dwelt upon ; but need we wonder so much now that Mr. G. C. Behringbright had continued for some good ten or fifteen years neither a bachelor nor a widower, but a person who was free to marry, and did not show the least sort of inclination that way, in spite of the blandishments of every kind showered profusely on the path of the millionaire merchant ?

Such Mr. Behringbright had become more than ever since his father's demise, although he had relinquished his wife's fortune to the uttermost farthing, to himself and her paramour, in breaking for ever the links of their alliance. He had apparently found a great solace and refreshment in accumulating riches upon the riches whose vanity he had learned and known so long. Such had long appeared to be the principal object of his existence, and to that object he devoted all the powers and energies of his mind. To know that other people knew he was growing wealthier and wealthier every day, and admired and applauded him for it, had become his chief means of concealing from himself the hollowness of his existence—of all that he was doing and living for. The noise of a drum perhaps thus silences the convictions of the unfortunate who is condemned to beat it, and who is consoled by observing what a number of still more uncomfortable-looking, yearning vagrants attend upon the dissonant uproar.

We need no longer be surprised to know that this man of unbounded wealth fed and lodged and clothed himself as quietly as if he had been only

that hapless pauper—of five hundred a year—one of his commentators at the Dolce-Far-Niente Club.

He had chambers in the Albany, over a square two yards of mignonette and nasturtiums, with a housekeeper who might have sat for Hecate—only that Hecate is nowhere stated to have snuffed; and he generally wore a suit of coarse brown tweed, with a shabby hat—especially in summer, when almost every one wore a good one; highlow boots with drab tops, and big mother-of-pearl buttons; and he carried an umbrella whenever the sky looked threatening; that is, as often as not.

Meanwhile, it is true that Mr. Behringbright kept up three fine mansions in the country:—one for people to stare through; another for his mother, the Dowager Baroness, to scold fifteen maids of all kinds of work in; and a third for an occasional shooting box, or anything else he thought proper.

On the whole, I think, therefore, that *we* need not wonder so much as Lord Ronald Macdonald did, at a man of that kind of experience showing no excess of delighted eagerness to avail himself of the lavish overtures extended to him by "Society" to enter its enchanted precincts, and pluck again the gorgeous fruit he had already tasted, and found of a species which intelligent travellers have informed people of less migratory habits grows on the borders of the Dead Sea. And I put the crown, I think, on my deductions, when I say that, considering all things, I do not see that *we* need be so exorbitantly astonished, however much we may be scandalized, at Mr. Behringbright's implication in the vagaries of outrageous Incognita herself.

CHAPTER VI.

CORRUMPERE ET CORRUMPI SÆCULUM VOCATUR.

Tacitus, "De Mor. Ger."

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU MAY CALL—THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Free Translation.

OF course, nobody speaks of a man's private affairs to his face. Accordingly, when Mr. Behringbright entered the smoking-room of the Dolce-Far-Niente Club, the whole conversation about the go-ahead Lady Incognita of the Ring—which, in two senses, in her favour, might have been styled the Prize Ring—ceased. Had ceased, in point of exact fact, only that people were still thinking the subject over in their minds—such, at least, as thought at all; which was a minority. By far the majority simply—smoked.

"Do you mean a cigar?" said Mr. Fauntleroy, as Mr. Behringbright seated himself beside him, stretched himself, and yawned a little;—perhaps at the very sight of an elderly gentleman opposite, who, acting on a supposition that he was a man of wit and vivacity—which he was at quarter sessions, in that part of the country where his estates lay—was

the most insufferable bore in the Club, or in the world, indeed—and merited the name of a Social Evil quite as much as a good many persons of the feminine gender, for whom the politeness of the modern Midnight Kettledrum has invented the term.

"Yes, and a glass of absinthe."

"Bitters to the bitter!" muttered Mr. Fauntleroy, with difficulty keeping his joke undertoned; but ~~he~~ he knew a great deal better than to lose a moneyed friend for a joke. On the contrary, he was all the while considering what he could say to oblige Mr. Behringbright; meanwhile producing a richly arabesqued straw-paper fold of cigars—in the original Turkish wrapper, as they came from the Sultan's manufactory, you may believe—from which he requested him to select, summoning a fine gentleman in an imposing suit of gorgeously-hued plush, with a wink of his little finger, to do the other part of the attendance.

"Thank you.—What kind are they?"

"You know I deal only in the *mildest articles* of all sorts—everywhere but in the 'Deadly-Lively'!" replied Mr. Vivian, naming a celebrated, but since defunct, Review;—defunct, at least, in the sense in which the great Lord Chesterfield (he of the maxims which have formed so many fine gentlemen) in his advanced age observed to a friend in a similar predicament, "You and I have long been dead—but let us keep the secret." However, no *living* Review can take offence under the circumstances!

"I know you do; but I like coarse tobacco. Haven't you any Trinchinopoly by you?" said Mr. Behringbright, speaking as heavily and clumsily as he could, on purpose, in the observation.

"The brute!" *thought* Mr. Fauntleroy; but he said, "My dear sir, no; I should as soon think of smoking oakum."

"*Picking* oakum, you mean, don't you?" his interlocutor rejoined, with an innocent expression of query, for Mr. Behringbright was a cynic of the school of Democritus of Abdera, if he was a cynic at all, and did not laugh much at his own good things.

Sir Solomon Comynplace made up for that reticence, however. He burst into a guffaw you might have heard at the Fountains (by courtesy) in Trafalgar Square, from where he sat,—no great distance, certainly. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital—capital! That's what I call a good hit—a regular *oner*, Fonty, my boy! How are your digesters after it?—By-the-bye, Mr. Behringbright, have you heard *my* last?"

"No; I should *like to*," returned that gentleman, in the same equable tone; adding respectfully to the waiter, who now approached, "A

Solomon Comynplace's "*oner*," which he did very heartily; because Sir Solomon, though a rich landed proprietor, never lent money in town, whereas the rapper of the repartee *gave* it, under that form, both in country and town. "How do *you* like yours—come, now? Mr. Behringbright would be glad to *have your last*, Sir Solomon; and I'm sure I join in the request. *Do* let's have it."

"Mr. Behringbright didn't mean *that*. I know what he meant!" said Sir Solomon, pettishly. "How you do giggle, Mr. Fauntleroy!—like some great girl just out of long clothes,—I mean, in frocks and trousers, with a hoop, and all that.—It's about the garotters, you know, Mr. Behringbright; a capital thing!"

"It must be, if you've extracted fun out of them, *worthy* to be your last, Sir Solomon," that gentleman replied, very quietly.

This conversation took place, of course, ever so long ago; but, as the system of catching vermin, fattening them, and then shaking them out loose in the barns, has been in vogue for some time, it is not an anachronism, Mr. Critic!

"Regular fun, I tell you! It's in the form of a *conundrum*."

"Is it?" said Mr. Behringbright, and his jaw did rather fall at the notion. In reality, can there be a greater nuisance in society than being set a puzzle when you want to be quiet, and not to think even about anything worth thinking of?

"Yes: a first-rate one, though. Would you like to hear it?"

"I can't help myself, if you *will* set it me, Sir Solomon," replied the victim, mournfully. "But Vivian here, who is so quick-witted at everything, will have to guess it for you."

"I shall charge handsomely, Sir Solomon, if I do," the latter gentleman said,—"*by the hour*, in fact; so mind it isn't very difficult."

"Ha! ha! ha! *by the hour*! The way they charge on Hampstead Heath!" vociferated Sir Solomon. Decidedly the laugh was with him on this occasion, and against Mr. Fauntleroy, who flushed scarlet—but speedily rallied.

"Do you usually take *asinustrian* exercise, Sir Solomon, when you are airing your wits?" he inquired.

"Never mind, Sir Solomon; let us have the *conundrum*," good-naturedly interposed Mr. Behringbright.

"*You* shall, my boy! It's this," said Sir Solomon, drawing nearer on the divan cushions, where they all sat like a group of enchanters over a fumigation, to the favoured individual, while an indignant glance seemed to exclude Mr. V. F. from any share in the advantages. There is nothing, be it noted, your flingers of sarcasm at others like worse than the ball back again, as hard as it was thrown. "*Why*," he continued, with the usual italicized emphasis of a professional *conundrum-maker*,—"why ought the College of Surgeons to meet and change the name of one of the principal arterial communications of the human body?"

Mr. Behringbright shook his head hopelessly, and fumbled in his pocket for a piece of paper to light his meerschaum.

"Give it up?"

"No, I don't!" said Mr. Fauntleroy, with convulsive eagerness; for, after all, there is something quite irresistible in the smell of the burned bacon-rind in the trap of the conundrum-maker. We all like to show our parts by finding out his, and so fall into it.

"What is it, then?"

Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy, like most other persons of particularly brilliant talent, thought ten thousand explanations in a moment, but not the right one among them all.

"I'll give it up—unless you mean that the *carotid artery* ought to be re-called the *garotted artery*?" then queried Mr. Behringbright, who was not a person of particularly brilliant talent.

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, yes; but why don't you laugh, Behringbright? Ha! ha! ha! Why, can't you even see a good thing when it's set before you? Ha! ha! ha! why even Fauntleroy laughs, who's envious, and grudges everybody's good things."

"So I do, Sir Solomon—*everybody's but yours*."

"It's very good," said Mr. Behringbright, still with perfect gravity, but with a quietly rebuking glance at Mr. Fauntleroy, who was evidently getting rude. "Original, of course? I'm only asking for Vivian's benefit; it may be of use to him next time he dines out—and he likes to be original. But I hope none of us will be called upon to see the joke in its full beauty as we are toddling home at night—Eh?"

This latter exclamation was occasioned by Mr. V. F. suddenly interposing his hand between Mr. Behringbright's and one of the jets of a gas-lamp, which he had drawn down on the pulley, with a view apparently to light a paper medium at it, which he had drawn from his pocket, for his meerschaum.

"Why, you are going to burn a billet-doux, no doubt! Downright sacrilege! Evidently a female paw. What are you thinking of, Mr. Behringbright?"

"Ah, yes, so it is,—not a billet-doux, however; not exactly all treacle and honey; a kind of epistle I don't relish much, however sweetened up for the palate.—An anonymous one."

"Anonymous! I dare say I could tell you the name if I saw the handwriting," said Mr. Fauntleroy, who besides an inexhaustible fund of curiosity in other people's affairs, prided himself on being as knowledgeable in everything scandalous and improper about town as the devil-on-two-sticks himself, shifting the scene from Madrid to London.

"Look at it, then: if it is a secret, it's one confided to me without my knowledge or consent; but it's only worth burning to light one's pipe."

Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy took the paper eagerly, and not only scanned the caligraphy, but in a very brief glance mastered the contents. It was

no additional difficulty for him that it was written in the French language, which of course, as an original English novelist, and also with a view to a diplomatic situation, he carefully studied.

"Why, it's a regular *bonne fortune*, no doubt: allow me to congratulate you," he observed, laughing as he read.

"A *bonne fortune*? how do you mean? Don't you see it's altogether an attack on that—that poor stupid girl, who is making such a noise just at present, because there's nothing else happening, in the parks?"

"I see that it says that the writer has it in her power, and is perfectly willing, to expose to the best, the noblest, the most generous of men—"

"Spare my blushes, my good fellow!"

"When I see them.—To the best, the noblest, the most generous of men,—the incomparable perfidies, the infidelity without example, of the most ungrateful, the most lost, the least worthy-of-consideration woman in the world; who astonishes the same by her exhibition without *pudeur* every day, among the nobility and greatness of this virtuous England, whom she scandalizes as well as the main beneficent cause, by the splendour of her iniquity! I see all this; but I see also that the writer appoints a place where to make her revelations; states that she is permitted occasionally to accompany a *most lovely and interesting youthful lady*—her charge and pupil—to the French plays at the Théâtre of Saint Jacques, as the nearest opportunity to bring the language and correctness of the Parisian phraseology to the ears of her pupil. And I see that she will be there next Friday, and that the number of her box is given, if Monsieur requires any further elucidations of a mystery which ought to be mortal to the generous confidence he reposes in the detestable Incognita!"

"Well, what of all that?" said Mr. Behringbright, who looked at the lively and sarcastically smiling man about town, with even more than customary seriousness and simplicity of meaning in his own eyes.

"Oh, nothing particular: you go, of course?"

"I know the night, at all events, and the box is Number One, and I sha'n't forget that any more than other people; so there's no reason why I shouldn't light my pipe with the communication," said Mr. Behringbright, suiting the action to the word.

"Well, I own I myself should have some little curiosity to know the worst that can be said about this extraordinary creature, who is shaking Rotten Row from its propriety," said Vivian, eyeing Mr. Behringbright, and wondering how far he durst venture in the direction; for although he had so confidently given his auditory a few minutes before almost statistical figures on the subject, he really knew very little more than other people concerning the relations alleged to exist between the millionaire and the driveress of the celebrated ponies in the silver harness.

"I haven't: I know the worst that can be said about her," Mr. Behringbright replied, drawing his first quiet puff of consolation.

"Somebody must be at a dreadful expense with her."

"Somebody is."

"And don't you think, sir,—I put it to you as a member of this community, sir,—as a British citizen, sir,—as a subject of Queen Victoria, sir, living in the nineteenth century, sir!—" began the extremely right-minded British Independent Member; when he was let down rather flat by Mr. Behringbright's sliding in the calm and unobtrusively querent monosyllable—"Yes?"

"'Yes,' sir!—Do you mean to tell me, sir," the right-minded British Independent Member resumed, after a moment's pause, and evidently lashing himself up to a high foam of eloquence, "that any man, or person, or thing,—however rich, however wealthy, however endowed with the best gifts of fortune and of successful mercantile speculation,—that any person whatever, I repeat, no matter what his qualifications—has the right to insult the whole British nation, sir, individually and collectively—I repeat, individually and collectively—from the proudest peer of the realm down to the humblest crossing-sweeper—"

"An Englishman's house is his castle: I grant you that," said Mr. Behringbright, tranquilly smoking on, but contriving to thrust the observation into the cataract of words, like a boy's stick under Niagara, during one of the orator's gaspings, either for breath, or some accumulative expression of his Demosthenic emotions.

"You may have *personal reasons* of your own, Mr. Behringbright!" the orator now thundered, exasperated at the general laugh that followed on the millionaire's interposed political truism.

"Of course, if I have *personal reasons*, they would be my *own*!" that gentleman now observed, but with a sudden flash in the calm grey eye, and a brightening colour on the cheek, which denoted that the Saxon Smith within him was rather getting the upper hand of the descendant of the Amsterdam Dutchman. He concluded, however, relapsing into his usual phlegm,—

"And I hope other *gentlemen* will allow them to remain exclusively so. Only this much I *will* say, Mr. Ribblesdale, in addition: that people's motives are sometimes better than their actions; and that when the Spartans made their slaves drunk before their children, it was not to teach them to indulge in inordinate vinous potations—"

"Bravo! bravo!—Gad, there's a moral even for Incognita's doings!" roared out a really hearty, wholesome, red-and-white Sir-Roger-de-Coverley-looking elderly gentleman, with county M.P. written on him from head to foot, from a corner. "Gad! if I didn't always think so, when I knew who was at it, though I couldn't quite find out at first, either."

"Come, all of us, there's enough concerning this magnificent Urganda the Unknown of our new Amadis of Gaul!" said Mr. Fauntleroy, who saw that his patron was looking seriously grim and displeased, a mood in which he was to be respected; "let's talk of the *new speculation*, Mr. Behringbright; you'll be at the Théâtre Michel, won't you, on Friday night?"

"What should I go for? to listen to a Frenchwoman's abuse of another that isn't? Is it worth while, do you think?" Mr. Behringbright replied, easing off his indignation in a series of rapid puffs, that perhaps transferred the sentiments in his soul into the bowl of his pipe, for it glowed up like a red-hot coal.

"Oh, stop now, softly; you are not quite such a young beginner as all that, Mr. Behringbright! Odds my life! I shouldn't a bit wonder but what some French gouvernante or another, allured by the glorious renown of the *liberality* of Incegnita's millionaire, has a project in hand to betray some innocent young beauty confided to her charge!"

"Good heavens! you don't think so?" exclaimed Mr. Behringbright, now turning quite sickly pale, and staring at his vivacious illuminator with an extremely startled expression.

"Just the thing I should expect."

Mr. Behringbright's face grew scalding hot for a moment—then very much paler than ordinary again.

"I shall go to Michel's on Friday evening," he said, at last, with an apparently painful effort at forming the resolution. "Thank you, Vivian, for putting me up to this—this *bonne fortune*, I think you call it! God bless me!" he continued, in a sort of muttered reverie rather than to his hearer, "I didn't mean such a horror as this!—The Spartans never made their slaves drunk before the women, I suppose, since that is the way they take example! But I'll bring one of them to justice," this confirmed misogynist concluded, "if I find her out in such a devilish piece of mischief as this!"

STRANGE LIGHTS.

Hold a lucifer match over the hand in the dark, and it becomes at once luminous;—a bluish-white flame plays along the fingers, with a series of pretty coruscations. This phenomenon is known to every one.

This light is purely phosphorescent, bathing the surface of the skin in a pale heatless radiance, and may be tested at any moment. A far more extraordinary and brilliant spectacle, however, is described by Dr. Kane, as being witnessed by him in his last voyage to the polar regions. The origin and character of this natural illumination was of a totally different kind, and merits special notice. The doctor, accompanied by his guide, Peterson, was travelling towards an Esquimaux settlement, in search of food. With their wearied dogs and sledges, they had reached some empty huts at a place called Anoatok, after a thirty-mile march from the ship. The date is the 2nd of January, 1854; the thermometer was at forty-four degrees below zero Fahrenheit:—

“We took the best hut,” he says, “filled in its broken front with snow, housed our dogs, and crawled in among them. It was too cold to sleep. Next morning we broke down our door and tried the dogs again; they could hardly stand. A gale now set in from the south-west, obscuring the moon and blowing very hard. We were forced back into the hut, and after caulking up all the openings with snow, and making a fire with our Esquimaux lamp, we got up the thermometer to -30° Fahrenheit, cooked coffee, and fed the dogs freely. This done, Peterson and ~~self~~, our clothing frozen stiff, fell asleep through pure exhaustion, the wind outside blowing death to all that might be exposed to its influence. I do not know how long we slept, but my admirable clothing kept me up. I was cold, but far from dangerously so, and was in a fair way of sleeping out a refreshing night, when Peterson woke me with ‘Captain Kane, the lamp’s out!’ I heard him with a thrill of horror! * * * Our only hope was in relighting our lamp. Peterson, acting by my directions, made several attempts to obtain fire from a pocket pistol, but his only tinder was moss, and our heavily-stoned roof or cave would not bear the concussion of a rammed wad. By good luck I found a bit of tolerably dry paper, and becoming apprehensive that Peterson would waste our few percussion caps with his ineffectual snappings, I determined to take the pistol myself. It was so intensely dark that I had to grope for it, and in doing so touched his hand. At that instant the pistol became distinctly visible; a pale bluish light, slightly tremulous, but not broken, covered the metallic parts of it—the barrel, lock, and trigger. The stock, too, was clearly discernible, as if by the reflected light, and to the amazement of both of us, the thumb and two fingers with which Peterson was holding it, the creases, wrinkles, and circuit of the nails clearly defined upon the skin. The phosphorescence was not unlike the ineffectual fire of the glow-worm. As I took the pistol, my hand became illuminated

also, and so did the powder-rubbed paper when I raised it against the muzzle. The paper did not ignite at the first trial, but the light from it continuing, I was able to charge the pistol without difficulty, rolled up my paper into a cone, filled it with moss sprinkled over with powder, and held it in my hand whilst I fired. This time I succeeded in producing flame, and we saw no more of the phosphorescence. Our fur clothing and the state of the atmosphere may refer it plausibly enough to our electrical condition."

This occurred in the polar regions. A similar phenomenon was witnessed by Dr. Livingstone, within the tropics :—

"Occasionally, during the very dry seasons," he says, "which succeed our winter and precede our rains, a hot wind blows over the desert from north to south. It seems somewhat as if it came from an oven, and seldom blows longer at a time than three days. It resembles in its effects the *hamattan* of the north of Africa, and at the time the missionaries first settled in the country thirty years ago, it came loaded with fine reddish-coloured sand. Though no longer accompanied by sand, it is so devoid of moisture as to cause the wood of the best English boxes and furniture to shrink, so that every wooden article not made in the country is warped. The verls of ramrods made in England are loosened, and on returning to Europe fasten again. This wind is in such an electric state, that a bunch of ostrich feathers held a few seconds against it, becomes as fully charged as if attached to a powerful electric machine, and clasps the hand with a hot, crackling sound. When this hot wind is blowing, and even at other times, the peculiarly strong electrical state of the atmosphere causes the movements of a native in his *kaross* to produce therein a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was while a chief was travelling with me in my waggon. Seeing part of the fur of his mantle, which was exposed to slight friction by the movements of the waggon, assume quite a luminous appearance, I rubbed it smartly with the hand, and found it really gave out slight sparks, accompanied with distinct cracks. 'Dont you see this?' said I. 'The white man did not show us this,' he replied; 'we had it long before white men came into the country, we and our forefathers of old.'"

Otho von Guerrike is said by Baron Humboldt to have been the first that discovered this effect in Europe; but the phenomenon had been familiar to the Bechuanas for ages.

This phosphorescent faculty, to whatever cause it may be attributed, pervades the whole universe. Earth, air, and water; the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms are alike made resplendent by this lustrous phenomenon; and though it is but comparatively recently that this peculiar condition of nature has been patiently observed and scientifically investigated, these strange appearances have, from time to time, startled the unwary and ignorant spectator, furnished food to the imagination of the poet, and struck terror into the hearts of the superstitious.

The falling stars that shoot athwart the October sky; the Aurora Borealis, that floods the northern heavens with a restless pulsating glow of kaleidoscopic hues; the "Will-o'-the-wisp," or "Jack-a-lantern," that dances across the sedgy fens; the spark obtained from the fur of the cat; the luminosity of the sea at night, when struck by the gondolier's oar; the glow-worm that gems, with its pale, emerald, star-like light, the July twilight hedgerows, are all phenomena with which we are familiar, though the causes which produce them have not yet been satisfactorily discovered. What is heat? What is light? What is life? We know them, though we cannot define them. Our ignorance of those subtle principles from which all things spring, does not prevent us from enjoying their effects, and feeling pleasure in attempting to analyze their mysteries as far down as science can trace them. We need not, however, be philosophers to feel and appreciate the beauties of Nature, nor is it necessary to be botanists to admire the whole glories of Flora,—from the modest snowdrop, that trembles in soft unrest beneath a mantle of snow, to the magnificent *Victoria regia*, or the sublime centenary aloe.

So curious, indeed, are the phenomena of phosphorescence, that it is worth while to string a few of them together, that we may learn in what a luminous world we are living,—luminous even when the sun has sunk long below the horizon,—luminous, not with the light derived from the heavenly bodies, the planets, and the fixed stars, but from a light-giving property that belongs to earth itself, and irradiates the whole face of nature.

In our task we are mainly assisted by the French philosopher, Arago, and our countryman, Dr. Phipson, both of whom have studied patiently, and illustrated largely, this interesting subject.

"Sparkling streams and shining rivers" is a neat conception of the poet's; but what if showers emit light, and if raindrops become phosphorescent? The experience of scientific men leaves little doubt as to the reality of these phenomena. M. de Saussure, whilst travelling on the summit of the Breven during a storm, found, whenever he lifted his hand, a sort of creeping sensation in the fingers; and shortly after, an electric spark was drawn from a golden button affixed to the hat of his companion, M. Jarrobert. On the 28th of October, 1722, the Abbé Bertholon, on his way to Lyons, was caught in a rain-storm about five o'clock in the morning; rain and hail fell heavily, and the rain and hail which fell on his horse's trappings emitted sparks of light. On the 3rd of June, 1731, Hallai, an ecclesiastic of Lessay, near Constance, states that he saw in the evening, during a thunder-storm, a brilliant light in the clouds, which he

border of his hat, and when he stooped his head to let it fall, he noticed that when it encountered that which fell from the clouds, at about twenty inches from the ground, sparks were emitted between the two portions of liquid. A friend of Howard, the meteorologist, on his way from London to Bow on the 19th of May, 1809, during a violent storm, distinctly saw the drops of rain emit light when they struck the ground. On the 25th of January, 1822, M. de Thialaw, on his way to Freyburg, observed, during a heavy shower of snow, the branches of the trees glowing with a bluish light. On the same day the miners of Freyburg informed Lampadius that the sleet which fell during a storm emitted light when it struck the earth. Other instances of this phenomenon are on record, but most of these are well authenticated, and being admitted into the collection of François Arago, come to us with the stamp of his authority. Water-spouts have also been observed to be luminous, when they happen in the night.

After phosphorescent rain, it is not astonishing that we should have phosphorescent dust. An instance of this is given as having been seen in the year 1794, during an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, when a shower of extremely fine dust fell in Naples and its environs. It emitted light which, though pale, was distinctly visible at night. An English gentleman, we are told, who happened to be in a boat near Torre de Greco about this time, noticed that his hat, those of the boatmen, and parts of the sails where the dust had lodged, shed around a sensible luminosity.

Even the clouds and the fogs are luminous. Of this we have excellent testimony. "Without speaking," says Humboldt, "of the problematic yet ordinary mode in which the sky is illuminated, when a low cloud may be seen to shine with an uninterrupted flickering light for many minutes together, we still meet with other instances of terrestrial development of light in our atmosphere. In this category we may reckon the celebrated luminous mists seen in 1788 and 1831; the steady luminous appearance exhibited, without any flickering, in great clouds observed by Rosier and Becarria; and lastly, as Arago well remarks, the faintly diffused light which guides the steps of the traveller in cloudy, starry, and moonlight nights in autumn and winter, even when there is no snow on the ground. Rosier states that, in August, 1781, at a quarter before 8 in the evening, the sun having gone down, and the sky overcast, thunder was heard. At five minutes past 8, the storm having attained its height, a luminous point was observed above the brow of a hill fronting his house. This point gradually augmented in magnitude, until it assumed the form and appearance of a phosphoric zone; above this was a dark band, and then again another zone of light. These luminous zones of cloud were nearer the earth than the storm clouds, and their brilliancy lasted about a quarter of an hour. When Admiral Sabine and his crew were lying at anchor at Loch Scavig, in the Isle of Skye, he observed a cloud which constantly enveloped one of the loftiest mountains in that island. This cloud,

which had been formed by the vapour precipitated near the mountains, after having been brought by the constant west winds from the Atlantic, was self-luminous at night, not occasionally, but permanently. He frequently saw jets of light issue from it, and convinced himself that this phenomenon had nothing to do whatever with the Aurora Borealis. In a letter written to M. Elie de Beaumont, by W. P. Wartmann, of Geneva, and which is to be found amongst the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, an account is given of some curious observations as to luminous fogs. The strange phenomenon was observed on nine successive nights, from the 9th to the 18th of November, 1800; the moon, being new, was invisible, but a vast dense mist, not damp enough to wet the earth, but so opaque as to render invisible the borders of the river, hovered permanently over Geneva and its environs. This fog diffused so much phosphoric light that M. Wartmann could easily distinguish books, &c., upon his table, without having recourse to a lamp. A person who had gone on foot from Geneva to Annemasse, in Savoy, on the 23rd of November, stated that he had started at half-past 10 p.m., and that he saw his way the whole distance as if it had been a moonlight night. But one of the most startling instances ever witnessed was doubtless that seen by Admiral Sabine and Captain James Rees, in their first northern expedition. Being in the Greenland seas during the period of darkness, they were called up on deck by the officers to observe an extraordinary appearance. Ahead of the vessel, and lying precisely in her course, appeared a stationary light resting on the water, and rising to a considerable elevation. Every part of the heavens, and the horizon all round the ship, were in utter darkness. As there was no known danger in this phenomenon, the course of the vessel was not altered, and when the ship entered the region of this light, the officers and crew looked on with the liveliest interest; the whole vessel was illuminated; the loftiest parts of the masts and the sails, as well as the minutest portions of the rigging, became visible. The extent of this luminous atmosphere was about four hundred and fifty yards. When the bow of the ship emerged from it, it seemed as if the vessel were plunged in darkness. There was no gradual decrease of illumination; the ship was already at a considerable distance from the luminous region, when it appeared still visible as a stationary light astern.

There is one phenomenon which we must not omit, whilst on the subject of meteorological phosphorescence, and that is, the "Will-o'-the-wisp," the "Jack-a-lantern," the "ignis fatuus,"—the "feux follets" of the French, which dances over boggy lands, and deludes the unwary traveller to destruction. It is closely allied to the "corpse candle" of the Welsh, the "elf candles" of Scotland,—which flicker mysteriously over the graves in our churchyards,—and the fire of St. Elmo in the Mediterranean. But familiar with the Will-o'-the-wisp as we are by name, it is not a frequent visitor; and whilst puzzling philosophers, has not often

given them the opportunity of examining its nature. It is most frequently visible in the autumn, or towards the end of autumn, and the beginning of November. Dr. Phipson remarks that it cannot be termed a "common phenomenon," as many distinguished naturalists have never been able to observe it. It is not unfrequently visible in the north of Germany, and is often witnessed in the pit districts around Port Carlisle, in the Lowlands of Scotland, and in the swampy parts of the south of England. Some countries, however, are very remarkable for this curious phenomenon; for instance, the neighbourhood of Bologna, and some parts of Spain and Ethiopia. A gentleman, travelling in the evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, in a mountainous road, ten miles south of Bologna, perceived a light which shone very strangely upon some stones upon the banks of the Rio Verde. It appeared as a parallelopiped, about a foot in length, and two feet in height above the ground. The lustre it shed was so strong that he could plainly see by it part of a neighbouring hedge and the water of the river. He examined it a little nearer, and was surprised to find that the light became paler, and when he arrived at the place itself, it quite vanished. No smell or other mark of fire was observed at the place where it rested. Dr. Shaw, in his travels to the Holy Land, states that an *ignis fatuus* appeared to him in the valley of Mount Ephraim, and attended him and his company for more than an hour. Sometimes it appeared globular, at others it spread to such a degree as to involve the whole company in a pale, inoffensive light, then contracted itself and suddenly disappeared; but in less than a minute it would appear again, sometimes running swiftly along, and then expand itself in certain intervals over two or three acres of the adjacent mountains.

Let us now come to the vegetable kingdom—not to thrust hard, dry, high-sounding botanical terms in the teeth of our readers—but simply to give a few instances of the luminous appearance which particular plants and flowers present. A daughter of Linnæus is recorded to be the first observer of a light-emitting vegetable. In her "Ladies' Flower Garden," Mrs. Loudon observes,—“A curious discovery was made respecting this plant (the garden nasturtium) by one of the daughters of Linnæus, who died lately at the advanced age of ninety-six. This lady, in the year 1722, observed the flower to emit sparks or flashes in the morning before sunrise, during the months of June and July, and also during twilight in the evening, but not after total darkness came on.” The Swedish naturalist, Professor Haggern, relates that he one evening perceived a faint flash of light

at intervals of several minutes, and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be seen at a considerable distance. The air at the time of this phenomenon was exceedingly dry, which leads naturally to the conclusion that it is connected with electricity. M. Haggern observed that the following flowers emitted flashes, more or less vivid, in the following order:—The marigold, the garden nasturtium, the orange lily, the French and African marigolds. On the 18th of June, 1857, about ten o'clock in the evening, M. Th. Fries, the well-known Swedish botanist, while walking alone in the Botanic Garden of Upsal, remarked a group of poppies from which flashes of light were emitted. Notwithstanding he had been forewarned that such things had been observed by others, he could not help believing himself the subject of an optical delusion. Altogether the flashes continued to sparkle from time to time for three-quarters of an hour. He was thus compelled, as it were, to believe that what he saw was real. The next day, observing the same phenomenon to recur about the same hour, he took a person to the spot entirely ignorant that such a manifestation of light had ever been witnessed, and, without saying anything about it, he brought his companion to the group of poppies. His friend was soon in raptures of astonishment and admiration. Many other persons were then led to the same place, some of whom immediately remarked that the flowers were throwing out flames. But the emission of light by this class of plants is not limited to flowers. Some naturalists assure us that the leaves of an American plant, called *Oenothera macrocarpa*, exhibit phosphoric light when the air is highly charged with electricity. The milky juice of some vegetables also becomes phosphorescent when rubbed upon paper or when a little heated. This is extremely remarkable in the *Euphorbia phosphorea*, a Brazilian species; if its stem be broken, and the milky juice which exudes be drawn over paper, characters are obtained which appear luminous in the dark. This quality, also, is to be met with in a plant closely allied to the palm family. If the spathe which involves the flowers be broken, the act is accompanied by a loud cracking noise and a spark of light. It is well known that the common potato, in a state of decomposition, sometimes emits a light sufficiently vivid to read by.

In what part of nature may not these phenomena of phosphorescence be found? If we had space we could show that they existed in every division of the natural world,—in the animal as well as in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. But we are precluded the pleasure of pursuing this subject any further; otherwise we might treat of those phosphoric insects, the lantern-flies and fire-flies, which illuminate the nights of warmer climates; or even the despised earth-worm, which has been known, under certain circumstances, to emit light; or that marine vegetation which, according to Humboldt, “offers to the microscopical investigator of nature the magnificent spectacle of a starry firmament reflected in the sea;” or those

marvellous minerals which, drinking in the sun's rays by day, restore them in the deep darkness of the night. It is, however, sufficient here to have pointed out the existence of this beautiful feature of nature, and to have illustrated the fact by a few authentic and striking instances. If it be asked how this light is produced, what is the secret of illumination, what gives this resplendent character to the fly, the worm, the flower, a piece of fur, or a lump of baratyne, we can only answer by a kind of negative information,—we repeat that it is in some way connected with electricity and those inflammable gases which are accidentally kindled, or contain the elements of spontaneous combustion. But then, what is electricity? We must know more about the “correlation of physical forces” before we can determine this question; and having taken the reader thus far, and placed him, as it were, upon the brink of an illimitable ocean, which science has yet to explore, we leave him to reflect over the exquisite phenomena which have been recorded in the foregoing pages.

THE NOVEMBER VIOLET.

See where beneath the southern wall,
 Blue sky above to greet us yet,
 Looks forth the harbinger of spring—
 The fragrant purple violet.

How com'st thou at a time like this,
 Fair memory and hope in one?
 Art thou the last of spring's gay train,
 Or dost thou tell of one begun?

I care not, but I prize thee more
 In dull November, chill and drear;
 When, at pale autumn's withering touch,
 The yellowing leaves fall thick and sere.

I, too, can tell of quiet joys
 Found in the autumn of my days,
 Of deeper root and richer hues
 Than those that garlanded my Mays.

Oh! blest the heart that sows in spring

THE MISSION OF TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN.

ACCORDING to the accounts which pour in from all quarters, of the robberies and murderous outrages committed by ticket-of-leave men, it would appear that their peculiar mission must be to maltreat their fellow-creatures in every possible way, as if, indeed, the *ticket* were especially designed to give them *leave* to perpetrate any crime which their fancy dictated.

And if it be too absurd to suppose that the Government gives these men permission to commit offences, yet it is the opinion commonly held by the English people that the ticket-of-leave is the primary cause of those injuries which its holder so often inflicts upon his fellow-countrymen and women. Consequently we hear it said that the ticket-of-leave system is a failure, the constantly recurring offences committed by the ticket-holders being adduced as conclusive evidence of this fact. And, indeed, nothing can be more natural, but at the same time nothing more erroneous, than this belief.

The English ticket-of-leave system, or rather the system our legislators devised under that name, cannot be pronounced a failure, for the very good reason that it has never been tried. The system which is called ticket-of-leave (if such a mass of confusion can be called a system at all) has certainly been the cause of an enormous amount of crime, which, in all probability, had the system been applied in its integrity, would have been avoided.

The history of the ticket-of-leave system is briefly this. For more than half a century we annually transported vast numbers of criminals to our Australian dependencies, there to be employed by the colonists; and as long as labour was scarce, they were willingly enough received, many of them, after serving their time, rising to be men of wealth and position. But whether the convicts did well or ill in their new abodes, they very rarely returned to trouble their native country; and we therefore congratulated ourselves that we were well rid of a dangerous class of the community. Occasionally sad stories of the increased depravity and intense misery of these unhappy persons reached this country, but for the long period during which they were despatched to Australia, the English people gave scarcely any heed to narratives of this kind.

When, however, the great increase of free emigration made labour much more easily to be procured, the colonies discovered that the decay of public morals caused by the constant influx of criminals was sapping the very vitals of their bodies politic, and they therefore determined that they would have no more of them, and, with the exception of Western Australia, which still receives a small number, and of South Australia, which never was a penal settlement at all, the Australian colonies refused to receive what has been aptly termed our "moral sewage." As these dependencies possessed the power to enforce this refusal, the mother

country was obliged to yield, and thus to retain her criminals within her own shores.

In order to meet this exigency, the Legislature in 1853 passed an Act, creating a new punishment, called penal servitude, as a substitute for transportation; and this punishment consists of imprisonment and hard labour, with the provision that if the convict behaves well, he will be allowed to quit the prison before the expiration of his legal sentence, and remain at large so long as he shall obey certain regulations with which he is furnished. This permission or licence is commonly known as the "ticket-of-leave." On it are printed the conditions to be observed by its holder: from these we extract the following important paragraph:—

"To produce a forfeiture of the licence it is by no means necessary that the holder should be convicted of any new offence. If he associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle or dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime; and he will at once be apprehended and re-committed to prison under his original sentence."

This condition—stringent enough, one would think, to send the ticket-holder back to prison before he could have time or power to commit a new offence—has never been enforced in England. Incredible as this may appear, it is unfortunately quite true, and in consequence of the neglect of this rule a vast amount of crime has been committed, and a still more vast amount of misery inflicted, which ought and might have been avoided.

Many reasons have been put forward to defend this extraordinary mode of proceeding on the part of the Home Office, which département has the direction of all the Government prisons, but they have hardly been more successful than the one we ourselves heard alleged at the Social Science Congress last June, by one of the speakers in the reformatory section, who seemed deeply imbued with the excellency of the system pursued in this country with regard to convict management.

He said that the Secretary of State could not get up in his place in Parliament, and uphold the revocation of tickets-of-leave, without the commission on the part of their holders of some new offence.

But if he cannot do this, considering the stringent conditions printed on each licence, he must be able to rise in his place in Parliament, and justify the printing on every ticket-of-leave of that which the holder of the ticket knows perfectly well to be a falsehood,—a task we should think infinitely harder to accomplish!

It will therefore appear that the ticket-of-leave, intended by the Legislature as a protection to the public, has, through the maladministration of the Executive, proved nothing but a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

Speaking in round numbers, there are about 2,000 convicts annually set at liberty in this country, and we learn from a most valuable work lately published, entitled "Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in

Ireland," from very careful calculations based upon the different data it has been in the power of the author to collect, that "in all probability at least half of the ticket-of-leave men have returned more or less to crime."^{*}

This book is the result of a minute examination of the Irish convict prisons by four West Riding magistrates, who are also visiting justices of Wakefield Prison—a part of which jail has for many years been let to the Government for the reception of convicts, *i. e.*, men sentenced to penal servitude.

The experience these gentlemen have gained from the knowledge of the working of this department, and of the conduct of its inmates when released on ticket-of-leave, and the great care which has been taken in all their calculations of the results of convict discipline, both in England and in Ireland, give to this book a sterling value. Indeed, we may hope that its publication and circulation will form the beginning of a new era in our prison discipline.

We have stated that about 2,000 convicts are annually discharged at home, at least half of whom relapse into crime. We may therefore conclude that nearly 1,000 of those set at liberty ravage the land and commit outrages on their fellow-creatures.

If the Government were to let loose 1,000 tigers every year, we should say that the chiefs of such a government were only fit for Bedlam; but, on a careful consideration of the subject, it may perhaps appear that the tigers would not be much more injurious to us than are the ticket-of-leave men. Besides, we are all fully informed of the ravages tigers commit, and we could more easily take measures of protection against these wild beasts than we can insure ourselves against the evil designs of creatures bearing outwardly the form of men, but who are inwardly ravening wolves. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Indeed, we have to our cost *known* them by this test.

It may be objected that it would be impossible to discover when a ticket-of-leave man was about to commit crime. The legislators who passed the Penal Servitude Act, however, had no doubts on this point. The ticket-of-leave-holder may, say the objectors, have conducted himself well in jail, conforming with cheerful submission to the prison rules. He may leave it, protesting that he is ashamed of his former courses, and giving every promise that in future he intends to live honestly. Is such a man to be followed, his actions spied into by the police, and on mere suspicion is he to be dragged before a magistrate, and without proof of actual wrong-doing is he to be ruthlessly thrust into prison? Surely such a course of treatment is not compatible with the freedom which is the inheritance of every British subject. This objection, however, is conclusively answered by the observation that

* "Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland." Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London, 1862.

these ticket-of-leave-holders are not *free* men. They are actually under sentence of penal servitude, and are only allowed to be at large experimentally, and on condition of their obeying certain rules; and in order that the authorities may be satisfied that these regulations are observed, a certain amount of surveillance must be exercised. This should be no more onerous on the licence-holder than the safety of the public demands.

It is, however, needless to indulge in theoretically defending a principle, when we can point to its complete success in practice. The law with regard to ticket-of-leave men is exactly the same in England as in Ireland, yet its administration has been so totally different in the two islands, that while in one it has been a complete success, and has gained the full confidence of the nation, in the other it has through maladministration, or, more correctly speaking, non-administration, become nothing short of a byword and term of reproach.

In Ireland, Sir Walter Crofton, by his unfailing revocation of all licences whose holders did not fulfil the conditions endorsed upon them, and by his application of police supervision over all ticket-of-leave men, has so won the confidence of the Irish public in his power of restraining convicts, that there is actually a greater demand by employers for these men when discharged on ticket-of-leave than the prisons can supply. And if such happy results can be obtained in Ireland, why cannot they in England?

We have drawn a comparison in the last page between ticket-of-leave men and tigers, and we might in consequence lead our readers to suppose that we consider the men as dangerous to the safety of the public as these terrible wild beasts doubtless would be, and as long as they remain unreformed, we do so consider them; but we are entirely and radically opposed to the doctrine that these unhappy creatures are *irreformable*.

The writer of this, who has had the great advantage of personal acquaintance with such men as Captain Maconochie, Mr. Demetz, and Sir Walter Crofton, and who has known what they have done, would be obtuse indeed if he could for a moment doubt that it is perfectly practicable to reform all but a small proportion of criminals.

Unfortunately, in the convict prisons of this country, though the outlay of money is enormous, the means for reforming their unhappy inmates have not been employed; and after the brutalizing process of association with men as bad, and sometimes worse than themselves, it is not surprising that when these men receive their tickets-of-leave (which are given not as a reward for good conduct, as the Legislature intended, but only as a result of a certain period of imprisonment passed without flagrant misconduct) they are still more demoralized, and greater slaves to their evil passions than when they were committed to prison.

Want of space precludes us from entering into any details of the system employed by Sir Walter Crofton in Ireland. Suffice it to say that he makes known to every convict on his entrance into prison, that his time of

quitting it, and his position during his incarceration, will depend entirely upon himself. If he will use his best endeavours to do right, and in consequence enable himself to pass the rigid tests to which every convict is subjected, he will gradually improve his condition in prison. Discipline, by degrees—as the criminal is found able to bear relaxation without backsliding—will become less and less harsh, until he has fairly earned his ticket-of-leave. If he stubbornly refuse to follow the dictates of better feeling, he is retained in prison until the expiration of his sentence. Cases, however, like these latter are rare. Some convicts require a much longer time than others to regain their liberty, but there are comparatively few who altogether fail in earning their licences. But the ticket-holder is still responsible to the authorities. He must report himself once a month to the chief of police in his district, and if he change his domicile he must carefully report such change to the same officer. If he fail in the slightest degree in the strict observance of this rule, he is at once relegated to prison. It is only on the expiration of the sentence passed upon him by the judge, that he is a perfectly free man. It has often been asserted that this police supervision destroys all chance of the convict's obtaining an honest livelihood. The prison ban is upon him, his fellow-creatures shun him, no master will employ him, he must steal in order that he may live. But all these objections have been proved in practice to be utterly futile. Masters will and do employ ticket-of-leave men, knowing, as they know in Ireland, that they are protected from danger by this very police supervision; and the licence-holders themselves do not find it burdensome. If they are really striving to live honestly, the supervision is a protection to them. If they fall into suspicion, they can refer to the police, who are acquainted with their history from the date of their discharge, and are easily able to say whether or no they are innocent.

The system has worked admirably well in Ireland, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt its working equally well in England. The Irish convicts once held the unenviable distinction of being the worst of their class. Surely, if the system has been so effective in reclaiming them, we may hope it will be as successful with a superior raw material to work on. At any rate, things are now so bad in this country that the people have a right to demand that a system hitherto so successful should at least be tried. We know by experience, that when the English nation arises in its strength, its behests are obeyed. We would then ask how long the nation will permit the ticket-of-leave system to be a sham—a system only in name; how long the mission of ticket-of-leave men shall be to rob, pillage, and murder their fellow countrymen and countrywomen. How long shall men and women, who in nine cases out of ten have first sinned through ignorance, be made worse in our convict prisons? When will the nation arise, and say such a scandal shall cease? When will it declare that the end to be attained by all jurisprudence shall be the protection of the public; and the means to that end the reformation of the offender?

THE DYING POET.

He learn'd to love, and was beloved ;
 His bride was nobly born ;
 He of the people sprung ; for this
 They crush'd him with their scorn.

But the weak woman gather'd strength
 From love and grief's excess ;
 And greater than her power to charm
 Was now her power to bless.

She comes all laden with the spoils
 From shelter'd nooks in May—
 The cowslip and the hyacinth blue,
 And hawthorn's pearly spray.

“ How many miles those little feet
 Have wander'd for these tokens sweet ! ”
 ‘ Oh ! nothing seem'd the way to me,
 For the deep love I bear to thee ! ”

“ What tears those gentle eyes have wept,
 Whilst I, painworn, towards daybreak slept ! ”
 “ Oh ! nothing seems that watch to me,
 For the deep love I bear to thee ! ”

He died, that poet proud and young ;
 No summer friends were near ;
 And she alone, who closed the eyes,
 Follow'd the humble bier.

And many pray'd of her to wed,
 But cold she pass'd them by ;
 “ His was a noble name,” she said—
 “ I keep it till I die.”

CAROLINE KING.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

A ROMANCE.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, JUN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WINDING UP ON THE REEL.

LORD ROSSTHORNE was right when he said that his secret would soon be public property. The great world could talk of nothing else for a day or two after his commitment. The fellows who bawl out strange and wonderful news in the streets by night, got a shilling apiece for evening editions of the *Globe* and *Standard*, in which the first report appeared. The morning papers took it up, and published leading articles upon it, in which the prisoner's guilt was proved to demonstration in the choicest language. To be sure, they wound up by requesting every one to suspend his judgment till the trial; but it did not seem to occur to the writers to suspend their own. In this free England of ours, every man is supposed to be innocent till he is found guilty; only if people will go and get charged with murder in the dull time of the year, when subjects for leading articles are scarce, they must take the consequences. The cheap illustrated journals rummaged amongst their old blocks to find some portrait of an elderly gentleman which would do for Lord Rossthorne; and the choice knots of pothouse politicians, who are good enough to return our metropolitan members to parliament, were delighted at the idea of a peer of the realm—a member of the “haristocracy”—being sent to jail like a common felon. Then arose exciting discussions amongst the unlearned in all classes of society, about what would become of the prisoner if convicted, and there was no end to the absurdities propounded. A peer could not be hanged—yes, he could,—but the rope must be a silk one, provided on purpose by the Lord Mayor of London. The High Sheriff of Kent would have to act as executioner—no, bless your heart! the execution would be on Tower Hill. The prisoner was confined in the Tower—everybody knew *that*! What nonsense to talk about lords being hanged!—they were always beheaded (be-eaded was the usual way of pronouncing the word in the quarters where this idea was prevalent). “Them there bloated haristocrats was always treated different to other people.” The learned in Lincoln’s Inn and the Temple were full of excitement. Would the prisoner claim his privilege, and be tried by his peers? Would Parliament be sitting when he would be called up to plead to the indictment? Would there be a trial in Westminster Hall, with a Lord High Steward, and all the rest of it? Who would defend him? Would Markham lead? How much would he have on his brief? And so

on. There were gentlemen who went about looking mysterious, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, and giving their friends to understand that they had known all about it long ago, but—; and that they *could* disclose a great deal that had not yet been made public, only—. There were ladies who gave it as their opinion that Grace Lee must be a very bold-faced young person to behave as she did in court. Lastly, there were fogies who got red in the face in their club windows, declaring that the whole thing was a conspiracy, by God! A got up thing to ruin Rossthorne. Rossthorne was a man of honour, sir! He commit a murder? Not he! If he did, the fellow deserved it, by God! and that was all about it. Those confounded Radicals were ruining the country, and it would not be fit for a gentleman to live in soon. Afterwards, when no further disclosures were forthcoming, and all these good people had had their say, they found something else to talk about.

Few were more agreeably surprised and perplexed at the disclosures which *were* made, than our old friend Jim Riley. He, too, had been hunting, and at first hit upon the true secret. He was the first of the three visitors who called on sister Mary (whom he knew to be his mother's sister), in the convent at Hull. To her he communicated his suspicions that poor Nancy was—as he called her—"a gentleman's child." He urged that the mysterious hints thrown out by his mother referred to her—there he was right; and that the miniature and other articles which he had found in the cottage at Westborough would, sooner or later, give a clue to her parentage—there he was wrong. Not much help did he get from his grim aunt, until after Stephen's visit, and Mr. Lager's enforced interview. Then she sent for him, and was unnaturally communicative. She told him of her sister Lucy's fall whilst in the service of Lord Penruthyn, and of the child being placed in his (Jim's) mother's care.

"It was of this wretched infant," said sister Mary, "of which your mother spoke. She was always a poor, weak-spirited fool, ready to take the burden of other people's sins upon herself; and this Nancy that you speak of may or may not be her own daughter. At any rate, your mother could not have spoken of *her*. She spoke of the child which was taken away from her by its father when you were still a boy; and the portrait and letter you have found relate to her. I will help you to trace out this child." Then she told him that a man named Williams had removed her from Westborough, and that she had been placed by him in a school,

gentleman had called at his mother's cottage the very day that he had quitted it with Nancy; that he had exhibited much surprise and consternation when he heard that Mrs. Riley was dead, and that her son had carried off the imbecile woman who passed as her daughter. In the course of his inquiries as to who this person was, what he was like, and where he had come from, made of the neighbours and at the railway-stations, he encountered Mr. Lagger. By this time the detective had obtained that evidence which connected Lord Rossthorne with Brandron, and pointed him out as the person whom the latter had summoned to Westborough. He, consequently, had ceased to "want" Jim as a principal in the great murder case, but he was very glad to find him, and have him ready to produce in court at the trial; because his presence there would exclude one important topic which might be urged in defence of the prisoner.

"If you'd 'a kept out of the way, Jim," explained Mr. Lagger, "they'd 'a sed, 'Where's Jim Riley?'—that's what they'd 'a sed. They'd 'a sed, 'You go and take a nobleman of high character into custody, because he was seen about the spot that day, and you don't look arter a travelling tinker, who *has* bin in trouble, who was thereabouts too!' Where is this 'ere travelling tinker? Pro-duce him. Have you searched for him? Well, if you have *not*, you've ne-glected your dooty, and in his absence there is a reasonable doubt that the prisoner is guilty. If you *have*, and cannot find him, there is reasonable cause to believe that he has bolted because he is guilty; and in either case, the prisoner might get off. I don't intend this 'ere prisoner to get off. I intend to con-vict him, and then to re-tire into private life with my little niece. Therefore you and me will keep company, Jim, and be very good friends, and help each other. Now, *you've* got a little game of your own, *you* have," continued the detective, winking his right eye and jerking his elbow into Jim's ribs. "Tell me what it is, and I'll help you."

After a little demur Jim did tell him, and, in return for his confidence, and certain useful information which he incidentally gave, he received the important news, that the gentleman who had called at Mrs. Riley's cottage was Sir George Tremlet, of Tremlet Towers.

It must be admitted that our worthy Jim's motives in seeking and following up these discoveries, were not of unmixed purity. He felt kindly enough towards poor Nancy, but the thought that he should be able to make a good bargain, on his own account, with those who might feel it inconvenient to recognize her, was present to his mind when he commenced his researches; and great was his disappointment afterwards at finding what he had thought the *real* scent about to be disclosed by others. He was, therefore, not dissatisfied with the evidence he heard in Poundbridge Town Hall—evidence which left his chances exactly as they were when sister Mary diverted his search from the right direction.

And why did she do this? Well, it never was exactly cleared up, and she was not the sort of woman to volunteer an explanation. A story

was, certainly, put forward, that she acted under the orders of her superiors, and notably of the gentleman who lived in those sumptuous apartments in St. James's; and that she had deceived Jim Riley and Stephen for the purpose of preventing the Rossthorne estates from passing away from the Corytons (who were Roman Catholics), as would be the case if Grace Lee's legitimacy were established. I place no reliance whatever in such an idle conjecture, and think I can trace it to its source—a foul one, from which springs much foolish and vulgar abuse of a religion which is, at all events, entitled to our respect, however much we may differ from its teaching. No, I believe that sister Mary had exclusive information, which was partly correct and partly incorrect; and that the conviction that the child which was taken away from her sister Susan was really her sister Lucy's offspring, having once entered her obstinate head, no argument or consideration could remove it. She was sent to Westborough to take possession of Mrs. Riley's cottage—the lease of which had several years yet to run; she heard people chattering about Stephen and Grace—as people will chatter in small country places; or, happening to see them that afternoon, wandering, lover-like, in the wood, drew her own deductions, and gave her terrible and unnecessary warning conscientiously. It was from her that Mr. Lagger learned that the “Susan” who corresponded with Brandron was Mrs. Riley, of Westborough; and even he was thrown off the right tack by the answers she gave him whilst under the screw, on the day when poor Patty Marsh lost her sailor sweetheart. Hence the erroneous deductions which he drew from George Howell's letters. Has the reader forgotten the hungry-looking tramp who passed by where Stephen and the detective sat, just when the latter was about to draw those deductions? There were others which this poor fever-stricken wretch could have disposed of, if he had heard what was said on that occasion.

All doubt, however, as to Nancy's birth and parentage was removed the night after Lord Rossthorne's commitment, when, after a long conference with Steevie, Sir George Tremlet sent for Jim Riley, and claimed her as his child. The fears of a discovery, which had haunted him ever since his marriage, were now removed; and he could explain to Steevie, in faltering tones, and with averted looks, the mistaken inference

behalf. Mr. Cornelius Bruffor was the abject slave of Miss Flora Wantley, upon the strength of a promise lately obtained, after months of devotion, that she would swear to love, honour, and obey him, as soon as he could establish a private practice which should be sufficiently remunerative to enable him to give up the shop. Miss Wantley, who had maintained an elegant appearance the greater part of her life from the sale of penny newspapers, could not "abide" marrying a shopkeeper. To Mr. Bruffor's credit be it said, that he had long since declared that Nancy must have country air, generous diet, and a tonic treatment—recommendations which were echoed by the celebrated doctor whom Steevie called in, to the great delight of the little chemist and druggist. So, as I have said, the patient was taken off to Hampstead, and Helen—her first and best ally—went with her.

Poor Nancy! They called her an idiot down in Westborough. Idiocy was not her affliction. She was merely of weak mind from her birth, and nothing had been done to rouse her from the mental lethargy into which she sank, and which grew upon her, until the last spark of sanity was almost extinguished. Her entire change of life, and the bustle of the little shop, did wonders in developing her dormant intellect; but the atmosphere of Little Union Street and Ruby Row was almost fatal to the bodily health of one who had spent her life from infancy upwards amidst the hop-gardens and pleasant pastures of breezy, fragrant Kent. As the strength of her mind increased, so—only in a greater and swifter ratio—did her physical strength seem to die away and leave her. She never thoroughly recovered from the exhaustion of that long tramp from Westborough, and the effect of sleeping in wet clothes in the open air. It was only on his arrival in London that honest Jim obtained the money which he had paid Mrs. Riley. He was all but destitute when he left his mother's cottage (though he left money there which he might have taken), and could not afford to pay for a night's lodging on his way. Nancy was a stout, strong, hale woman when she started on that journey, and when Stephen saw her two months afterwards he could hardly recognize her, so fair and delicate did she look.

Good Mrs. Wantley was very sorry to lose her charge; nor was this her only grievance about this time. Her eldest son had been discharged from jail—a cripple, poor fellow, for life—and at first had gladdened her heart by his improved language and conduct; but a great change came over him shortly after Nancy's departure. He absented himself all day from the little shop, never returning, except to sleep and take his meals. Sometimes he would ask to have his dinner packed up in a basin, and he would limp away with it in the morning, and never come back till dark. He was incessantly begging money of his mother, and one day she saw him emerging from the pawnbroker's at the corner, and next Sunday noticed, to her sorrow, that he appeared in his every-day suit. In vain she scolded, in vain she coaxed. He would not tell where he spent his time

and his money. He tried to laugh off his mother's anxiety, and gave her evasive answers. It was all right; he was not up to any harm. He would tell her about it some day; and so on.

But how came he to have the opportunity of thus distressing his worthy parent? Why was he not expiating in Maidstone jail his defeated attempt to escape from his punishment in that prison? Was Jim Riley wrong in stating that he would be tried for that offence? No; Robert Wantley *was* tried, and acquitted. What, acquitted? when he was found groaning under the wall with a dislocated hip, dressed in his prison dress, and with a rope made of his bed-clothes, clutched broken in his hand! He was indeed; and when you hear why this happened, you can, if you please, moralize upon the glorious uncertainty of the law.

Upon several of the circuits into which England is divided for judicial purposes, there were—there may be now, for aught I know—certain young gentlemen of good birth and fortune, who attend for the purpose of amusing themselves and extending the circle of their acquaintance; who have no intention—as, indeed, they have no necessity—to follow the law as a profession, but who see no impropriety in standing in the way of hard-working, necessitous men who depend upon it for their bread and cheese, and thus snatching a few guineas from their hands. These interlopers are, for the most part, very ignorant of their profession, and would avoid a difficult brief as they would a friend who wore an old coat. Providence, however, has created for them a certain class of business in the criminal assize courts, which a boy of fourteen years old and average impudence could manage, and has given a good deal of this for distribution into the hands of a class of men who take delight in gratifying rich young gentlemen—sons and nephews of country squires—and giving briefs and fees to those who don't deserve the one nor require the other. Unto such a person, who lounged yawning into court for the first time in the day about one o'clock, came an attorney of the order lately indicated, who presented him with the brief against Robert Wantley for an escape, and requested that he would draw the indictment, as the circumstances made it rather a special one. Our fortunate and fashionable young friend, not being able to do this himself, got an unfashionable, and, consequently, unfortunate fellow-barrister, who knew his business, to do it for him; learned his brief by heart, and invited half a dozen elegant ladies, his relations in the county, to attend the trial, and see what a great lawyer he was. Alas! the brief—all full of flourishes, and got up with the most elegant penmanship—omitted to state any evidence upon an important allegation, which the unfashionable drawer of the indictment had added as a matter of course—an allegation for which any one, with even an elementary knowledge of his profession, would have been prepared. Our fashionable friend was not prepared for it. He did not know what the judge meant when he told him he had not proved his case. Barristers to the left of him, barristers to the right of him, barristers

behind him, prompted and wondered; but, though confident enough as long as he could read question after question off his brief, he became hopelessly flustered when the hitch came,—blundered, flushed, stammered, and sat down, with the court whirling around him, so that he could not hear the sharp, laconic words in which the judge told the jury that they must acquit Robert Wantley, and that no costs would be allowed in the case, on account of the slovenly manner in which it had been conducted. "If piddle will give business to piddle who don't understand ut, they must take the consequences," said his lordship, in an under voice, to the high sheriff. "Besides," added he, "the poor devil is a cripple for life; surely he's punished enough. Let 'um go." Rough justice, my lord, and thank you for it. Crime is a rough thing, and cannot be justly measured with an ivory foot-rule or a pint of rose-water. You and I shall never meet again with wigs upon our heads, but I shall not forget how kindly and justly—how fearlessly and well I have seen you judge poor weak human nature; and who knows but that some of our countrymen may profit by the teaching I have received at your hands?

So Bob Wantley was acquitted, and returned to his home, only to relapse, after a time, as his poor fond mother feared, into the bad habits which had caused his ruin. Nothing that she could say or do would keep him at home. She locked him up in his room, and he broke open the door. She hid his crutch from him, and he crawled out without it, returning at night in fearful pain from the exertion. She went down on her knees, and implored him with tears in her eyes not to leave her thus, or, at any rate, to tell her where he went, and what he did, all those long days. He kissed her, laughed, said it was all right; he was up to no harm; she should know about it some day, and so on, as before; slipped by her, and passed out into the street, carrying his dinner with him. One day she set his brother Charley—then enjoying his long vacation—to follow the truant; and Charley, who was a sharp lad, tracked him till he saw him enter a public-house, from which, though he watched the door for five hours, Charley did not see him emerge. Charged with spending his time there in bad company, the culprit laughed, and told her he had known that Charley was dogging his steps, and had therefore defeated him by entering that public-house, and dogging immediately through a side door into the next street, whilst the confiding brother remained outside.

"I'll tell you all, mother," said Bob, "when the right time comes; but you won't get a word from me now, and you *shan't find out. There!*"

L'homme propose! Mrs. Wantley was not deficient in that quality which we lords of the creation call "obstinacy," when found in the female mind. We have a more dignified name for it, I think, when it moves in our own lofty bosoms. The good woman determined to save her son, and, as a necessary preliminary, to find out where and with whom he spent his time; therefore, as Charley had failed in this behalf, she resolved to

seek a more skilful ally. The proceedings at the trial at Westborough had revealed her erratic lodger in his true character, and to him she applied, not as a policeman, but as a friend, for advice and assistance.

Mr. Lagger turned the subject over in his mind, and after premising that the business was to be considered as altogether private, and on no account to deter his re-tirement, consented to undertake it. Very simple was Master Bob's riddle to Mr. Sampson Lagger, and those whose services that lynx-eyed person could command. He had only to tell the constable on duty in Ruby Row to watch where he went, and to pass on the word.

"He goes to a lodging-house in Ryder Street, sir," said a police constable on that beat. "He was passed on to me by X 52, who had him from B 13."

"Ha! Ryder Street, is it?" mused Mr. Lagger; "and what does he do there?"

"Goes to see a man who's very ill with fever, or something bad. Takes him his dinner and that."

"Who's the man?"

"Don't know. Got no instructions to identify him."

"No more you didn't. Quite right, X 52; you stick to your instructions, and then you won't burn your fingers. Who keeps the lodging-house?"

"Jem Taylor."

"What, cranky Taylor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! then he ain't a *very* good character, I should think. I'll go and see him myself," said Mr. Lagger. "What time does young Wantley get there in the morning?"

"About half-past nine."

"Very well. Now you go to cranky Taylor, and you sez—sez you, 'Mr. Lagger—him as knowed you about the gold-dust case—is a-coming to your house to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and he don't want no public reception. He knows you, he does; and you knows him pretty well now—you'll know him better if you tries to play any little games with him. He wants the room next to where this 'ere sick man is, all to himself, and he can't ex-actly say for how long. He'll be there every day, till he sez he's not a-coming any more, and no body's to know he's there.' D'ye understand?"

X 52 nodded. He was a man of few words.

"Very well, then; you go and do it."

X 52 went and did it.

the corner where fell the few sunbeams that struggled in through the neighbouring chimneys. On this mattress, covered only with a tattered patchwork quilt, lay the tramp already twice mentioned in this history, looking more hungry, more hopeless, more ill than ever.

"Damn you!" he cried, raising himself on his elbow, as Bob Wantley limped into the room, "where have you been all this time?"

"It's only just struck ten, Alf," said the latter, in a soothing tone. "Lie down, that's a good fellow."

"You talk to me as though I were a dog," replied the other, sinking back with a groan. "Have you brought me anything to eat?"

"Yes, Alf, and some tea."

"Tea be damned! Have you got any money?"

"No. I told you yesterday that mother won't give me any more, and—"

"Why the hell don't you steal some then?" exclaimed the tramp, turning upon him savagely.

"Now, I say, Alf, none of that. I get into trouble enough about what I do for you, as it is. You didn't talk like that a fortnight ago, when I found you a'most dying in the street."

"I wish you had left me to die. Why didn't you?" said the tramp, turning surlily aside.

"Because you once did me a good turn, Alf, though it didn't come about as you expected. Breaking out of Maidstone jail made a cripple of me; but it was the best thing as could have happened. I thank God, Alf Blakeley, that I was lamed and taken back."

"I wish to God I had been caught too. Oh, Lord! I do," moaned the sick man, clasping his wasted hands. "Oh, Lord, if I'd only had been taken like you and the prowler, and locked up again, I'd not have minded if it had bin for good." There was a wild earnestness in his tone which startled Bob Wantley.

"Why don't you give yourself up, then?" he said. "They'd put you in hospital, and cure you."

Blakeley shuddered. "No," he gasped, after a long pause, "it's too late now. Where's the doctor?"

"He'll be here presently, but I have not got any money for him."

"And won't he give me any of that stuff as does me good without?"

"He don't bring the physic; he only orders it—gives me a paper to the shop."

"Tell them you'll pay 'em next week."

"No good! We owe twelve and sixpence already. I tried 'em yesterday, but they'll give no more credit. It's awful dear, that stuff."

The sick man groaned.

"Bob, old fellow," he said at last, in a wheedling voice, "I must have some more; it makes me strong, and—and next week I'll get well and work a bit. Can't you *borrow* a sov. out of the till at home, Bob?"

I wish I may die this very minute if I won't pay you back, and nobody'll be the wiser."

Bob rose from his seat with a gesture of disgust.

"Don't—don't—don't go," almost shrieked the tramp. "Damn you! you know I go mad when I'm left alone. Stop, Bob—sit down again, old fellow, and—and—I must have more of that stuff or some brandy, I *must*."

"I tell you again I have no money to buy either."

"But I have, Bob," whispered the tramp, seizing his hand. "Can anybody hear us?"

"No."

"Just go to the door and see if anybody's about."

Bob did as he was desired. No one was stirring.

"I have some money, Bob—a little—just a little, but I haven't dared to change it. They'd not give a chap like me change for a ten-pound note."

"Ten pounds?"

"Yes. But they'd change it for *you*, Bob."

"It's a duffer!"

"No, no, no, s'elp me! It's a good un as ever came out of the Bank."

"Then why have you kept it hid all this time?"

"Cos I daren't show it. I've—I've starved with it in my pocket. It might be—it—it——But you'll take it and get some more of the stuff, Bob. I'll give you half, Bob—come now—if you'll get sovs. for it."

"Let me see it first."

The tramp raised himself as well as he could, crawled on his hands and knees to the top of the mattress where it joined the wall, and drew from a slit in the ticking a large black leather pocket-book. This he opened with trembling hands, and a thick roll of bank notes fell out.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHICH ENDS THIS STRANGE EVENTFUL HISTORY.

IMMEDIATELY after his commitment Lord Rossthorne was removed to Maidstone jail. There was an attempt to hoot him as he stepped into the carriage that was to carry him, a prisoner, to Poundbridge station, but the sight of the pale but resolute girl who supported his faltering footsteps seemed to overawe the crowd which had assembled round the Town Hall, and the shouts of execration which had arisen as he appeared died away through a low murmur into silence as the vehicle drove off; and when Grace emerged, weeping, from the station to return to Kernden, those who had followed gave her a lusty cheer.

She did not remain long with the Trehernes. In a day or two good

Mrs. Coleman arrived by arrangement, and took her on to the county town, to a lodging which Steevie—who had accompanied the accused—had secured for them in the vicinity of the prison, so that Grace might be able to see her grandfather as long and as often as the regulations of the place permitted.

"I will not play the hypocrite, grandpapa," she said at their first interview, nervously playing with his watch-chain the while, "and tell you that I love you. I don't love you—at least, I mean not yet; but—but you are the only creature in all the world that really belongs to me, and you are persecuted and in danger, and—and—I do believe you innocent, I do with all my heart." And she crept up towards him closer and closer as she spoke, till her dear head rested on his shoulder, and he clasped her passionately to his breast.

"Ah, child, child," he cried, "you know not what fierce coals of fire every caress, every kind word heaps upon my head!"

The night that Mrs. Coleman and Grace arrived, Stephen took his departure. No one thought of asking him whither, as all knew so well where his loving heart would lead him. Grace turned a little pale, though, as a thought seemed to strike her whilst he was in the act of wishing her good-bye; she grasped his hand tightly, and whispered in his ear.

"What, dearie," he replied, "with *such* a man? No, you may trust me in spite of any provocation. I will write often. I shall be back long before the trial." And with that he left her.

He followed a clue he had obtained, and found his father's wife luxuriously settled in Paris. She screamed and hid her face when he entered the room; and, oh, what were they going to do to her? Oh, were they going to send her to prison? Oh, it was a shame to break in upon her suddenly like that. Then Rhoda Lady Tremlet cried, and declared that Colonel Vincent Champneys was a wicked, bad man; that she had not left home of her own accord; that he had fascinated her; that he was so kind—he had taken a box at the grand opera for her, and was going to marry her directly a divorce could be obtained. Thus the poor weak creature wavered, alternately inveighing against her seducer, and lavishing the most affectionate epithets upon him. Finally she told Stephen that it was all his fault. If he had remained at "the Towers" she would have clung to him, confessed the hold that Champneys was obtaining over her mind, and by his assistance have broken loose from it.

sold her. At this Lady Tremlet became indignant, vowed that this wife must have been a wicked, abandoned creature—that “dear Vincent” had told her so; and, oh, would they take her back home, and not say anything about what she had done? Would they promise to send away “that Francis?” (not dearest Francis now). If they would send him away, she would come home and be good, and forgive everybody.

How was it possible to reason with a woman like this?

But Steevie persevered. Colonel Champneys—as he called himself—had gone to England on business, and was not expected to return for a week; consequently Steevie had his stepmother all to himself that day. He told her that it was impossible that she could again be received by his father or her former friends; that she could not return to her old home, but that a new one where she might live in respectability could be made for her; and implored her, by all her hopes of happiness in this world and the next, to quit her betrayer, and go where he (Stephen) would take her. To his great joy she at last assented, albeit somewhat sulkily, and promised to be ready early the next morning to accompany him wherever he pleased.

Steevie went back to his hotel a happy man, and was wakened the next day by being presented with the following letter:—

“DEAREST STEEVIE,

“It was very unkind of you to speak to me as you did yesterday, and you had no right to do it. You never treated me properly, any of you, and I shall not go back to be taunted and abused. I don’t believe a word of what you say against my dearest Vincent, and will not give him up for any one. Beside, I like living in Paris.

“Your affectionate

“RHODA CHAMPNEYS.

“P.S.—It’s no use coming to my house, because I have left it to join dearest Vincent, but I will not tell you where.”

Let us drop the curtain, if you please, on the future history of Rhoda, sometime Lady Tremlet, merely stating that Champneys eventually married her—his first wife having died of a broken heart—and that she experienced another and widely different phase in the life of a woman who is married for her money. She received no physical ill-usage; her life was too valuable to her new lord and veritable master for that: but she lived to repent bitterly the lot she had inflicted upon herself, and, what was a better sign, perhaps the lot which she had inflicted on her former husband.

Returning from his useless errand, Stephen met Mr. Coleman in London, and received from him a somewhat startling proposition.

“I’m very glad you’re come back, my dear boy,” said his old friend; “and really I had little hopes that you would do any good. When a fellow like Champneys gets an influence over a woman, it is not to be conquered. Besides, one must consult appearances in these matters. It will not do to let the world suppose that we want to win Lady Tremlet back, because she takes all her fortune with her.”

"Can you suppose that I gave the wretched money a thought?" demanded Steevie, with indignation.

"I? No. But there are those who would. We have plenty of trouble on our hands already, without coveting more. Enough of this. It is not what I wanted to speak to you about. Now be practical and worldly, Steevie, for half an hour, and put all your fine romantic notions in your pocket, merely remembering that you have duties towards others—towards those who may come after you, and that you must think of them and their interests whilst you form your own arrangements."

"Go on. There's something disagreeable coming, I can see."

"Well, I don't think you have any right to think it so. It is simply this,—Lord Rossthorne wishes you and Grace to be married at once."

Stephen was too astonished to reply.

"You see, my boy," the attorney continued, laying a hand upon Steevie's shoulder, "we, who know Lord Rossthorne, are pretty sure that he is innocent; but there is an awfully strong case against him. I have tried and tested every tittle of the chain of evidence, and so has Markham, and we can find no flaw. It is all circumstantial, certainly; but it all points one way, and there is no gap in it. He may be convicted—he thinks so himself; and if he is, all his property will be forfeited to the Crown; whereas now he can make it over to his daughter on her marriage, and thus save it in any event."

"And do you think that Grace would consent to become my wife with this charge hanging over her grandfather's head, for fifty estates? If you do, you little know her."

"I know that you are a pair of proud, wilful children," replied Mr. Coleman. "I know also that it is very difficult to make such people listen to common sense. If Grace were not a woman, I could convince her in ten minutes of the propriety of this step. I could *convince* her as it is; but she would not own to a conviction. It would not be right—it would not be maidenly that she should. You must persuade her."

"What, before I am persuaded myself?"

"Steevie, if a dying man, whom you loved, made a request that would cost you nothing but to gulp down some foolish pride, would you refuse him?"

"I think I would not; but—"

"Do you love Lord Rossthorne?"

"Ay, that I do—through all and in spite of all. I blame him—I cannot help doing so—for much that he has done; but I pity, and—and—I do love him almost like a father. I oughtn't to do so, I know; but I can't help it, and there's an end of it."

"I fear that we must consider him as a dying man, Steevie; for if he be found guilty of this crime, no power on earth can save him from the gallows."

Stephen shuddered.

"You must go to him," Coleman resumed, "and hear patiently what he has to say. You would not scruple to give Grace your name, if the worst came to the worst, would you?"

"How can you ask such a question?"

"Have you ever considered that, after such a disaster, *she* might withdraw her consent, for your sake, knowing your pride, and fearing that you would be some day ashamed at the thought that a felon's blood flowed in your children's veins?"

"Good heavens! no. Has she said anything that—"

"No; she has said nothing. She does not know yet of the proposition. Pray understand me, that I am only hinting at what may be possible—perhaps probable. It is all well that you should see the case from both sides. Come, come, man, be reasonable. You win a good, beautiful wife and a fine estate, and what do you lose? Nothing but a grand wedding! Do you think that your married life will be any the happier because you will be poor and your wife subjected to the climate and hardships of an Indian life?"

"But it will seem so unfeeling," mused Steevie. The last argument had struck home.

"What will?"

"Why, marrying when he is in such danger."

"Do you fancy that it shows good feeling to refuse the repeated and earnest prayers of one in such a position?"

"No, of course not; but—"

"There you are with your 'buts' again. Take the next train to Maidstone, Steevie. See Rossthorne as soon as you can, and show your good feeling towards him by doing what he has at heart, and easing his mind of a great anxiety. Goodness knows that he has enough cause for anxiety which you cannot remove. Be off now, like a good fellow, and, Stephen, *be sensible*."

Steevie went, and if yielding to such entreaties as the imprisoned peer made be a sign of sense, he was "sensible;" and, after some trouble, Grace became so too. Her chief difficulty was to acknowledge the necessity for the proposed step. She had made up her mind that her grandfather was innocent, and could not be brought to see that others might form a different opinion. "What is the use of pretending that he killed poor Mr. Brandron, because he wanted me to be owned, and my dear mother's marriage established? Why, these are the very things which, for years and years, poor grandpapa yearned to do, only he thought that the proofs had been destroyed! Do you mean to say that any jury would say he was guilty when this was proved?"

It was little use telling her that this could not be proved, as the law does not allow a prisoner to give evidence on his own behalf, and no one else could know the fact.

"Well, then," she argued, "if he is not allowed to swear it, he can say

it, and that will be enough." Grace, you will remember, is a woman, and was—what shall I call it?—obstinate? No doubt—very obstinate.

At last she consented that the marriage should come off in a fortnight, and, at the urgent request of the Trehernes, it was arranged that it should take place at the Rectory.

"It will be the last marriage service, most likely, that I shall ever perform in my old church," said the rector, "and I shall never have performed one with greater pleasure or more confidence."

In the mean time the conveyancers were set to work, and the deeds, which were to make Grace a rich bride, were duly prepared, signed, sealed, and delivered.

"You will go to Rossthorne after the ceremony, Steevie," said the prisoner, "and take possession of the old place. Remember, it and its lands are *yours*. They have settled the Welsh property, and some of the money in the funds, on Grace and her children; but, much as I know she loves and reveres you, I will not let her own a stone of the house in which her husband will live, nor an acre of the soil from which his influence will be derived."

So Grace returned to Kernden a week before the appointed day, and Stephen betook himself to London, to make sundry necessary arrangements for his marriage, and for his father's future comfort. Now that his wife had left him, the supposed great squire—the apparent owner of Tremlet Towers and all they looked down upon—the titled head of one of the most ancient families in England had exactly £150 a year to support himself and his afflicted daughter!

Do I ask your sympathies for him? Not I. I think that he deserved all his misfortunes; but I do not the less condemn the system which crushed him down under the will and pleasure of his wife and his son—a system which has brought ruin upon many a better man than he, and will continue to do so as long as it is persevered in.

At Sir George's lodgings near Hampstead, Steevie encountered Mrs. Wantley, who had called "humbly to inquire," as she said, "after Miss Nancy." The fresher air, and the sight of the flowers in the pleasant little garden which surrounded the house, had done something for her, but not much. Every day found her more languid than its predecessor, and marked more deeply the hectic flush upon her wasted cheeks—once so rosy and so full. The good woman was very proud to answer all Steevie's questions about the little shop and all her family, but heaved a deep sigh when Bob's name was mentioned.

"Oh, sir," she said, with tears in her eyes, "he's deceiving his poor mother. He's got into bad company again. He's even deceived Mr. Lager, who was so good as to try and find out where he went all day, and what he did. Mr. Lager knows no more about him than we do. Ah! he's very deep, is Bob—very—very," concluded poor Mrs. Wantley, with a deep sigh.

This conversation took place the day but one after that already given between this same "deep" Master Bob and Alf Blakeley, the sick man in the Ryder Street lodging-house. It will, therefore, be apparent that Mrs. Wantley was mistaken, and that Mr. Sampson Lager *had* found out something respecting the truant, only the right time for disclosing it had not yet arrived.

The next sun rose on Stephen Frankland's wedding day. There was to be no fuss,—no display. Sir George Tremlet was to give away the bride; Gertrude and Maud Treherne, Laura and Jane Coleman, were bridesmaids, and Cuddy Lindsay consented to act as best man, provided that Jackson were associated with him—though in an inferior position—to "do the brute force," in case "that Steevie" ran restive and refused to come up to the scratch.

I must do Steevie the justice to record that he required no such compulsion, and that he behaved very much like a rational being anterior to and during the ceremony. It just suited him that it should be thus quietly performed,—that no one but dear friends should watch whilst he plighted his faith,—that Grace should not be flustered and stared at by a pack of strangers,—that there should be no grand breakfast and stupid speech-making when all was over. Nothing but the cause of this privacy disturbed him, and his dear little bride quite shared his ideas on this subject. Ah! if he—the absent one, the prisoner—could but have been there to give them his blessing, what more could they have asked to render their happiness complete?

Well, the little wedding party has assembled on the Rectory lawn; Grace—dressed in simple white—has come shily creeping out, accompanied by her bridesmaids. She has taken Sir George Tremlet's arm, and they have passed down the aisle of the old village church to the altar, where Mr. Treherne, Steevie, and his footman are awaiting them. The service is begun, and just before the most interesting part a noise is heard, as of some one entering the church; and hurrying down the side aisle.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" inquires the clergyman.

Sir George is on the point of replying, "I do," when a hand is placed on his shoulder, and a voice whispers in his ear,—

"I beg your pardon. I know it was so arranged, but may not I?"

It is Lord Rossthorne who speaks. Neither bride nor bridegroom hear or see him, for their eyes are downcast, and he stands behind them. A significant gesture from him commands silence to the rest of the assembled friends, and the ceremony continues. He places the little trembling hand of our dear Grace in Stephen's strong, honest hand—the irrevocable "I will" is said, the ring is given, and those whom God joined that day were never put asunder,—no, not by the breadth of one thought.

I will leave you to imagine the surprise of the happy pair when, upon rising from where they had knelt, and turning to go into the vestry, they

saw who had joined the party. The explanation then given was a short one. The real murderer of John Brandron had been discovered, and, moreover, had confessed the crime! Besides which, a pocket-book bearing Brandron's name, containing bank notes to a considerable amount; a letter from Lord Rossthorne, stating that he would not fail to meet him at the appointed spot, and a memorandum stating his address in London, had been found in the culprit's possession, and fully corroborated his story.

This was the pocket-book which Brandron had asked for shortly before his death, and which could not be found. It was the pocket-book which Alfred Blakeley, the escaped convict, had drawn from the ticking of his mattress, and which had been seized the next moment by Mr. Sampson Lager, who had been so long watching what passed between the sick man and his guardian friend, Bob Wantley.

The account subsequently given of himself by this wretch was a horrible one. Having made good his escape from the jail, he wandered about the country—never daring to enter a town or village—hiding during the day, and prowling here and there in search of food at night. For four days he had no food but half a loaf of bread, which he stole from the window-sill of a labourer's cottage, and such fruit as he could pluck from the hedges. He was hiding in Westborough Wood on the 29th of July. He saw Lord Rossthorne and Brandron enter it. He overheard part of their conversation—the part in which the former had solemnly promised to perform the act of justice demanded of him. He saw him also write his address on a slip of paper, which Brandron put away in his pocket-book. As he opened it the roll of bank notes was disclosed, and in those the fugitive saw escape, safety, wealth, but there was only one means of obtaining them—murder! Lord Rossthorne left the wood, and Brandron sat down on the corner of the old sawpit, lost in thought.

Let us pass over the sickening details of the scene which followed. The assassin secured—to his idea—unbounded wealth, but, as we know, dared not make use of it, but wandered over the country a more wretched outcast than before, till the fever struck him, and he staggered back into the streets of London, to be picked up by Bob Wantley, and sustained by him for old acquaintance' sake, till the discovery was made.

"He'll live to be tried, sir," said Mr. Lager, who had accompanied Lord Rossthorne to the church, "but I don't suppose he'll last out. He'll cheat the gallows, I believe. And all the better, I fancy, Captain. You see by con-victing him I collar the £500 reward, and mean to re-tire into private life along o' my little niece, God bless her! When one's in the service, dooty's dooty all the world over, but blood-money ain't a pleasant thing to re-tire upon—is it now?"

Stephen and all present assented.

"So if he *ain't* hanged I shall give half of it to young Bob Wantley (who did not know anything about what he done), and if he *is*, why I shall give up all."

"In either case you shall not be a loser," said the peer; and then he told them how Lagger—immediately upon hearing Blakeley's confession—had instructed an attorney to apply at judges' chambers for his (the speaker's) admission to bail; how the application was granted, and sufficient security obtained; and how the good-hearted detective himself had hastened to Maidstone with the order which once more made him a free man.

For these services Mr. Lagger declined all thanks.

"You see, my lord," he said, "I fancied myself a deuced clever fellow, and thought that I should end my career like the last scene in a pantomime, all fiz and shine, by hanging a peer of parliament; but I made a mull of it—that's what I made. There's no denying of it. I was bound thereby to set it right, and I did so, and that's all about it.—I wish you joy, Miss, with all my heart," he continued, turning to the bride, "and you too, Captain. Ladies and gentlemen, your servant!" and with a duck of his head and a scrape, Mr. Sampson Lagger took his leave, and the bridal party returned to the Rectory.

Lord Rossthorne's admission to bail was tantamount to an acquittal. The grand jury at the assizes threw out the bill against him, and put Alfred Blakeley on his trial for wilful murder. He pleaded guilty; but, as his captor predicted, never lived to be executed. He was in a dying state when carried into the dock to plead.

Nevertheless, Lord Rossthorne took a hint given to him by the friendly detective, and went abroad immediately after Stephen's marriage.

"It ain't pleasant, my lord, to rake up old scores," said Mr. Lagger, as they came along together from the station, "but there's that affair of the registers, you know. People *might* make a fuss about it, and if I might be so bold as to suggest that you should make yourself scarce in this 'ere country for a year or so, I don't think you'd find it amiss. I should think, now, that the air of Spain would be uncommon good for your complaint," he concluded, with his head on one side, and the old magpie look upon him.

What more have I to tell? Very little. You would like to know, perhaps, what became of our "dearest Francis." Do you think he turned out to be a hypocrite, and came to a bad end? Bless you, no such thing. He continued to be the highly accomplished, self-confident gentleman which we have hitherto found him. His acts were always founded "upon principle." He took unto himself a wife, and schooled her down to his own level. There is not a more proper, well-bred, heartless pair in all London than Mr. and Mrs. Tremlet. Their house is the best ordered and most disagreeable establishment you were ever in. The gentleman has got into Parliament for a northern borough, and the lady writes papers for the meetings of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. The Tremlets do not visit the Franklands. Stephen, willing to forgive and forget, invited his half-brother to his wedding, and

received in reply a pompous epistle, in which the writer said that the calamity which had fallen upon his family utterly unfitted him from sharing in any sort of revelry. (Steevie expressly stated that there would be nothing of the sort.) He congratulated him on his good fortune and "*management*"—suggesting, in his nasty little way, that he (Steevie) had known Grace to be Lord Rossthorne's grandchild from the first. So Mr. Tremlet did not grace the marriage with his presence, and its merriment did not suffer in consequence—the fact of the matter being, that the dear fellow was busy with his lawyers, scheming how they could get a portion of his mother's fortune settled on him (poor innocent!), whom she had left upon the wide world with the beggarly three thousand a year, which was his by right on his coming of age.

Let us do him full justice. Out of this he offered his father an annuity of £100; which, however, was not accepted, Sir George Tremlet having taken up his quarters in a pretty villa close to Rossthorne Castle, which had been furnished for him and poor Nancy by Stephen. Alas, poor Nancy! Small was the trouble she gave to any one, and it did not last for long.

The new rector of Questerthorpe was a lonely man for a short time in the spring following Steevie's marriage. Cuddy and Gigas were made the happiest of men on the same day, and two fairer brides than Gertrude and Mand Treherne never said "Amen" at the altar. The dream of dear old Mrs. Coleman's life was also realized about this time in the marriage of her eldest daughter with Ashton Neville. The beautiful Constance had already given her hand and heart to Percy Coryton; and I understand there is a probability of her wearing the coronet of a baroness after all, as those learned in such matters say that Lord Rossthorne's views as to his title are not correct, and that by the Act of Edward III., reversing the attainder of Nigel, the fourth baron, the female line had been excluded from the succession. This his lordship admits, but says that the Act in question was repealed, with parts of others, in the following reign, by a clerical error, and that the law which was passed afterwards to set things right, makes no mention of the female line at all. I must confess that I do not understand much about the question. All I know is, that Mrs. Frankland was perplexed and annoyed when she first heard there was a probability of her becoming "my lady" in her own right, and *not* as Steevie's wife; and I am sure she will be rather pleased to avoid an honour so held. This is about the only subject upon which she and her husband do not agree. The latter declares loudly, tossing his firstborn in the air, that he "looks every inch a peer [the brat is five months old], and shall not be done out of his rights."

This sentiment Lord Rossthorne, who has returned, applauds; and Mrs. Steevie looks on with the mother's love-light in her eyes, not knowing exactly what to say.

THE END.

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

Of the thousands and thousands of tourists from all parts of the world who hasten in the height of summer to the glacier-surrounded oases of the Bernese oberland, or the savagely romantic ravines of the Grisons (the cradle of the youthful Rhine), in order to enjoy the pure Alpine air, drink the glacier milk, and lay in a fresh stock of health, how many bear with them strange hopes and expectations as to the wonders and rarities which the equally over-praised and over-abused Swiss Highlands will offer them ! Even were Switzerland as rich in marvels as the "Arabian Nights," however, this would not suffice even to satisfy one-half of the expectations formed. The sober Englishman, the light-footed Gaul, the curious Yankee, and the plodding German, supposing that they have never visited Switzerland before, are frequently terribly disappointed so soon as they cross the frontier, because it does not please Mother Nature to offer them at every ten yards a rocky wall some thousand feet in height, and behind it a thundering torrent, bounding in the wildest curves, and dissolving into mist, like the Staubbach in the Lauterbrunnen valley. The writer of this article has also seen tourists on the lakes of Thun and Brienz, sadly disappointed because they could not see, even with the best telescope, the many herds of chamois of which they had heard such charming accounts at home, and whose leaps they regarded as a portion of the entertainment. It is too bad, though ! These two glorious lakes are enclosed by mountains and precipices soaring to the sky, which could easily supply thousands of the interesting creatures with board and lodging ; and yet not the slightest trace of animal life is seen, save when perchance a compassionate herd drives his flock of tame goats to the verge of the precipice. In earlier days, when an honest faith did so much to beautify the world, an accident of this nature would save the reputation of these lakes ; but nowadays they are far from satisfying the expectation of the tourist, who demands a proper return for his outlay.

Still, we must not despair ; it is the same with the chamois as with the waterfalls, and the mountains can offer us both ; but a sight of the former requires much more trouble, much greater courage, and a more steady head than the dweller on the plain generally imagines. The swift-footed antelope of the Alps still wanders over them in larger or smaller herds, but only the man who is able to climb up the precipitous rock walls with unflinching courage, and muscles of iron, and has no fear of being attacked by giddiness when seated across a rock saddle with a precipice several thousand feet in depth below him, can reasonably hope to see the beautiful animals grazing on a narrow strip of grass, and admire the sentinel doe, as it looks sharply in all directions, in order to sniff the approaching danger miles away, and warn its companions by a shrill whistle, resembling a robber's signal. Should, however, this sentry notice him, the whole herd speedily disappear like spectres, unless the locality and chance compel them to dash madly along the fields of ice. The cause

of this is, that man has so inexorably pursued the graceful animals which, so late as the beginning of this century, animated the more accessible mountain crests, that they are now driven back to the most savage solitudes, and live in the vicinity of the eternal snow, save in winter, when they seek a shelter from the intemperance of the weather in forests lower down the mountains.

When day is breaking, or the moon is shining very brightly, the chamois will descend from the mountains and seek more convenient pasturage, though it is always at a spot surrounded by rocks. From 9 to 11 o'clock they enjoy a siesta, but at mid-day wend their way upwards again, and repose till about 4 o'clock in the vicinity of the glaciers. The active animals are remarkably sportive in autumn and early winter, when they frolic about the most dizzy precipices in wild delight, throw each other down in turn with their horns, and go through the most amusing sham fights at spots where the nearest relative of the chamois—the splendidly climbing Alpine goat—dares not venture. At the most inaccessible grass plots of the steepest peaks, or on the ledges scarce a foot wide, which wind along the side of precipices, the antelope of the mountains moves with an ease and grace and elasticity of the sinews which border on the fabulous. Active, gracefully built, and with a sensible look, the chamois, which is dun-coloured in summer, and nearly black in winter, with its curved and brilliant polished horns, is surpassingly beautiful; its muscles become elastic and stiff as steel springs; and, rivalling the wind in speed, it bounds with glorious leaps over abysses and ice: once a ravine on the Monte Rosa, which a chamois had cleared at a leap, was measured, and it was found to be twenty-four feet in width. The scent of the chamois is as splendidly organized as its muscles and sinews; it sniffs the hunter standing to windward for an enormous distance, and in such a case behaves far more restlessly than if it really saw him. If a chamois in its flight dashes against a rock, and finds that it can neither advance nor retreat, it does not stand long undecided, but measures the distance to the next station with rapid determination, attempts an impossibility, and a bound into the abyss, where it is smashed to atoms, is the end. If a hunter be the sole obstacle in its return path, it darts back with the speed of an arrow, and the hunter is forced to lie down at once on his stomach, unless he wish to be toppled over the precipice by the infuriated animal. If he does so, however, the chamois quietly leaps over him. Even in falling, the sensible animal does not lose its presence of mind, and if in the middle of the drop it notice a projection in the steep rock wall, it bends its body into a curve during the fall, in order to reach the projection, and is frequently successful

must constantly risk, namely, their life. Thus the two most celebrated chamois hunters in Glarus,—David Zricki and Kasper Blumer,—after killing many hundred chamois, fell victims to their almost demoniacal passion for the chase, in spite of their astounding coolness and skill in climbing. The first was missing for six-and-thirty weeks, and no one knew whether the powerful man were still alive. At length his skeleton, gnawed by vultures and foxes, was found on a slope of the steep Auern Alp. He must have suffered frightfully, for, judging from a broken foot, and the spot where his body was found, he had dragged himself a long distance after his fall, and had perished of hunger and cold, after firing signals of distress. Blumer fell over an enormous precipice on the Vorder Glärnisch, and his mangled corpse was not found till the following summer. My readers are probably familiar with the story of the Bernese hunter, who fell through a hidden crevasse on the much-frequented Grindelwald glacier, but reached the dry ground without any injury, and passed with indescribable difficulty through a hollow formed in the glacier by a running stream, till he reached the edge of the ice. But such fortunate escapes are rare, and it has frequently happened that a man who has fallen through a crevasse has been compelled to wait for hours, ay, for days and nights, till his companions succeeded in restoring him to daylight by means of ropes and sticks. More fortunate than the majority was the notorious chamois slaughterer, Marcus Colani, of Pontresina. This strange and dangerous man, who had seized on an enormous hunting-ground, into which no other hunter cared to venture, and in which he kept entire herds of half-tamed chamois, had killed, when he reached his sixty-sixth year, no less than 2,800 head of these animals, a number never attained by any other hunter before or after him. This prince of hunters died quietly in his bed, although his death was brought on by the fatigue of a hunting expedition.

The dangers to which I have alluded are not, however, the only ones which menace the hunter in his daring expeditions. The most formidable enemy of the hunter is undoubtedly the fog, which, at times, suddenly surrounds him when he has reached the highest glacier ground, and though its extraordinary density does not allow him to see an inch before or behind him. It is an awful position for a man to be obliged to grope his way along a path scarce a foot broad, over a yawning abyss, or avoid the crevasse, treacherously covered by snow, on the extensive glacier. It is literally a wall along the narrow line of demarcation between life and death, and it requires all the coolness and skill of these men to escape from such dangers. As a general rule, however, they seek a more secure spot, and, after fastening themselves to a rock, by means of the rope they always carry with them, so as not to roll over the precipice, they pass the night in the immediate vicinity of the eagles and vultures. It is a very cool bivouac, though, for after the supper of soup, which the hunter has prepared in his iron pot, he is often compelled to protect

himself against being frozen to death by walking up and down for hours, or carrying a heavy stone backward and forward.

The following adventures, which I do not think have been before published, will supply further proof of the dangers to which the chamois hunters are exposed :—

“I went,” the ex-chamois hunter and excellent guide, Matthias Hefli, of Glarus, told the writer last year, “when I was a lad of fifteen, and without the knowledge of my parents, to hunt chamois on the Bächli Alp. My trouble and my seeking were thrown away; the cunning animals had scented me. I had not been able to get the wind of them, and when I, panting, reached the crest of the mountain, I had the pleasure of seeing a small herd of five head dashing down the opposite slope, as quick as greased lightning. Such a sight is very disagreeable, and I started homeward, as twilight was approaching, in a melancholy mood. I first went down a place where the crumbling rock gave way every moment under my feet, so that, in reality, I rather rolled down than walked, and thus reached a plateau, on which stood a solitary senner-hut, which was a consolation if bad weather delayed my return home. I had noticed the spot accurately as I went up the mountain, and from marks of blood and other things, I felt certain that a pig must have been killed there a few days previously. Unluckily, there was no one in the cabin, and it must have been left by its occupants a very little while before, which is not at all an extraordinary thing on the Alps. Well, then, as I walked moodily along, and took a peep at the deserted cabin, a figure I had never seen before rose in front of me in the growing darkness, in whose round head two eyes glistened like red-hot bullets. The creature did not appear to have any very friendly views, for it was still light enough for me to notice the long, snow-white fangs which it showed me as a greeting. I tell you, friend, that was a critical moment, and my young legs began to tremble under me—Oh! laugh away; but I am certain that, under similar circumstances, you would have made the most speedy use of your organs of locomotion. I should have done so too, had not the road to retreat been so murderously steep, so that I could not hope to make much way. Desperation has made many a hero before now, and so, with a considerable amount of tremor, I raised my rifle, took a careful aim at the breast of the brute, which was still gnashing its teeth, pulled the trigger, and, lo and behold you, the beast turned two or three somersaults. The shot echoed like thunder through the valleys; but I had not much time to listen to it, for such a frightful yelling was mingled with the echo, that my ears still ring with it. Looking neither before nor behind me, I ran past the cabin, down the mountain, like a sheep pursued by a vulture. Only once in my life did I go down hill so quickly, and I will tell you how, presently. When I told the story at home, with a preciously long face, several neighbours had dropped in, as is often the case in mountain villages. They all agreed to go to the Alp the next

morning, to see what monster's light of life I had puffed out. My story probably appeared rather unsatisfactory, and only the more aroused the curiosity of the neighbours. They started at daybreak, and what do you think they found?—close to the cabin lay my game, with a hole in its chest, frozen stiff, and it was a magnificent, full-grown male lynx, that had probably come to fetch its share of the chitterling soup from the cabin.

"The next time," so my original narrator went on,—“the next time, when I came down from the mountains at a greater pace still, was when I started one morning with my brother, who was several years older, to hunt in the Vorder Glärnisch. There is a climbing there, I tell you, which not only makes you forget hearing and seeing, but draws the very marrow out of your bones. To crawl along a ledge about the width of your garter, on one side of you the smooth, perpendicular precipice, above you the blue sky, and then, on your other side and beneath you, the deep, blank nothing, three or four thousand feet deep,—that might, under certain circumstances, confuse the strongest head; and if you do begin to feel giddy, it is just as if a ghost were pulling you by the legs, and you fall into the gulf without making your will or receiving absolution.

“Well, I am a Glärner, and so I and my brother trotted merrily along over the rolling boulders, until we reached a slope covered with eternal snow, which ran down into a kettle filled with blocks of granite. We had to cross this, in order to reach the opposite crest, behind which, again, was a favourite watering-place of the chamois. Generally creeping on all-fours, like a slater hanging on a church roof, we climbed undauntedly up the steep slope on the other side of the valley, the sharp rocks which peered out of the snow affording us a very useful holdfast every now and then. After a good half-hour's sharp climbing, we at length reached the top, and took a look round us. Here was a fresh embarrassment: the crest of the mountain consisted of a rock wall at least ten feet high, which, from the bottom, had looked quite easy to cross. This wall, against which we had really run our noses, rose for some distance along the crest of the mountain, and then became lower and more easy to cross. The road to the lower part did not look very difficult, if we kept close to the rock wall, at the base of which the pale sunbeams had freed a narrow strip of ground from snow. We therefore walked cautiously onward, and increased our pace as the road began to descend. We went, as it were, of ourselves, down hill, through the dust-like but deep layer of snow. All at once, though, a roaring and buzzing began round our ears, as if the wings of a thousand vultures were flapping around us. ‘Good heavens! the dust avalanche! keep your head up, or you will be choked!’ my brother shouted to me, and that was all I could hear through the infernal row, for after that my senses literally left me. My last feeling was as if I were being shot out of a mortar through the air, and then ~~nothing~~ more. When I woke again, it was in consequence of an anything but gentle grasp, by which my more experienced brother dragged me back from the edge of the

precipice on which the avalanche, aroused by our own movements, had comfortably landed me in a heap of deep snow, after an involuntary leap of three hundred well-measured Swiss feet. It was a very peculiar feeling that came over me, when I at length succeeded in removing from my eyes the snow, which whirled round like fine dust, and looked down into the bottomless depths. If the avalanche had been a cannon-shot, only an ounce of powder would have been necessary to send me over the brink to kingdom come."

"I suppose your appetite for chamois hunting was satisfied for that day, old fellow, and that you behaved in the same way as after the glorious shot at the lynx?" I said to the narrator, for I felt a slight shudder at the thought of his dangerous journey through the air.

"Do you think so?" he replied, in his peculiar drawling way. "When I made that leap I was no longer a lad of fifteen. My spirit-bottle, it is true, had been broken to shivers in my hurried journey, but my brother's was all right. After we had beaten the snow out of our clothes as well as we could—which, by the way, was no easy job, because the avalanche dust holds very tightly together—we both took a hearty pull, started again to climb up the steep, which had been fortunately swept clear, and reached the top all right. Two hours later, a splendid buck was writhing on the ground, which my brother had driven up to my gun, and we had every reason to be satisfied with our day's work, in spite of the trifling accident."

So far the worthy Matthias Hefli.

In addition to the dangers of such involuntary aerial trips, the eager chamois hunter used to be exposed to others, which the jealousy of rivals from other cantons prepared for him. With the spread of education, these dangers, however, have nearly disappeared, and hunters from all parts of Switzerland now meet on the formerly disputed border territories in perfect peace. In our rapid age, complaints are often made about the degeneration of the primitive manners of remote mountain valleys, by the increased facilities of communication. Granted that steam will convert many primitive customs into a mere myth during the next half-century; if it rob us of nothing worse than the custom of two passionate men shooting each other for the sake of a chamois, the sentimental whining after a glorious past will soon die out. There is still much to be

himself one morning, as he was on the point of crossing a steep mountain ridge, face to face with a hunter from the Valais, who was probably on the point of fetching his joint from Bernese ground. The Valaisian, evidently not trusting his *vis-à-vis*, did not reflect long, but resolved on preventive measures: he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and gave his inopportune rival a three-ounce ball. The Bernese fell, and rolled down the incline up which he had just clambered. The Valaisian hurried down to rob the murdered man of his rifle and hunting instruments; but his surprise was anything but agreeable when, on getting within ten paces of him, the shot man sprang up as sound as a fish, and pointed his loaded rifle in turn at the foe, while shouting to him in a threatening voice that his last loaf was baked. The Valaisian was obliged to acknowledge himself a prisoner; for he had, contrary to all the rules of the sporting code, neglected to reload his single-barrelled rifle. His adversary, however, on his earnest entreaties, contented himself with merely taking his gun and ammunition, and giving him a sound thrashing with the butt end of his rifle; then he let the sinner go his way without further punishment. Still, it is indubitable, from the statement of many hunters, that such meetings have not always had such a humorous *finale*.

Very curious is the fact, confirmed by Tschudi, that a falling stone exerts an almost irresistible effect upon the hunter who is walking along a dizzy ledge. The man feels an extraordinary desire to watch the stone, especially if he be near it when it falls; and if he does so, he is hopelessly lost. In such cases the chamois hunters turn their face to the rock and stop for a moment, in order to let the dizzy feeling pass over, before they move onward. Here and there, and especially in the ravines of the Engadine, the hunter has the trifling surprise of suddenly seeing a growling bear before him, instead of a chamois. In such cases a careful aim is necessary; for if Master Bruin is not hit home, he is apt to take the joke very unpleasantly, and marches upright on his hind legs, with marvellously long strides, upon the clumsy shot, in order to squeeze him in his paws like a lemon. In such an event, it has frequently come to a wrestling match, and the adversaries have rolled over the cliffs in anything but a fraternal embrace. Still—though it can scarce be credited—Bruin generally gets the worst of it; because the hunter's knife is most unfairly driven home between his ribs. However, the hunter has every cause to

he converts into a comforting soup morning and night by means of the pot. If he is in cash, he takes a bottle of cherry brandy with him also. The hunter pays special attention to his shoes, which are made much after the fashion of the hard chamois hoof: they are very strongly sewn, and the soles are covered with sharp nails, so that he may have a foothold on the rocks and ice-fields. Ordinary shoes would be in rags after one day of such walking, and not protect the feet sufficiently from injury.

From the few cursory remarks I have been able to make, it will be plainly seen that chamois hunting has long ceased to be a sport for gentlemen. Even among the real hunters it is a species of demoniac impulse, an untamable passion, which, though noble, may be compared with that of professional gamblers; and something far beyond a thirst for gain impels these daring and desperate men so constantly to risk their lives. At the same time, the majority of the hunters are poor men, capable of standing any amount of fatigue, and acquainted with the smallest details of the mountains. Though we read in the newspapers every now and then that some prince or minister has recently made a bold trip through the Bernese Oberland, and been so fortunate as to kill a splendid chamois, I am free to confess that I always entertain modest doubts as to the truth of the statement. I have on some occasions seen the hunters who have accompanied gentlemen sportsmen as guides on a chamois expedition laugh most meaningly when allusion was made to such success. The chamois hunter is a silent, and, at the same time, most practical fellow, and need not be expected to tell how many ducats he earned by surrendering his claim to the honour of a good shot.

Still, I do not wish to assert that strangers and amateurs do not now and then take part in a chamois hunt and fire a successful shot. This is more especially the case at the less dangerous beating hunts, when a larger number of practised chamois hunters join together for an expedition in common. In such a case the chamois are so surrounded that one hunter puts them up in the lower pasture grounds, and slowly drives them up the mountain, while the others occupy the passes which the chamois generally select. These passes are generally well known to the hunters, and such expeditions now and then take place in Appenzell, and afford great sport to the visitors residing for the summer in that beautiful canton. The writer of this article had the pleasure of taking part in one, though with no great glory to himself. The party assembled before dawn in the coffee-room of the hotel; Hazi, Büschli, and Sepitoni, three thorough Appenzeller peasant lads, and clever poachers, being engaged to act as our guides. After a very frugal breakfast we set out, and noiselessly ascended the first hills; and at the expiration of two hours we reached the Alp huts, a spot whence the mountain slopes could be conveniently surveyed by means of telescopes. "Eight head," some one suddenly panted, in a suppressed voice; and so there were. Following the direction which the man indicated with his telescope, we noticed the small herd some considerable

distance off, apparently browsing harmlessly, while the sentinel doe stood motionless on an elevation, and merely turned her elegant head and neck in all directions, in order to inspect the neighbourhood. The plan of operations was rapidly formed. There were eight of us: two represented the centre, two the right, and two the left, wing. The other two received orders to get in the rear of the chamois, and drive them towards their usual pasturage on the mountain.

Those who occupied the passes had to wait for two long, silent hours, during which we had a glorious opportunity of watching the sun rise behind the mountains. The pine forests around us still lay in their nocturnal gloom, but the upland meadows were already flushed with the dawn. In the south, however, the gigantic peaks of the Glarus and Grison Alps glistened like silver dipped in pink. Add to this the gentle peal of the cattle bells, now and then interrupted by a long, sustained, shrill *jödel* from the neatherds, and I confess that this view caused me to forget all my murderous desires. Suddenly my right-hand man fired, and when I looked up, two chamois were coming with the speed of the wind up the ravine of which I was one of the guardians; so I also raised my rifle and fired. Both shots, however, had no other result but to make the chamois dash past us with a rapidity equal to that of our bullets. When I looked, quite confused, in the direction in which I had fired, I saw before me, scarce ten paces off, a young chamois, looking at me with its beautiful meek gazelle eyes, apparently as startled as myself, but perfectly undaunted. I do really think that never in my life did I look so absurd as on this occasion. Loud cries to load again and kill the pretty creature certainly aroused me to action, but my hand trembled so from excitement that I could scarce place the loading stick in the barrel. At last I succeeded, and was just getting ready to fire, when the animal began to feel suspicious, and in two leaps disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed it up.

"Look out! look out! here comes another!" the voice of the neatherd in the cabin above me roared at this moment. But I had no opportunity for another miss, as I heard a sharp crack and a lengthened echo through the mountains, and a tremendous chamois, 70 lbs. in weight, fell on the snow at the feet of the successful shot. What shouting there was, to be sure, in which the very neatherds joined! Still, the affair deserved it, for the shot chamois had long been a celebrity, under the name of the "Laseyrer Bock," and had for years foiled all the craft of the hunters.

We carried off the old fellow to the senner-hut, where the body was cleaned, and filled with aromatic Alpine herbs. The liver was at once fried in butter, and produced a most dainty dish, considering the state of our appetites. In the middle of the meal, a hunter, who was looking through his telescope, discovered a herd of at least 16 chamois quietly grazing on the side of the Mägelis Alp. "Let us be off!" was the cry from all sides, and leaving the remainder of our banquet to the neatherds, we started up the mountain side with renewed zeal. After two hours of incessant

climbing, we found ourselves at the right spot, and only one thing was wanting, namely, the chamois. For all that, we marched into Weissbad at night with triumphal shots and a torchlight procession, and though I was awfully tormented during supper about my achievements, I have marked the day in my calendar as one to be noted with white chalk.

Such a beating hunt, however, differs materially from single hunting, and the latter is nearly always accompanied with danger. Thus, a few years ago, an Englishman staying at the Hotel Bellevue, in Thun, went with some friends to hunt for chamois in the valley of the Kien, which is no great distance off. While climbing up a steep slope, he slipped, and rolled down; his rifle went off during the fall, and the bullet passed through his body. Adventures like the fearful one of Rudolph Bläsi, of Schwanden—who, while pursuing a wounded chamois, was carried away by his zeal to leap down on a ledge of rock hardly the breadth of his foot, and then made the fearful discovery that he had behind a smooth wall of rock, and before him an immeasurable precipice, down which the slightest movement must hurl him—do not occur in ordinary chamois hunting. Surprising it is to learn that Bläsi held out, hanging between heaven and earth for nearly a day and a half and one night, till his friend and hunting companion, Manuel Walcher, released him from his frightful situation; but it is more surprising still to learn that the undaunted hunter, although his hair had turned silvery white during the night of horror, did not think of giving up his dangerous trade; and I quote this well-known anecdote merely as a proof how deeply the passion for hunting is seated in these hard-headed sons of the mountain.

The most celebrated chamois hunters of the present day are Johann Rudi of Pontresina, Carl Joseph Infenger of Isenthal, in Canton Uri, Benedict Catomen of the Grisons, and Ignaz Troger of the Valais. But though each of these men, as well as many others, has killed several hundred chamois to his gun, there is no reason for fearing that this beautiful race of animals will be extirpated. The flying antelope of the mountains is too swift-footed and cunning, and the countless impassable labyrinths of the mountain and the glacier offer it too many hiding-places, into which the most crafty and daring hunter is unable to follow it. The number of good chamois hunters has also decreased rather than increased, while careful observers have noticed a very marked augmentation of the chamois during the last few years.

BORN TO BE A POET.

I HAVE a grave complaint to make against the present age ; it is so dreadfully practical.

Every one sneers at romance now, and the very poets themselves (at least, those I have met) balance the beautiful imagination displayed in their writings, by the determined common-places in words and actions they perpetrate when out of their study. I hope no one will take this as personal satire ; it is not intended as such : I abhor those nasty satirical women, who seem always bristling with pins, while they appear to consider other people in the light of pincushions, and I hope I know that "woman's rights" are better recognized by men than by sister woman. Still, though a poor weak woman, I may have an opinion ; and I repeat, that the practical question, "What is it worth ?—what is its weight ?"—which is the fashion of this age to put, will drive the next to wholesale suicide as the only way to escape the horror of living without a thought beyond the things before them.

But let me tell my story—and may it cheer some aspirant to fame to know there is one individual, however simple, who sympathizes with his struggles against a callous and stubborn generation.

* * * * *

My dear, my only brother was born to be a poet. Must I say what he is ? This age demands it, and this story shall tell, but not just now.

He was the only boy born after eight girls, five of whom died in infancy ; so, when he came, myself and three sisters were young women. Never shall I forget the joy his arrival caused ; the fair infant, enshrined in the most costly of berceaux, received this writer's homage with a gravity and calmness which proved his natural aptitude for the high position he held.

That boy had regal manners. He was remarkably contemplative ; not a fussy, noisy, lively child, attracted by anything glittering or unusual ; he was sedate, and almost awfully composed ; he eat much and slept much ; it was highly necessary for the working of those gigantic brains which have since declined the classic covering of the olive wreath, to yield to the ignoble shelter of the "pork pie."

From the first I predicted in him the advent of a poet of the first order. His deep black eyes, his beautiful and straight features, the slow, grand movement of his head, and little pink hands, all showed poetry of feeling and movement to be instinct in him.

He was named, at my particular request, Chaucer Milton.

He grew up a sad-eyed, dreamy boy, with thoughts beyond our sphere, which he concealed with the greatest care from all, steadfastly refusing to reveal the faintest spark of the originality which I knew to be glowing within him.

In his employments he showed the poetic bent of his mind. A keen

disinclination to dry detail in history, reading, or arithmetic, was balanced by his early appreciation of the imaginative and marvellous in books. I own I encouraged him in this; I taught him his destiny, and his eager mind became doubly dreamy and replete with thought rather than action. One morning, I remember, he came to my room door: "Virginia," he said, sadly, "I shall go no more to school." Anxiously I inquired the reason. "I cannot associate with such inferior animals as Bob Watts and Charley Pearson, they are beneath me; and Walter Sinclair vows he'll whop me."

Of course I prevailed on my mother to instantly withdraw our darling from such companionship, and he stayed at home with his appreciative sisters till he was one-and-twenty. In the mean time our dear parents left us for that long, last journey, and our sister Mary married. Chaucer learnt at home all that his tutors could teach. We never trusted him to the cruel world. Our visitors were his admirers, our friends his; and I can safely say that he knew not alighting scorn or harsh speech while with us. Our home, our love nursed his poetic fancy; our hands trained this plant, which has borne other blossoms than those we so exultingly expected; and it is hard that now, as old women, we must look back and find that we loved and toiled for nothing.

One bright morning, as we sat at breakfast, a letter came to me; I took it up suspiciously; it had the perfume of a lady's desk clinging to it yet; it was narrow, and pale pink, and the direction was written in a small, flowing hand. I opened it; "It is from a perfect stranger," I observed. Chaucer, with a poet's intelligence, looked at the directed envelope.

"It is from a woman—a lady," he said, acutely; "my penetration is never at fault. Read it aloud, Virginia; I like the writing."

I ventured to remonstrate, but on his rising to leave the room (his usual practice when displeased), I begged his pardon, and he resumed his chair.

"I have been rummaging papa's memory to-day," began without further preface the audacious letter, "and he has told me of some dear friends who were once very kind to us when we wanted kindness. I mean to pay them a visit, and won't be refused; will they be angry? I shall come to-morrow, and will stay a week, if they will let me; and they must, because I'm a spoilt child, or young woman, I suppose now; but, of course, that makes no difference in my wilfulness. Some one was telling me the other day that I had the honour to number a poet among my relations, and that his name was Melton Mowbray. I shall be charmed to make his acquaintance, and only hope to find his productions as good as his namesake's. I don't know whether you are married, cousin Virginia (we are tenth cousins, I think); if you are, remember me kindly to the most deserving of his sex; if you are not, don't. Believe me dying to become acquainted with you, and in hopes that you won't hate me when I am.

"Yours, when I know you,

"LOUBY BRUCK."

"Disgraceful!" "Shocking!" "Forward!" were the epithets very properly applied to this effusion by my sisters, but Chaucer was lost in thought.

"Who are the Bruces?" he asked at length. Something in his tone evinced that he did not share the indignation which we felt; or, perhaps, an instinctive feeling of foreboding made me shudder with horror at the thought of his thinking favourably of Miss Bruce. Sinking my voice to an impressive whisper, I answered his question in these few words: "Mr. Bruce is a soap-boiler."

The effect was magical! With an exclamation of disgust, our sensitive brother rose.

"If you receive the young person, I rely on you girls to shield me from any contact with her. Stay—I have it; I will go to my friend Stanley's."

He left the room, and we instantly began a discussion as to whether we should admit the unceremonious young lady who claimed our friendship. We agreed that the law of hospitality forbade our turning any one away who came to us wearing a peaceful visage; and as the letter breathed a spirit of conciliation, however disguised, we would admit the young person, Louey Bruce.

By twelve next day our house might have challenged the most rigid inspection, as my sisters and I seated ourselves in the drawing-room with the usual feminine employments. The door was partly open, and in a few minutes I saw my brother descending the stairs.

"Are you going to Mr. Stanley's now, dear brother?" I asked, tenderly, for his mighty brow looked overcast.

"I don't feel well; my brain throbs; I shall rest awhile, and consider whether it will be prudent to leave home while thus perturbed." And he threw himself along the sofa. How thankful we should be that our modern poets husband their own energies; nursing them not for themselves, but for ungrateful posterity!

I had scarcely returned to my seat, after carefully covering him with an anti-macassar, when a startling ring and knock made us all jump off our chairs, and elicited a cry of impatience from the weary genius. Our old servant, Martha, ran to the door for the first time in twenty years, and we heard a very distinct voice asking if Miss Bruce was expected. In another minute the young lady entered.

All, save our poet, rose to receive her. She paid her compliments in a very easy manner: she bestowed an unwished-for kiss on each of us, and responded in a gay tone to our civil greetings. As soon as they were over, I took her hand, and led her to my brother's sofa.

"Miss Bruce, this is my brother; he is suffering, so we will speak low, if you please." This I said to check her somewhat boisterous tones. "Chaucer, love, Miss Bruce waits to speak to you."

"Not at all," she said, coolly; "I am in no hurry; do not disturb

the gentleman ; he looks as if he had combated with his faculties, and was weary."

To my surprise, Chaucer immediately sprang erect.

"I am happy to have the honour of welcoming Miss Bruce under my roof," said his soft, deep voice.

They stood opposite each other, and I was struck by the contrast they presented.

My brother is tall, dark, and undoubtedly handsome ; even his enemies (and what poet is without them ?) allow that : yet to me the chief beauty is the melancholy poetry of his pale brow. Yet, though wayward, and as capricious as most geniuses, at this moment his countenance was more significant of a dreamy softness, as he bent his brow in noble shame, and lowered his eyes before that bold girl. She might be called pretty,—would be, perhaps, by another but myself, to whom mere beauty is immaterial, unless accompanied by the stamp of talent. She was fair-haired, pink and white complexioned, and blue-eyed. Her dress was showy and stylish, and she had one of those undulating, swaying figures which look as elastic as a willow, and may be graceful, but are not sufficiently decorous and staid to please one who admires the ladylike demeanour of the heroines of Miss Edgeworth's novels. But certainly, if one thing more than another displeased me in her appearance, it was that dreadful, dreadful hat ; and those shocking, shocking hoops, which were in every one's way but her own.

At last she curtsied mockingly to my brother's salutation. "I am obliged to you," she said, smiling ; "so you are the poet, Melton Mowbray ?"

"Chaucer *Milton* Mowbray," I said, with some disdain.

"Are you a Baptist, Mr. Mowbray ? Did you choose those names yourself ?" asked this strange young person, and then she laughed. "I'm very rude, I'm afraid ; will you not shake hands ?"

She held out her hand, and, still confused, my brother took it, but dropped it immediately. This did not disconcert her.

"A bashful poet ! a novelty to me," she observed.

I longed to say, with ironical emphasis, that any kind of bashfulness must be a novelty to her, but she did not wait for a reply, and continued,—

"I should like to take off these heavy things, if you please."

Arrived at her room, she looked round and laughed. "What a charming little nest ! a perfect dovecot !" and we were the dearest old—ahem !—the dearest darlings in existence to prepare it so sweetly for her, &c., &c.

I confess I was weary of the young lady, and sought solace in superior society. Chaucer was leaning against the chimney-piece, his hands twisted in his locks of raven hue.

"My brother," I began, feelingly, "this is sad to witness, is it not ? Who could suppose that that girl above has a soul ?" He started.

"Forgive me, dearest Chaucer ; no doubt your sensitive nature suffers keener pangs than our coarser feelings endure at this degrading spectacle."

He seized my arm, and pinched it. "Virginia,"—he panted, and his eyes rolled dreadfully,—“I have seen my destiny.”

“Oh, try and bear it; she shall go to-morrow; I knew she would be your death.”

“My death? Ha! ha!” he laughed, wildly; “she shall be my life, Virginia! I adore her.”

I sank back on the sofa, staring wildly at him. At last I said, faintly, “But you can’t, Chaucer; you have only seen her for five minutes.”

“What account doth a poet’s soul keep of time and circumstance? I tell you, woman [this to me!—Oh dear!], the moment her divine face beamed on me, my soul grew to hers, expanding in its roots; while love sprang into being with the rapidity of—of—mustard and cress.”

As he finished, the eloquence faded from his brow, and was succeeded by a heavy frown. I lifted up my voice, and wept. “Her father is a soap-boiler, my brother. Oh, brother, would you bind yourself to such horror?”

“What has the young gentleman been doing? But I forgot, it is his duty as a poet to ‘bring tears to the eyes of beauty.’ Though I hope—” and Miss Bruce turned to me seriously; but with the heart-rending news I had just received ringing in my ears, I could not stay in her presence, and rushing from the room, I sped to my chamber to indulge my grief, and it was great.

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found Miss Bruce at the piano. In my time every modest girl required at least half an hour’s urging before they could summon sufficient courage to play before strangers; but here was this girl, with all the assurance in the world, rattling off all the most popular (and vulgar) pieces of the day. Sister Viola is musical, decidedly; she learnt three songs and four pieces when at school (quite enough to know perfectly), and has never had any ambition to catch up the things one hears in the streets. Evidently Miss Bruce had; and (fatal infatuation!) my brother stood by her, according pensive smiles as she looked up now and then, talking as fast as she played.

The announcement of dinner followed me into the room, and as she rose from the instrument, Chaucer muttered impatiently that dinner could wait.

“If dinner can wait, I cannot, without spoiling my temper, for I am really hungry—a thing, of course, unknown to you poets,” she said, archly.

To my grief, my brother hardly touched a thing at table. I could not help hinting to Miss Bruce that she was to blame for this, at which she laughed immoderately, but said nothing.

On our return to the other room, Chaucer, who was more animated than I had ever seen him before, wished again to lead our visitor to the piano.

“Presently,” she answered, “but it is your turn to exhibit now. What! to be in the same house with a poet, and know nothing of his works; not even to know him to be such, but from report!”

My brother complied, after a short but becoming show of hesitation, commencing one of his most sublime recitations thus :—

“O torturous mankind ! who with keen probe
 Would pierce the poet's soul with misery,
 I summon ye to answer this my plea.
 Why dost thou use us so ? The drowning man
 May have a straw to catch at ; but the mind,—
 The noble soul, which shines out through the fat
 And grossness of mortality, is spurned
 By grovelling publishers, who scarce give pence
 To feed a sacred nature's natural cravings.”

My brother's pathetic voice trembled while rehearsing this true picture of thrilling woe ; but while my sisters and I hung tearfully on his accents, we were interrupted by a sudden exclamation from our visitor, something like a choke or sob, which changed into a kind of hysteric giggle. We all rose and went to her,—our poet paler than the handkerchief she held to her face ; but she waved us off, and presently put down the handkerchief.

“I am better now, thank you ; it was a mere nervous affection, but I don't think I can endure any more poetry to-night.”

“I am most happy to discover in you such evidences of a great soul. You are blessed, Miss Bruce, with a keen susceptibility ; all really great souls cannot endure to have their sentiments racked at any time,” said my brother, with an air of serious congratulation, though I mistrusted the tears which yet stood in her eyes, as she replied,—

“I am happy to know I have a great soul, and I will not ill-use it by having it too much tried. Will you come to the piano, Miss Viola ?”

Again must I remark on the deterioration of the young ladies of the present day. What strange liberties they take !—or at least we had a strange specimen in our visitor. We had arranged certain schemes for her amusement. One day we would take her to the British Museum (for we consider that rational and unexciting pleasures are the best) ; we would get an order to see the House of Lords ; she should go to the Tower of London, the National Gallery, and the late Madame Tussaud's pleasing exhibition. Surely this would be sufficient dissipation.

How futile were our plans ! When, the next day, I mentioned the British Museum as a place of agreeable recreation, she pouted like a child, and said, if we were determined to go back to the antiquities, had we not better have them genuine, and lunch at Memphis at once ? I was offended, and said no more ; but in a few minutes, looking out of the window, I saw her trying to reach some roses which came partly over our wall from our neighbour's garden—the Prices—persons I have an objection to, as being too “fast.” I was opening the window hastily, to explain indignantly that the flowers were not ours, and to beg her not to expose herself to insult, when I saw that foppish young Price rise lazily from the grass plat, gather the roses, and offer them to her. Smiling and bowing, *she took them* ! and, in doing so, caught her lace sleeve in the briars ; he officiously

assisted her to release it, and after a little laughter, she bowed, and came back to the house with the flowers.

Our Chaucer was in the parlour, though he had not seen what I had, and, as she entered, he rose.

"Beautiful roses, emblems of youth and love," he said, poetically.

"You may have one if you like," and she presented him with a beautiful spray.

"Did you see me poaching, Miss Mowbray? you were at the window."

"I did, Miss Bruce," I answered, drily.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she interrupted; "my bracelet, my last, favourite bracelet, I have lost it; I must have dropped it when I got these horrid roses. Will you send next door for it, Miss Mowbray?"

Before I could answer, however, some one knocked, and in another moment Mr. Harry Price walked in—a tall, fair, good-for-nothing sort of young man. He brought the bracelet, and its owner gave him a profusion of thanks, to which he responded with such extravagant compliments that I grew quite angry, in spite of his civility to me; he scarcely noticed Chaucer, save by a peculiar smile, as his quick grey eye took note of the flower in my brother's button-hole. Presently he and Miss Bruce discovered they were old acquaintances, having met before in Paris, and they opened such a battery of small talk on us, with the intention, I thought, of driving us from the room, but I knew my duty too well to stir. It grieved me to see how Chaucer's dark mood was coming over him as Mr. Harry grew more familiar, and Miss Bruce more radiant: he withdrew from the circle, bit his lips and nails, whistled at the ceiling, and scowled at Mr. Price, who at last took his departure, murmuring something of his sister's pleasure in hearing that Miss Bruce was so near. If this was a hint to me, it was not taken, and he went.

As the door closed on him, Chaucer came from his corner, and planted himself opposite Miss Louey, regarding her with a deep, a searching, a bitterly sarcastic eye. She went on with her embroidery composedly, and without lifting her eyes. Presently she broke the silk, and stretching her hand for the skein, noticed him. Far from being appalled at the demon she had raised to those orbs, she gave a half-smile.

"How terribly idle of you to stand there, Mr. Mowbray! I wish you would let me employ you in disentangling this silk."

As she held it to him, in his agitation of mind (I hope it was so), he actually snatched it from her hand, and threw it on the ground!

It was wrong, and he should not have called her "perfidious" and a "traitress," but if he was changed, how much more so was she! She

minute! Now, sir, pick up that silk," she exclaimed, looking him (how could she do it?) full in the face, with an imperious expression in her large eyes.

He picked it up, looking *dreadfully*.

"Throw it out of the window."

He threw it out.

Then she paused for a moment, keeping me in suspense, for I was really too frightened to interfere; then, taking her dress like a child, she made a curtesy, but with a most unchildlike and contemptuous smile, and walked from the room, while with great speed my poor brother disappeared by the other door.

My sisters and I looked at one another. "Good gracious!" I said, fervently; "Good gracious!" they re-echoed; and then, finding some relief in that ejaculation, I left the room to find Miss Bruce.

She was in her chamber, and bade me enter when I knocked: I found her scribbling a note.

Appalled at a possibility which suggested she was determined to quit our house, and to make notorious our Chaucer's breach of politeness, I stepped forward, and laid my hand on hers, while I poured out, with all the eloquence I was mistress of, my hopes that no remembrance of unintentional misconduct rankled in her mind. She listened in silence, sometimes with a half scornful smile, sometimes with perfect gravity. When I paused, she said seriously,—

"Pray don't ask my pardon, Miss Mowbray, more especially as I was afraid you would have been angry with me for taking the law into my own hands;—but let me ask you one thing, and forgive my freedom,—To what cause do you think your brother's conduct owing?"

"My brother was wrong; he feels it—"

"Since I made him aware of it," she added, parenthetically. I went on,—

"But surely there is some excuse for a nature like his. A poet, Miss Bruce, is a creature of impulse and instinct, and not a slave to the forms and reasoning faculties which dictate courses to us. Must not some excuse be granted to a being wayward as God's wind, but with a soul whose teachings may free a nation's intellect?"

She listened without participating in the warmth which fired me, and answered,—

"Then you hold that a man, who is clever in one way, may be a brute or idiot as regards everything else,—ignorant of the commonest forms of life, and free to tyrannize over any one he may take a prejudice to! But in what direction do you consider your brother's gift to be?"

"In poetry, of course," I said, promptly.

She was not in joke when she answered,—

"He is as innocent of poetry as I am of Greek. Pardon my bluntness, but it is you who have filled his head with the vain aspirations which may foster insanity, but will never produce poetry."

Her quick voice paused, and her look softened as she saw in my face my anger, dismay, wonder, and something else—I knew not what—which kept me silent. She came to my side and kissed my cheek in strange sympathy, all her boldness gone.

“I am sorry,” she whispered, “you dislike me; you wish me gone—and no wonder. But when I go next Tuesday, you shall hear why I have troubled you.”

Chaucer did not return till I had seen our guest to her room, and then he was silent as the grave,—and very cross.

Early next morning, as I drew up my blind and opened my bedroom window, I saw my brother walking round the back garden. His arms were folded, and he was in such deep thought that he thrice stumbled over the watering-pot. As I sorrowfully gazed, wondering whether I should incur his displeasure by calling his attention to it, a light step came down the stone steps, and Miss Bruce came forward. He started violently. She bid him good morning in her distinct voice, when he turned and murmured something I did not hear, but his face changed and cleared as he looked at her. She answered, in a lively tone,—

“Oh yes; I never remember disagreeables, and I’ll forgive you, on condition that while I remain you will be guiltless of poetical words, writings, and actions.”

He kissed her hand, and they returned to the house.

After breakfast two notes came, one for Miss Bruce, and one for me, to invite us to a small party at Mrs. Price’s, our next door neighbour’s. It was very civil, of course. We knew it was meant in compliment to Miss Bruce. I did not intend to accept it, as it would be no satisfaction to begin an acquaintance with persons we had no interest in, but Chaucer (instigated by Miss Louey) persuaded me to go.

Of that family I will not speak ill; they were civil and attentive to us; and though——But no; I will not swell this relation, which is only concerning our personal wrongs, by a detailed investigation into social abuses.

As I always desire to remain near my gifted brother, I was compelled to go into the gayest part of the room—for where Miss Bruce’s apple-green gauzes floated I ever found him. She laughed, joked, coquetted with all; but her choicest smiles and most tantalizing frowns were for Mr. Harry Price and Chaucer Milton Mowbray. It seemed sport to the first-named gentleman, but it was death to my brother.

One time, heart-broken at a long whisper from Mr. Harry, and an eager laugh and blush from her, Chaucer drew near my chair and leaned gloomily against the wall. I feared his fatal passion was coming on, when, missing him from her side, Louey came up.

“Why have you hidden yourself?” she said, abruptly; “you have not yet asked me to dance.”

"Because, even if I did not feel to my heart's core that you preferred another, I could not ask you, because I do not know how."

"How what?—to dance, or to ask me?"

"Neither," he said, bitterly.

"Then I'll teach you both," she answered, playfully. "Now repeat after me,—'Will you honour me with your hand and experience for the next dance?'"

Alas! as usual, Chaucer was the yielding victim, and presently he returned to me, looking warm, but happy. He danced again and again, but always with her, and I fancy some of the young ladies were indignant that she kept such a handsome partner to herself; yet Mr. Harry took Louey into supper, and kept her attention to himself, while my poor boy sat silent, watching them, and unconsciously eating with frightful avidity almonds and raisins, with lobster salad and bonbons. After supper, glee singing went round; but when my brother was called upon, he bowed gravely, and rising, leant one hand on the table, put the other into his waistcoat pocket, and looked fixedly in Miss Bruce's direction as he repeated the following verses:—

"O fairest rose that blooms on high,
To thee I dedicate this song;
Grant me one smile for this my sigh,
Before I die!

"Ere thee I met my heart was bare
Of all that maketh life so sweet;
Love sprang to life with mushroom heat,—
Love quite complete."

Before the poem was finished, a piercing cry from the end of the table cut it short, when the cause of confusion was exposed in the shape of a reversed trifle bowl, whose creamy contents had been overturned into Miss Bruce's lap.

The young lady immediately returned home. She rejected Chaucer's arm, saying reproachfully, "You have broken your promise," and took Mr. Harry's, who whispered, as he took leave, "Take care that you are not yourself entrapped, while so generously rescuing another." Unhappy me! I heard these words, but never guessed their true meaning.

I suppose Chaucer found means to appease Miss Bruce's anger, for she behaved as usual the next day, and in spite of my poor efforts, their intimacy steadily increased. About this time, too, they took to horse-riding; Mr. Bruce sent his daughter's horse and a mounted groom every day, that she should not lose an exercise she was accustomed to; and one day, with her usual boldness, she insisted on my brother accompanying her. Poor Chaucer knew nothing of riding, and looked rather forlorn on that great beast; but in spite of his whiteness and sorrow, he said, dolorously, he would go, though he shook his head doubtfully as the groom

picked up the reins for the fourth time, and insisted on his holding the whip in the right hand. When he came home his coat was strangely ragged and soiled, but on Miss Bruce's declaring he had all the elements of a good rider in him, he plucked up his courage, and said "riding was a delightful exercise." The girl seemed bent on captivating every one, and succeeded, except in the instance of myself, for when I hinted my fearful suspicions to my generally sympathetic sisters, Dorothea answered, to my unbounded horror,—

"And what then, sister? It would be beneficial to both if they could gain a little of the other's nature; and our Chaucer was getting rather too imperious, and a little silly, I think;" while Viola acquiesced, adding, that Louey was a great favourite of hers.

To increase my dismay, I discovered a change about this time in Miss Bruce's manner to my brother. Before, though she attracted him, and wished to do so, I perceived that she had really little liking for him; but now, though she was less desirous to win his exclusive notice, and was quieter in her manner, she thought of him more, and liked him better, though she was shy in showing it. I dated this alteration from the period when, by accident, she was witness to a new trait in my brother's character.

Chaucer is unaffectedly charitable. I could enumerate hundreds to whom he has been the best of friends. If he has troubled publishers on his own account, how much more so has he troubled them for others, besides helping, soothing, and sympathizing in the troubles and trembling hopes of many an aged mother or care-worn wife, depending on the struggles of some poor disciple of the quill!

This Miss Bruce discovered (my brother guarded his secret as carefully as though it had been a crime) through the heartfelt gratitude of a poor woman who called while Chaucer was out, and while waiting for him poured out her story to us in broken, tearful language. Louey was particularly affected, though her eyes shone brightly, as she made inquiries of the poor woman, and promised to assist her.

My story draws to a close. One Monday evening (the day before Miss Bruce was to leave us), as the air was remarkably sweet and balmy after a long hot day, Miss Bruce proposed, when her horse came round, we should all take a drive through the green lanes.

"There is George's horse for Mr. Mowbray, and do hire a carriage on this last evening, and accompany us, will you, Miss Mowbray? You will, Miss Dorothea, and you, Miss Viola, I'm sure."

Both my sisters were greater favourites with her than I, but she always appealed to me first. *They* were ready, so I did not refuse, and I found it not unpleasant as we drove along the Kilburn Road, and watched the equestrians. Chaucer was much improved, and was not timid, though I sometimes shuddered; and they rode on, at first laughing and talking, but afterwards nearer together and more silently. My sisters glanced at

each other and at me, and, provoked at their evident thoughts on the subject, I hastily turned to the driver and desired him to go faster, intending to check their *tête-à-tête*.

He obeyed me but too well. Lashing his horse violently, it departed from the sober trot we had so enjoyed, and broke into a run, making every spring in the crazy vehicle vibrate, and causing a great rattling noise as it lumbered along the flinty road. We were much past Kilburn Gate now, and were nearing Cricklewood, when, all at once, Chaucer's horse showed signs of impatience at the sound behind him. At last—I never knew how—while desiring the coachman to stop, a shriek from Viola made me look up—to see the horse darting away with frightful impetus, and bearing with him—my brother!

* * * * *

Minutes passed, and as we shrunk back powerless, a riderless horse rushed by, and the next turn of the road showed a group on the grass-grown wayside.

My brother, my darling, lay on the ground insensible to pain, and, I hope (for the credit of my sex), insensible to the tears which were falling on his face, the wild words poured into his ears, as Miss Bruce knelt beside him supporting his head, while her horse stood by quietly cropping the grass.

In a moment I was with them, and heard her cry, "My folly has killed him! Chaucer, Chaucer!"

"You may well say your folly has destroyed him," I said, bitterly, throwing myself on the turf beside him. "Get up; leave him to me: do not touch him, girl."

She did not answer; she rose, crying bitterly, and brought some water from the ditch, and gave me her salts, without daring to interfere, but stood by, sobbing and holding her hands tightly, while I tried to recover him. At last he moved; she gave a scream of delight and ran up to the carriage, returning the next moment with the coachman. We drove home sadly, in spite of our pale Chaucer's assurances that he was not at all hurt by the fall. The next morning, after breakfast, our patient came down and lay on the sofa. We found that his injuries, though great, were less than we had anticipated. He had been stunned, and his ankle was severely sprained; beyond that no material injury was done. My sisters congratulated him, and then dispersed to their various occupations, but I still sat by his couch in spite of his impatience at my attempted soothing. At last he threw away the book he had snatched up, and taking from my lap a folio of his poetical scraps, which I had been delightedly perusing for the hundredth time, deliberately took up each in turn, and tore it to pieces. As I uttered a terrified ejaculation, Miss Bruce made her appearance.

She looked hurried and confused, and did not come to the front of the sofa as she hesitatingly asked after his health.

"Very sadly, Miss Bruce," I answered for him, and was going to add a severe reflection on her conduct, when he interrupted me.

"Thank you, sister, but I am well enough to answer for myself. Do move a little; I can't see Miss Bruce. But look! those mischievous bantams are in your garden again, in the front garden, Virginia; go—Miss Bruce will remain till you come back."

"I—I—" she began, but he paid no attention, only adding, "Don't dawdle, everything will be spoilt."

I left the room, but not for the garden; I went into an anteroom leading from the other, and seated myself to write a note. I was not listening, but I heard—what? good heavens! a distinct offer of marriage made by Chaucer Milton Mowbray to Louise Bruce!

Her answer came at last; it was, "I have a demand to make before I answer."

"Name it, darling Louise."

She hesitated in replying, but I shall not write down her confusion. "It is—to prevent any recurrence of literary ideas—that you engage in my father's business."

Could I hear aright? There was a quiver in her voice, but she was evidently serious; I tried to rise, but I was rooted to my chair, and speechless. My brother paused one instant, and then with a laugh, which he could not wholly suppress, said triumphantly, "Then accept me for your future husband, dearest Louise; I am a soap-boller in intention this moment, and will be one in practice as soon as I can enter into business."

"Do you mean it?"

"There lie the proofs of my abandonment of poetry, in that torn rubbish at your feet. I forswear scribbling doggerel, and promise to become a respectable member of society. Will the transformation content you, Louey? Though it may be nothing to you to see a rational being, it is a new birth to me, and will create a revolution in my own small circle, as you well know. You are smiling, dearest; are you mocking your foolish lover, or wondering that a simpleton should love you?"

"I am not laughing, indeed, but I was wondering what your sister would say."

This mention of myself broke the spell; I sprang from my seat, and confronted them. I was scarcely surprised to see Chaucer's arm round

"Yes," I cried, angrily, "and at what a price! Chaucer, my little brother, whose hand I guided over the traced pothooks in the days of innocence and youth—whose lisping voice I taught to utter exalted language—oh, my high-souled brother, listen to your instructor, friend, sister; turn from the tempter, spurn her from you, and return to the path of honour."

And I, an old woman (comparatively), knelt to him. My brother was affected; but Louise rose, and said in her clear tones, which Chaucer had once called refreshing as rain after thunder,—

"Did I not promise an explanation of my visit here when this day came? I will redeem that promise now. As long ago as I can remember, papa has spoken with gratitude of the generosity with which your father once rescued him from difficulties which, but for assistance, must have been ruin. He desired in prosperity to renew an acquaintance begun in poverty, but you had wholly disappeared. A few weeks ago I saw your name in connection with a production which—forgive me, Chaucer—called forth unlimited ridicule. On making inquiries we discovered the author to be the son of papa's benefactor, and he was very much troubled about the things we heard about it. Papa, though a soap-boiler, is fond of literary society, and he thus heard many opinions. All coincided with our own, and at this time we discovered where the author lived. The Prices told us of you, and soon after I formed a project—in spite of papa's scruples—to visit you myself, and know something of you by personal intercourse. It struck me that I could not better show my gratitude for papa's sake than by opening your eyes, Chaucer, to the folly of the fancy which had been forced on you."

She turned to me, and her eyes were bright and steady.

"That was your work. I have heard how from his infancy you made up your mind that his destiny was poetry: his appearance encouraged the idea, and it was agreed to by the others—firstly, because they all loved and thought nothing too good for him; and secondly, because they looked up to you as the chief of the family.—Don't interrupt me, Chaucer.—You gave him no opportunity to be wiser than you thought compatible with your ideas of an ideal poet; but, thank God, you could not stifle, though you might obscure the noblest part of him—his heart."

Her face was dyed with blushes as she concluded.

I sat down, rocking myself to and fro, and at last moaned out drearily,—

"I thought you were engaged to young Price."

"Harry? Oh no; he is engaged to my cousin, who lives with me."

"Yet I heard him whisper," I said, faintly.

Again she coloured, but laughed.

"He was prophesying what has since occurred. Chaucer, for the pain I gave you then, and for that which I have since inflicted, I will not apologize, for, as I do love you, I cannot but feel it equally."

My tale is ended. My brother, born to be a poet, is now a soap-boiler.

THE REIGN OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

II.

THE Pompadour was too thorough a Parisian to remain indifferent to the bad opinion which the capital had formed against her. We may even fairly ascribe to the hope of alleviating by a brilliant stroke the general condemnation which the lady felt so deeply, the formation of the great alliance which so unexpectedly altered the position of France in the political world. To become the negotiator of a close alliance with the powerful House of Austria, which had so long been regarded as the implacable foe of the Bourbon dynasty; to surprise Europe and shame her enemies by displaying to them her intimate relations with a great and virtuous Princess,—such were the motives of the Pompadour; and they were actuated by the evident advantage of treating kindly Maria Theresa, who met her halfway, much more than by the epigrams of Frederick the Great and the gossip of Potsdam. In the same way may be explained the skilful behaviour of the Empress, who, as revengeful as she was obstinate, had always regarded the peace with Prussia merely as an armistice. The wish to regain Silesia was as fervent after the Treaty of Dresden as was Frederick II.'s resolution to retain it.

Influenced by such motives, it was natural that the Viennese Cabinet should do all in its power to isolate Prussia, and loosen the bonds between that country and France. In the event of Austria resolving sooner or later to deal Prussia a blow, there might be a reasonable probability of inducing the Cabinet of Versailles to act a neutral part: but to persuade France to become an active confederate, and overthrow by the aid of her treasure and army the monarchy of a great man, the sole ally of France in the German Empire; to render France subordinate to the Empress, with no other result than flattering Madame de Pompadour,—all this resembled a dream, whose realization was alone possible because a vain woman was anxious to recover her failing influence through the magnitude of the questions and the importance of the interests involved. Parvenus have two rocks to fear—arrogant rigidity and crawling subserviency; and a vain and frivolous woman could only be wrecked on the latter. So soon as the Empress resolved to offer her hand to the Pompadour, the latter grovelled at her feet.

It is impossible to form an opinion of the Treaty of Versailles either from the pamphlets of Favier or the calmer writings of Count Broglie. When the Abbé (soon after Cardinal) Bernis was commissioned by the Pompadour to bring forward for discussion the sentiments which the Empress had expressed about her friend, and when this Minister began negotiating with Stahremberg, Count Kaunitz's successor as Austrian envoy at Paris, the bases of the Treaty of Versailles, the hostile position

which England assumed gave great weight to this compact. At the moment when Great Britain, without any rupture or declaration of war, began chasing the French ships in every sea, and forced France into naval engagements for which she was not at all prepared, it seemed of great importance to secure the French frontiers against a possible invasion, and to separate the Viennese Court, at which English guineas had so long been in circulation, from the island kingdom. The treaty would have been even advantageous for Germany had it been a purely defensive alliance, guaranteeing the inviolability of both countries; but if it had been reduced to such conditions it would not have suited Maria Theresa's wide-spread views, and the Empress would not have humiliated herself so deeply for such a slight advantage. She demanded an offensive and defensive alliance, without laying any apparent weight on the amount of the contingent: in case of need she would be satisfied with a corporal and a private. Bernis, though he owed his appointment to the Pompadour, carried on an incessant warfare against his patroness, in order to remove from the treaty conditions which ere long became so ruinous. And though he was so weak, contrary to his advice at the conferences of Babiole,* as to sign his name to the concluded treaty, his resignation, which he sent in soon after, proves that he remained true to his ideas. He certainly continued in the Ministry up to 1758; but he had lost the confidence of the light-minded woman, who was intoxicated by the thought of being the partner of a glorious princess in the personal struggle against the greatest hero of his age.

After the signature of the treaty the Marquise tacitly selected Count Choiseul as successor of the Cardinal. Choiseul, who had been for years ambassador at Vienna, was with his whole heart Austrian. A Lorrainer by birth, and son of an envoy of the Duke of Lorraine at Paris, this talented nobleman was devoted to the Imperial House through gratitude and affection. Ambitious enough, in a case of need, to subordinate his preference to his interests, he had the good fortune, not only of serving the latter, but of satisfying the former. During his official residence at Vienna, the envoy, who was acquainted with the mental weakness of the favourite, and the painful embarrassments of her position, dazzled her blinded eyes with the most daring and splendid prospects. In a perfect reconstitution of the map of Europe, he showed her Hanover sundered from England, and Sweden and Saxony, the allies of France, territorially aggrandized at the expense of Frederick II., for whom Louis XV. felt a personal dislike. At the same time he offered her the prospect of France obtaining the Austrian Netherlands as a reward of the alliance. In the mean while, until these fair dreams were fulfilled, he entangled the vain Pompadour in a correspondence with the Empress, whose effect was irresistible. The

* A country seat of the Marquise de Pompadour.

Austrian alliance was hence the work of Choiseul. As a bold and determined gambler, he staked his whole fortune on this card, and did not hesitate to double the stake against all the risks of fortune. The Pompadour fancied that she held the bank, and yet she was only his croupier.

In the mean while Europe had been aroused, and though the Treaty of Versailles was so secretly drawn up, the King of Prussia understood that the most decisive crisis of his life was approaching. Either through personal pique, or the natural westward tendency of Russia, Elizabeth had been secretly induced by Maria Theresa to lend her the assistance of 60,000 men, against a prince who was the sworn foe of women and pleasure. In Saxony she had evoked the hereditary hatred of a queen-electress who had Austrian blood in her veins; and Sweden, to whom she promised aggrandizement in Prussian Pomerania, had already replied by ordering her army to advance. Surrounded by a confederation of States, and having only the remote aid of England to look to, Frederick, who was well aware that France would soon threaten him on the Elbe and the Weeser, resolved to crush his foes singly before they could unite their forces. In shorter time than another general would have required to get ready to march, he dashed into Saxony, stormed the entrenched camp at Pirna, occupied Dresden, took from the State archives the authentic proofs of the Austrian plot which he had just demolished sword in hand; then entered Bohemia, and gained a victory over his irreconcilable foe, which was soon followed, however, by terrible defeats.

From the terms existing between the Pompadour and Austria, the French Cabinet required no further notice to break with Prussia, as this rupture was the almost necessary consequence of the treaty; but the invasion of Saxony offered itself as an excellent excuse to present to the nation. The Pompadour declared solemnly that she was arming in order to avenge the honour of the Dauphin, her personal enemy. In truth, the Dauphiness was a Saxon princess, and daughter of Augustus III.,—that Polish king whom France had hurled from the throne in 1732, in favour of Stanislaus Lescinski, as the reward of a war with Austria, and now in 1757 raised to it again through a war with Prussia;—a confusion which in its results soon furnished a sad proof of the principle, that there is even a greater misfortune for a State than adhering to a bad system, namely, having no system at all.

Providence appeared desirous of blinding the promoters of a ruinous war by a fortunate beginning. The Duc de Richelieu took Mahon from the English. In the East of this system which the Pompadour wished

Maréchal d'Estrées, who had fallen into disgrace, joined the latter at Hastenbeck on the battle-field, which he had converted into a scene of victory on the previous day. No sooner had Richelieu—who was at the most a dashing soldier, but no general—assumed the command, than disorders and extortions, encouraged by the example of the general, broke out in the army and country. In the capitulation of Klosterseeben, which was signed by the Duke of Cumberland in an hour of madness, fortune smiled for the last time on Richelieu and France, had it been kept; but to the disgrace of having signed the convention England soon added that of breaking it, though in order to appear less criminal, she brought charges against Richelieu: and the outcry of the Parisians compelled the Court to recall a general who possessed neither talent nor caution.

But though the honour of England might be sullied, the Anglo-Hanoverian army was saved, and prepared to expel the French from Hanover with the arms which it had voluntarily laid down. Quick as lightning, and true to his tactics of defeating his enemies separately, Frederick had left the unfortunate, corpse-strewn field of Kollin with a band of veteran troops; and while Europe fancied him surrounded by the armies of the two Empresses and on the verge of destruction, he dashed unexpectedly at the Imperialists and the corps of the Prince de Soubise, and gained the fabulous victory of Rossbach, which was so disgraceful to France.

Let us fancy the Marquise on the day when the news reached Versailles that above ten thousand French had fallen in a battle which cost the enemy hardly five hundred men. The blow assailed the liveliest desires of her heart and the dearest hopes of her vanity; for Soubise was her *protégé*, for whom she intended the Marshal's staff, and he really received it. A man of thoroughly honest character, the Prince de Soubise was adapted for any position except the one to which he was so unhappy, not to say so ridiculous, as to aspire. Being, in the bargain, modest and very thoughtful, he would certainly have doubted his own fitness, had the favourite allowed him to do so, or if she had not fancied herself as competent to make an *impromptu* general, as to improvise a treaty.

From the way in which nation and army accepted the event at Rossbach, it could be foreseen that this disaster would not be the last, and that France, at that time so powerful in mental progress, had entered upon a long period of political and warlike decadence. Public opinion, in truth, found a species of bitter satisfaction in the fulfilment of the misfortune foreseen by it; and the almost universal admiration of the King of Prussia was now nearly surpassed by the contempt expressed for the Court, and

bility on its leaders, who in their turn accused each other. To these mutual charges, in which even the bravery and honesty of the generals were questioned, was added the evil, which utterly ruined unity in the command and discipline among the troops, that three different strategic systems contended for pre-eminence,—the old tactics of *Maréchal de Saxe*, the new tactics of *Frederick*, and a mixed system introduced by the *Comte de St. Germain*. In order to restore relaxed discipline, *Count Clermont*, a prince of the blood, was summoned from the administration of an abbey to place himself at the head of an army. The new commander combined with the bravery and morals of a soldier, the military inexperience of a priest; his confused orders were hence despised or misunderstood, and his melancholy career was crowned by the disastrous defeat at *Crefeld*; and *Frederick's* generals, who now occupied the *Rhenish* provinces and a portion of the *Austrian Netherlands*, were enabled to send their reconnoitring parties as far as *Brussels*.

The more necessary peace became each day for France, the more difficult was it for her to secure it, owing to her losses on every battle-field. In spite of the boldness of the talented *Dupleix* in *India*, and the heroism of *Montcalm* and *Vaudreuil* in *Canada*, French squadrons no sooner put out to sea than they were captured. The *Pompadour* had by this time made up her mind to imitate the hero King, and show herself superior to the malice of fortune. When she made the discovery that *Bernis* had brought the conciliatory proposals, which she had rejected, immediately before the King's notice, and had commenced friendly negotiations with all the Courts, she did him the great kindness of dismissing him, and *Count Stainville*, soon after *Duc de Choiseul*, was nominated as his successor in November, 1758. She fancied him her creature, but only too soon became his tool.

The first act of the new minister, who calculated on the passionate nature of his patroness, and was anxious to secure her personal influence, was to perfect the *Austrian* alliance by a second *Treaty of Versailles*, and this unexampled document placed all the troops and money of France at the disposition of *Maria Theresa*. Unfortunately this bold stroke proved unavailing to exorcise the evil destiny that brooded over France. *Maréchal Coutades* met at *Minden* with the same fate as his predecessors; and though here and there victory smiled on the French flags, the trifling amount of glory was buried beneath the weight of scandal which the

a treaty with Sweden. Maria Theresa, whose banner the Germans followed with great reluctance, was now left to trust to the support of France, who had grown almost as indifferent as her King to defeats, and possessed a demoralized army, an exhausted treasury, and blockaded ports, into which the enemy only allowed a few vessels to enter, that they might bring the bad news from the furthest confines of the globe. Pitt, it is true, continued to inflame England with his hatred; but Lord Bute, when he undertook the government with the full confidence of the new King, wished to secure for himself and his country the fruits of the great exploits which others had performed.

England longed for peace, and this irresistible tendency overcame the most obstinate temper. Maria Theresa showed herself at the close of 1762 disposed to negotiate, and displayed less irresolution than was apprehended; and Choiseul, under the pressure of public opinion, had anticipated the Empress, and begun separate negotiations with England. The disgraceful conditions of this peace of Hubertsburg, which was concluded on February 15, 1763, are familiar to our readers. After a seven years' war in which France had sacrificed 200,000 men, through affection for a princess to whom she had ever been hostile, she found herself erased from the map of India and North America, and had not gained the slightest advantage over her enemy, Prussia. Choiseul was clever enough to connect this treaty, which was an eternal testimony of his mistakes, with the family compact of Charles III. of Spain, and the expulsion of the Jesuits; these two acts reconciled public opinion with him, for it does not haggle with the man who understands how, at the right moment, to take minds by surprise and arouse passions.

In the midst of all this excitement, the Pompadour, scarce three-and-forty years of age, succumbed to the attacks of a malady which had undermined her life for a long time without assailing her beauty, which was more valuable to her than life. She dauntlessly saw death approach, and displayed greater courage than if her supremacy had been imperilled. Although she was more vain than ambitious, she felt a happiness at dying in the height of her power, during a slightly favourable change in public opinion toward her, and, above all, before years had completed their work of ruin. She requested and received the assistance of the Church, with the demeanour of a lady in waiting on her most Christian Majesty, took leave of her friends with great warmth, and retained the manner of a Protector to her last moments. In order to be true to herself in the slightest details, she died splendidly dressed, with a smile on her lips, and with her hand in that of the Prince whom she had lived with and ruled for so many years.

The verdict on the Pompadour cannot be doubtful. She commenced her career with only the one thought of becoming the King's mistress, and remaining such. When she, however—obeying necessity rather than her own inclination—interfered in State affairs, she performed her new part as if it did not belong to her repertoire, and hence was always an inferior

actress. She was, more than any statesman of her day, personally responsible for the misfortunes of her country. Her passage through the history of literature has left no perceptible trace, for she pursued the tendencies to which the Regency gave the first impulse. Even though she granted authors pensions, she did not give them back in inspiration what she received from them in flattery; and while her influence on literature is nil, that which she exercised over the arts has been strangely exaggerated. Had the Pompadour not founded the Royal Porcelain Factory—a symbolical memorial of her appearance in history—we might say that upholsterers owed her more than artists did, for she was much fonder of decorations than of talent. To act in a comedy at Crécy, to take up the pencil or graver, or turn to the printing-press in an idle hour, in order to draw Cupids, engrave a few stones, or print verses on pink paper,—such are pleasant inspirations, but not any service rendered to the arts. The admirers of the Marquise, therefore—for even such a divinity has her devotees—must not erect to her a statue of Carrara marble, but at the most a statuette in Sèvres china.

In such a case as this, it is most necessary to adjust the balance, in order not to lead astray public consciousness, which is so prone to indulgence. Authors must remind us in vain of the personal safety during her reign, of her agreeable manners, and the fidelity which she displayed to the King and his friends; let them appeal rather to our merciful verdict upon an unhappy woman, who in her cradle was predestined to adultery, and grew up in the most impenetrable moral ignorance. This may be urged decently, perhaps even honestly, especially when the benefit of mitigating circumstances is pleaded for so delicious a culprit by such an advocate as Sainte Beuve. It is only a pity that other apologists of the Pompadour are so clumsy, and while Sainte Beuve claims our indulgence, they demand our admiration. The natural result is that such writers pass from the defence of the royal courtesan to that of the society and age which witnessed such disgrace, and alone rendered it possible. Other authors, again, go so far as to institute comparisons between our age and that of Louis XV. If we had the space, we would enter into an argument on ~~this point~~, which would affect our century more than the eighteenth.

A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BY THE HERMIT OF BELGRAVIA.

THE day-dreams of my youth, though I have to look back for them through a vista of more than fifty years, how brilliant they seem! I recall them, and they return to me like a sunrise; in truth, they formed the aurora of my existence, and made my horizon beautifully Turneresque. I call to mind the glow and variety of colour which invested all my prospect, as, in the golden leisure of adolescence, I surrendered myself to the fairy influence of the imagination, in my favourite lounging-place when I resided in Town—a grassy knoll in one of the shadiest portions of Kensington Gardens, near the grand walk, or mall.

At the period to which I am about to refer, these ornamental grounds had become the favourite promenade and lounge of people of fashion in London for the season, to a much greater extent than they have been since; for the walks were almost exclusively given up to the enjoyment of pedestrians possessing an indisputable claim to what were then imperative social requisites—birth and breeding. Here and there a tradesman's family might be observed unobtrusively threading their way among the throng; and occasionally a few city bucks displayed there their finery and their assurance; but the bulk of the company was unmistakably aristocratic.

Here might be seen most of the celebrities of the day—fashionable or political. Here were sure to be seen the belles of the season, striving, by means of fresh air and exercise, to bring back to their pale cheeks the roses which the late hours of last night's ball had driven away. Here, too, languidly lounged the beaux of the season, as much exhausted by laborious idleness as by habitual dissipation. Here strode the military or naval hero, whose success in his career was established on the sign-boards of the public-houses; and here might be observed all other aspirants for popular favour, from the statesman to the quack doctor, including, of course, the popular preacher, the great tragedian, "the man of the people," and the principal singer at the Italian Opera.

I have often reclined at full length upon the sward, watching the various groups as they moved along the path before me, catching glimpses of their character with their costume; and there seemed an almost endless variety of both. I looked with as much pleasure as surprise when the country squire would make his appearance in a forgotten fashion, with laced cocked hat, short wig, embroidered coat with deep cuffs, long waist-coat, small black cravat, silk breeches, stockings, and shoes, bearing a china-headed cane in one hand, and with his daughter leaning on his arm. The young lady, in a simple shallow hat with a narrow brim, known as a "gipsy," a long stomachered gown laced at the bodice, with short

sleeves, terminating at the elbow in a wide ruffle, and swelling all round by means of a hoop—she looking the picture of rustic grace, and he of old-fashioned respectability.

Surtouts, or very long-tailed coats, however, were worn generally by the younger gallants; the skirts long, and bearing a liberal display of gilt buttons and braid. Scarlet waistcoats, ornamented with narrow gold lace, were much in vogue, as well as buckskin breeches; they also wore close-fitting boots, generally with spurs, and carried rattans or riding-whips; the hair was concealed by a high-crowned hat, except behind, where it was tied in a pigtail.

The younger ladies wore broad-brimmed hats, ornamented with large bows of ribbon; their hair was powdered, frizzled at the sides, and fell in curls behind. They often wore riding-habits of the length of ordinary dresses.

The sporting gentleman was distinguished by his long green coat, having a high collar and short cuffs, his tight buckskin breeches descending to the ankle, and buttoned above as well as below the knee, as well as by his low top-boots and heavy riding-whip.

They passed along, the lively ones talking and laughing merrily, the grave looking dignified and reserved, courteously giving salutations to their acquaintances, or walking by persons to whom they did not care to be known, with studied indifference. The ancient dowagers and venerable bachelors, in the fashions of their youth, might be seen earnestly gossiping on the tittle-tattle of the hour, or as eloquently declaiming against the degeneracy of the rising generation.

I liked most to watch the young ladies belonging to the fashionable seminaries that had been established in the neighbourhood. These were very select, exclusively for finishing the education of the daughters of persons of wealth and position. I was aware, therefore, that they were as well worth knowing as many of them unquestionably were well worth admiring. There did not, however, seem much chance of my becoming acquainted with any one of them; for they filed past me, looking fresh, innocent, and happy, and totally indifferent to my presence,—one or two sometimes taking a furtive glance in my direction, as though to ascertain whether I was as intent upon the book I held, as I appeared to be.

Slight as this foundation was, it sufficed for many a day-dream. I lived upon these stray glances, built upon them the most magnificent *chateaux en Espagne*, and flourished as much upon the airy diet as upon the aerial architecture. Nothing came of it. Day after day passed.

have visited my pillow—hours after the lovely pageant had faded from my view! What glorious prospects of fame, of grandeur, and of dignity, have followed on the receding footsteps of that graceful company! They proved entirely unsubstantial; and, to get out of the way of such delusions, I retired to a more private part of the Gardens, where I hoped to be able to enjoy my reading without the interruption of such Alnaschar speculations.

The place I now selected was in a grove of tall trees, and under the spreading branches of one of these I lay with my book, sometimes surrendering myself to the charms of the fashionable fiction, sometimes watching the deer that then grazed in the park, and sometimes observing the children feeding the ducks in a pond within a few yards of my position.

I had been so absorbed in this occupation, that I had not perceived the approach of a small band of young ladies, who, attended by two teachers or governesses, had taken possession of the grove, apparently without being aware of my presence. The first announcement I had of their neighbourhood was given in a chorus of laughing exclamations, and, glancing round the trunk against which my back had been leaning, I beheld five singularly beautiful girls, dressed most elegantly, playing the game of “puss in the corner,” while two fashionable-looking matrons were sitting on the grass at a short distance, encouraging them with shouts as joyful as their own.

I never saw a more charming picture. The younger ladies were all full grown, of unmistakable social superiority, and no doubt were receiving the final accomplishments and refinement intended to fit them for the elevated position they were expected to fill. One of the elder ladies—still in the prime of life—possessed remarkable personal attractions, and her demeanour and general appearance indicated a lady thoroughly qualified to perfect the most ambitious aspirant for fashionable distinction. Her companion appeared to be a few years her junior, was less stylish in her manner, but was well dressed, and evidently well bred. Both were in high good humour, and called to the girls by their christian names, so that I very shortly was able to distinguish them individually, and knew which was referred to.

I have seen many paintings that represented the pastimes of courtly youth and loveliness, but the most charming Watteau fell short of the grace expressed in the game at romps I beheld performed by that “bevy of fair women.” I was thoroughly fascinated. What I had seen before in the casual glances that had been so suggestive to my imagination, could not for a moment be compared to the marvellous attractions displayed in the graceful movements, the unstudied attitudes, the exquisite expression of face, and the musical cadence of voice, that now charmed both my vision and my ear.

Could I help the day-dream that opened before me like an alluring mirage, as I fixed my fascinated gaze on one and then on another? That

divinity in the open gown and the richly laced petticoat, who was called Charlotte, should be my heiress, and place me on the lofty pedestal I earnestly desired to mount. A few minutes later I chose to be indebted for all the best gifts of life to the elegant creature in the Ranelagh tippet. Presently my imagination roved from the lovely Madelina to the beautiful Susan, in the sky-blue saque, whom I selected as my guardian angel and benefactress. Anon I could not resist the charms of the arch and playful goddess in the polonaise, whom I had heard appealed to as Louisa. Again I was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy and gratitude, under the rosy auspices of that model of tenderness and modesty called Georgiana, distinguishable by her long silken hair, partly confined by a spotted therese. In short, I was as it were in a circle of dreams, that recommenced as soon as it concluded.

But what could be the use of my remaining where I was? The result must be even more unsatisfactory than that produced by the stray glances from the fair promenaders in the grand walk. There my innamoratas had seen me, at any rate;—I might have made some little impression upon them: but here I was altogether in the background, unheeded and unseen.

Yet, to make my vicinity known seemed likely to be attended with more hazard than I could induce myself to risk. The scene was too fairy-like to continue were any mortal interruption attempted. The delightful game at romps would stop in a moment, and the exquisitely charming players would rapidly retire far beyond the scope of my observation. I could not betray myself; I remained behind the tree as still as death, but with every nerve in my youthful frame as full of life as of love.

Fortune rewarded my patience in a manner that a mind the most suggestive of fortuitous resources could never have imagined. With a suddenness that was almost supernaturally startling, the happy game ceased, and in place of the joyous mirth that had hitherto prevailed, the most agonizing shrieks rent the air; the laughing faces became terror-stricken, and the whole group made a frantic rush towards their elder companions, who rose from their seats, screaming loudly, evidently as frightened as themselves.

I sprung up, bewildered and confused, without knowing why; but as I gained my feet, and glanced in the direction in which the ladies were gazing, as they clung to each other, I observed a rough, ill-conditioned mongrel running, with protruding tongue and fiery eyes, into the grove, and making direct for the screaming girls and their equally frightened attendants. At the same time I caught the sound of distant shouting, and could discern a mob of boys and men, mostly armed with heavy sticks, following, but too far off to be of the slightest assistance.

I had no weapon of any kind, nor was there anything near of which I could have made use. The screams redoubled in violence as the rabid creature, foaming at the mouth, sprung at the nearest of the horrified

group. Before, however, his fangs had time to close upon his victim, I had leaped from my concealment, between the frenzied girls and the object of their alarm, and with all my force had dealt a kick at his head, which hurled him against the nearest tree. While he was quivering under the shock I seized him by the ears and tail; then, taking a few quick steps and a spring, flung the carcass into the deepest part of the pond, where it instantly sunk, and was seen no more.

The children and nursery-maids had scattered in all directions, and when I came back to the ladies, most of whom were still under the influence of their fright, I was met in a manner for which I was totally unprepared.

"Here's the gallant laddie!" exclaimed the younger of the matrons to the other, and leaving her hysterical companion, she sprung forward, and flung her arms around my neck. "Ye've done a gude deed the day, and none o' us is like to forget it. Ye'll just gang hame wi' my sister and the lassies, and we'll, may be, be better able to show our sense of the obligation ye ha' put us all under, than it's possible in the like o' such a place as this."

I modestly replied, expressing my gratification at having been near enough to interpose in time, but disclaiming any merit in the deed. The "lassies" were evidently too deeply affected to speak; they were trying to suppress their sobs, but looked the gratitude they felt. The other lady now came forward, and seizing my hand in both her own, pressed it warmly.

"If you will have the kindness to accompany me," she said, with a slight Scottish accent, her voice trembling with emotion, "you will afford us all a very great pleasure. Please to give me your arm.—My dear girls, walk home as quickly as you can."

The young ladies proceeded in school fashion, the sister helping to make the third couple, behind which the principal and myself followed. I should have been astonished at the novel position in which I found myself, but my companion, by degrees recovering her spirits, talked to me incessantly, and in a manner so friendly and so animated, that my attention was completely absorbed. I could not help seeing that all the members of the fair rank and file before me, kept constantly turning their heads round, perhaps to nod at their good-humoured, yet dignified instructress; perhaps, suggested vanity, to look at the fortunate youth whom she was leading to their maiden domicile,—a rare distinction, I felt assured.

When we arrived at the gates of the park, an apology was made to me for the carriage not being in waiting. I was perfectly content with my position, and walked on with increasing satisfaction, till we stopped at a large gate in one of the West-end squares, through which we entered into a courtyard, having a carriage drive before a large mansion. As I passed into the hall, everything I saw assured me that I was in an establishment of the most fashionable character. Servants in a handsome livery came forward, but my guide followed her youthful charges up a broad staircase,

carpeted with crimson cloth, till we came to a handsome suite of drawing-rooms, furnished with as much taste as luxury.

It was lucky we arrived when we did, for almost immediately afterwards it came on to rain, and the clouds gave every indication of a settled down-pour, likely to last for hours. The weather did not affect my spirits; I was too much pleased with my position to care for out-of-door influences; indeed, I could not help congratulating myself on my singular good fortune. In my most flattering day-dreams I had never imagined myself an inmate of what was evidently a "Finishing Establishment for Young Ladies," on an unprecedentedly expensive scale,—under the same roof with five of the most attractive heroines who ever conferred immortality on prose fiction; of whom, moreover, every one, I was convinced, was not only an heiress, but was entitled by birth to the highest social privileges.

In less than half an hour we had all sat down to a capital luncheon, served on plate; indeed, the luxury, apparent in everything that fell under my observation, assured me that only families of large wealth could send their daughters to so exclusive an establishment.

I must own that I could not see what "finishing" the pupils required, and felt curious to know what they could have to learn; for, as far as I could judge, they were thoroughly accomplished, and it seemed to me to be full time that they took their destined places in the circle they were so well fitted to adorn.

If, by the way, there had been any delay in this transplantation of the pupils, they were all quite indifferent to it. Though at first they talked of the escape they had had, they presently began to laugh at their terror. In short, a reaction commenced as they sat around the pleasant meal, and before it had concluded they were in the highest spirits, complimenting me on my heroism, and joking about the nature of the obligation they had incurred.

As they continued to be called by their christian names, I, when I had occasion to address them, was obliged to do the same; but to avoid appearing familiar, I added the prefix "Miss," which amused them exceedingly.

When luncheon was over I was about to retire, but the weather continuing very stormy, my hostess easily persuaded me to stay. She then asked her pupils if they could not contrive something by way of entertaining me. There was a hurried consultation, and then they all laughingly ran out of the room.

I was conversing with the principal and her sister, each rivalling the other in the liveliness of her remarks, when the folding doors suddenly

such an establishment? I asked myself, and of course asked in vain. The grim figure saluted my companions with a solemn genuflexion, which they returned with a friendly nod; and then, ensconcing himself in a recess, he commenced a skreel, which startled me by the piercing loudness of its tone. After a few horrid sounds of this kind, he began to play a brisk dance tune.

He had not proceeded beyond the first few bars, when a side door opened, and in rushed what I at first took to be a squad of young soldiers, in a garb familiar to me as the uniform of a newly-raised Scottish regiment, called the Gordon Fencibles. Greatly to my surprise, on a nearer approach I recognized the lovely faces of the young ladies who had so recently quitted the apartment.

Though amazed at the metamorphoses, amazed still more at such strange proceedings in a place I thought must be sacred to the feminine proprietress, I was really bewildered when the fair troop rushed at me, seized me by the arms, and sportively dragged me into the centre of the room.

"It's just a six-handed reel the lassies are spiering for," observed the sister; "so ye need na be fashed."

In a moment they had all got into a line, having me in the centre; the tune recommenced, and they began moving their nimble feet rapidly to the inspiring measure, throwing their graceful arms about, snapping their fingers, adjusting their bonnets, and going through all the lively manoeuvres employed by Scottish dancers performing that national dance.

Could it be a dream? I thought, as I stood facing the peerless Charlotte, looking doubly fascinating in the plaid and philibeg, tartan stockings, and silver buckles to her delicate shoes. A strong pair of arms whirling me round assured me that I was wide awake, and I found myself in front of the lovely Madelina, rendered a thousand times more lovely by her picturesque dress and animated gestures. Another whirl sent me spinning, till I faced the exquisitely charming Susan, looking like a Highland Hebe, as she maintained her saltatory exercise. Out of my admiration I was again forcibly ejected, and came before the arch features of the lively Louisa, lighted up with an animation that ought to have softened the stoniest heart; and I was delivered out of this temptation by another vigorous twirl, which brought me *vis-à-vis* with the modest, tender, graceful Georgiana, — the most dangerous to gaze upon of them all.

A company of frantic Bacchantes could not more completely have surrendered themselves to the delirious ecstasies of their worship, than did my fair companions to the wild enjoyment of their present pastime. They turned, they bounded, they bent forward, they stooped sideways, they waved their arms and patted the floor with their feet, laughing—I may say screaming—an hilarious chorus to the piercing music of the merry pipes.

Can this be the approved method of finishing young ladies of high connexions? I asked myself over and over again, as I turned from the animated face of each youthful beauty to their equally demonstrative instructresses.

My bewilderment presently subsiding a little, I addressed myself heartily to my cavalier duties. The figure was familiar to me, as the dance was a favourite one at the time; so in a very few minutes I took my full share of the exercise, and acquitted myself in a manner that not only won me enthusiastic plaudits from all the ladies, but drew a grim smile upon the cherubimic cheeks of the iron-visaged piper.

Completely as I entered into the spirit of the scene, I could not help thinking it a strange exhibition for a finishing establishment for young ladies about to enter the most exclusive portion of fashionable society; but the open encouragement given by the teachers to their madcap pupils convinced me that it was a part of a regular course of "calisthenics," or of something of that kind.

While the fun was waxing most fast and furious, a liveried domestic made his appearance at the folding doors, and said something which the wild music and the wilder mirth prevented me from hearing. Suddenly my fair partners ceased their evolutions and their merry clamour, and with scared looks rushed in a body out of the room by the side entrance. The piper ceased. The two matrons then rose and proceeded quickly into the anteroom, at the end of which I could see them, through the opening folding doors, curtsying very lowly to a venerable dame and two or three younger females who had just entered.

"Hist!" cried a voice.

I turned sharply round—the piper had disappeared—and I beheld the head of an old man projecting through another door, which I had not before noticed. Half the person was presently thrown forward, and a hand beckoned me mysteriously.

Involuntarily I answered the summons, and was soon in an adjoining chamber.

"They're awaiting to see ye," said an elderly, gentleman-like person, in a confidential whisper; "so ye must e'en gang wi' me for a wee half-hour."

I followed my conductor down a staircase, under the impression that I was about to rejoin my fascinating partners. I was very shortly undeceived. On descending to the ground-floor I was conducted along a passage into a spacious apartment, comfortably, though more plainly furnished than those I had quitted. The door closed behind me, and I found myself in the presence of a group of dignified personages, who greeted me with an eager cordiality as I entered, one or two with so strong a Scottish accent that I could scarcely understand what they meant.

With my usual quickness of comprehension I immediately set them down as the professorial staff attached to the institution. The Frenchman

in the black suit was, of course, an abbé who taught the modern languages—the tall gentleman in the green coat was the professor of moral philosophy—the little dapper figure in the long riding-coat and stiff pigtail was the dancing-master—the stately lady in the chintz gown, the music-mistress—and the tall, stiff, half-pay-captain-looking individual, in the red waist-coat, and whiskers to match, was the drilling-master.

Their faces overflowed with smiles. Their tongues were eloquent with kindness and commendation. They referred to my timely interposition to rescue "their ladies," as an act of heroism that gave me a claim to their life-long devotion. They rivalled each other in the demonstrative earnestness of their admiration; but the dignified instructress in thorough-bass appeared to be gushing over with gratitude for the service I had rendered the establishment.

I felt exceedingly confused under an ordeal so completely unexpected. I really did not know what to say. At last, when all the company were hanging upon my words like so many ardent searohers into futurity awaiting the responses of an oracle, I blurted out,—

"Will you have the goodness to inform me whose school this is?"

A bomb-shell bursting in a dovecote could scarcely have produced greater commotion than did this most unlucky question. They all recoiled as if each had received a shot. Their several physiognomies changed their expression in a singularly marked contrast. They looked astonishment, horror, indignation, shame, and rage.

"*Une école!*" cried the abbé, with a withering glance. "*Mort de ma vie!* what do you mean, Monsieur, by such gross affront of me?"

"A school!" shrieked the portly gentlewoman, blazing with fury and contempt; "why, Mr. Thingembob, what in the world do you take us for?"

"A schule!" shouted the fiery-whiskered half-pay captain, looking as ferocious as a cannibal after a protracted fast. "Do ye ken what ye say, ye graceless ne'er-do-weel? Had I but my gude claymore, I'd cut ye in twa wi' no more remorse than if ye were a chicken with the pip."

The others strode towards me with scowling brows and clenched fists. In truth, they looked so menacing that an apprehension suddenly seized me that I must have been inveigled into a private madhouse; and, on the impulse of fear, I rushed to the door, opened it, and ran along the passage towards the hall, as fast as I could.

"THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S CARRIAGE!" shouted a stentorian voice.

I stopped suddenly at the foot of the principal staircase. Looking up towards the first landing, where stood a splendid group of sculpture, I noticed the peerless Charlotte descending, robed as I had seen her in the Gardens. She was alone. She caught sight of me immediately, and her face became radiant with smiles. She held out her gloved hand. At a bound I was at her side.

"I thought you had become tired of our company, and had gone away."

Every word thrilled me like a gentle shock of electricity. I took the offered hand, and led her down the stairs, and through the hall, and under the portico, murmuring something incoherently. The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining brightly. I was just in time to see the scarlet liveries of a royal carriage passing out of the gates of the courtyard. From the other, a splendid equipage dashed up to the entrance. Three tall footmen, in magnificent liveries, jumped from the back and opened the door.

I led forward my beautiful companion. She sprang into the vehicle, but scarcely was she seated, and the door closed, when she put out her hand, as if for a parting shake.

"The Duke will be delighted to make your acquaintance," she said, in a soft, musical voice; "be sure to pay us an early visit."

I bowed over, and reverently kissed the hand I held, but not a word was I able to utter, so great was my flurry and excitement. The next minute she was lost to my view. I could only see the clustering footmen, as the brilliant equipage passed into the square.

"THE LADY SINCLAIR'S CARRIAGE!" was shouted from the hall as I re-entered the house. Involuntarily I glanced upwards, and there beheld the lovely Madelina, absolutely inviting me to join her. It did not take two seconds to bring me on the same stair.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" she asked, placing her arm within mine, in a quiet, matter-of-course way, that to me was as fascinating as her charming features. "I could not tell what had become of you."

Nor could I have told, at least rationally, what had become of myself. She did not appear to notice my embarrassment, but kept talking, in the kindest tone of voice, as we passed through the domestics out of the entrance door.

"Any of the servants will tell you where Sir Robert Sinclair lives," she murmured out of the carriage window. "We shall be glad to see you whenever you are passing that way."

The vehicle was hardly out of sight when I turned back.

"THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER'S CARRIAGE!" came from a Stentor

far from conducive to a careful performance. I was, however, obliged to repeat the promise before her equipage was driven away.

"THE MARCHIONESS CORNWALLIS'S CARRIAGE!" rang out through the hall as I leaped up the stairs, three at a time, to meet the lively Louisa. She recognized me with the silvery laugh that had attracted me towards her when I lay behind the tree, watching and listening, as if spell-bound.

"O you naughty fellow!" she exclaimed, "what in the world could have made you hide yourself, when your presence was so much desired? Now hand me to my carriage without stopping to invent an excuse."

I went through the same process in identically the same state of bewilderment.

"Have the goodness to remember that we breakfast at ten," she added, putting her laughing face half out of the still open door of her equipage; "and mind that you don't keep the Marquis waiting, for he will be dreadfully impatient to see you after I shall have told him to-day's adventure."

I bowed in acquiescence as she disappeared.

"THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S CARRIAGE!" bawled the footman, as another magnificent vehicle drove up. Scarcely had I heard the announcement when I found myself escorting the graceful Georgiana—the youngest, the freshest, the most lovable of that matchless group of youthful beauties. She placed her arm in mine with a look of pleasure that made the modest, tender expression of her features radiant as an angel's. But she did not address me till she was about to place her foot upon the carriage step, when she gave me her hand.

"We shall expect you," she said, as though she were addressing a brother. "My husband would blame me very much if I did not insist on your giving him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with you. *Adieu*!"

I thought I perceived a blush mantling her fair cheek as she acknowledged my bow, when the horses dashed forward. I stood still under the portico.

"Am I asleep or awake?" I asked myself. "It *must* be a day-dream. I am still under the favourite tree in Kensington Gardens, and these duchesses are, of course, the ideal creations of a very vain and very suggestive imagination."

If anybody had rudely knocked me over the head, I might have got summarily rid of my delusions; but as I went back through the hall, the double row of liveried servants bowing to me as I proceeded, increased my perplexity and confusion. Once more I rushed up the staircase. I *could* fathom the mystery by which I felt so thoroughly bewildered.

Unannounced, I rushed into the drawing-room. The sisters were sitting together, laughing heartily. They rose as I entered. I began to stammer out an apology. This only increased their mirth for a moment or two. Then each took me by an arm, and made me sit between them.

"You've made a little mistake," said the elder mastron, in a manner likely to place me at my ease; "but nothing could be more natural. To-day is my birthday, and my daughters, who are all married, came to breakfast with me this morning, after which they enticed me and their aunt, who is staying here, to enjoy an hour of the fine weather in Kensington Gardens. There, getting into a retired place, free, as they fancied, from observation, they must needs disport themselves like so many school-girls. They had arranged the subsequent dance, in compliment to me and the regiment I was mainly instrumental in raising; but while it was proceeding, we were interrupted by a visit from Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses."

This explanation increased my amazement tenfold.

"May I ask," I stammered out, "whom I have the honour of addressing?"

The beautiful face seemed about to lose its temporary gravity.

"She's no exactly a schulemistress," observed the sister, with evidently an enforced seriousness; "and ye quite scandalized Mrs. McTaggart the housekeeper, and the upper servants, when ye put sic an affront upon them as to take them for teachers and dominies, and sic like."

"Then pray tell me who it is to whom I must apologize?" cried I, starting up.

"Na, na!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Scotchwoman; "ye meenat na offence, laddie, and ye did us a grand service. The mistake's just no mair than a joke to laugh at, and we'll be fast friends fra this day, for your gallantry in getting us a' so well quit o' that horrid beast."

I was still too much embarrassed to do more than stare at the kindly speaker.

"I'm Lady Wallace, of Craigie," she added, "and this is my sister, THE DUCHESS OF GORDON."

The mystery was at once cleared up. I had often heard of the beautiful Duchess, and her still more beautiful daughters, for they had for many seasons been "the observed of all observers" in the world of fashion; but I had never seen them. My part in this Comedy of Errors, therefore, had been easy enough.

At last I was permitted to make my adieux. Her Grace sent me a handsome *cadeau*, and never failed to treat me with the greatest possible kindness when I chose to make one in the very large circle of her friends, that assembled either in Scotland or in London. As for her daughters, whenever I met either of them subsequently, I was sure to be reminded of the incidents of that brightest day of my youth, when I added to the number of my friends the handsome portion of the peerage to be found in that matchless family group.

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

[Our readers will in all probability have noticed in the summaries of American news given in the daily papers frequent allusions to the uprising of the Indians in Minnesota. Up to the present, however, no detailed report of the ravages of the red-skins has been published on that side of the water. The following narrative has been forwarded to us for publication by an Irish emigrant, who, after residing for eight years in Pennsylvania, emigrated to Minnesota about three years ago, and resided at New Ulm at the time of the Indian outrage. His narrative we here offer, with only a few verbal alterations.]

THE town of New Ulm, with its population of 1,400 souls, nearly all Germans, and one of the most flourishing townships in Minnesota, was destroyed by the Indians in last August. It will be as well, perhaps, to precede my narrative by a few words about the generally unknown State of Minnesota.

Minnesota, a province now partially conquered by civilization, is bordered by Canada, Iowa, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, and is situated in the extreme north-west of the United States. A few years ago it was an almost perfect desert, inhabited by three powerful Indian tribes—the Chippeways, Sioux, and Dacotahs, whose survivors still live in a small territory near the State border. Not so very long ago the white man was but an accidental visitor in Minnesota, and the primitive history of the country and its oldest inhabitants is that of an incessant struggle between the more important tribes for the possession of it,—a struggle of whose varied changes and heroic deeds Indian fable still retains the memory.

French peltry dealers and adventurers, and soon after them missionaries, were the first Europeans who, two centuries ago, ventured into the deserts on the Upper Mississippi. The flag of France was first hoisted here in 1689 by Nicholas Perrot, but in 1763, by the terms of the Peace of Versailles, France surrendered this region and the forts built on it to England, whose rule yielded in its turn to the Stars and Stripes in 1815. Civilization then first flocked into the country; it made its entrance with the first steamer, the "Virginia," but remained unsettled until the Indians, who were engaged in murderous contests with each other, formally surrendered their hunting-grounds to the government of the United States. This took place in 1837, when the Yankees purchased a territory covered with splendid pine forests, in which numerous saw-mills were speedily erected. In 1847, treaties were at length made with the three tribes, by which they parted with all their land on the Upper Mississippi;

Thus we saw the young State growing more and more developed, and the dwellers in the spreading and flourishing settlements had every cause to be satisfied with their future prospects, when an unexpected blow fell upon them. It was the revolt of the Indians. The Sioux, the nearest neighbours of New Ulm, my dwelling-place at that period, who had become friendly with us through years of intercourse, suddenly forgot the bonds which attached them to our Government, and committed atrocities which must and will entail their utter extirpation. The causes of this insurrection are so manifold and obscure, that I will only mention here one of the most natural and credible. The Government agents, instead of attending to their duties, and paying the Indians their annuity regularly, had been guilty of the greatest negligence, and even cheating, and had thus aroused an indignation among the red-skins, which only required a spark to explode and deluge the border countries of Minnesota with blood. To this I may add that rumours were rife of Southern emissaries having been seen among the Indians for the purpose of exciting the tribes and supplying them with arms. Brown county and the town of New Ulm have suffered the most through this, and the fall of the flourishing young German settlement has already been fulfilled. In spite of a long and heroic defence the townspeople were at length compelled to surrender it to the Indians, who, at the time when I write, have destroyed all that was left of the settlement, so that only ashes and ruins now indicate a spot which was so short a time back the abode of hundreds of happy families, the scene of industry and honest toil. This blow is so terrible, and the destruction of human life and property which it has entailed is so awful, that it is impossible to answer the question,—“When will New Ulm rise again from its ashes?”

When the time arrives for us to dry our tears for those who fell under the murderous weapons of the red-skins, hunger and want will draw fresh tears from us. The harvest, partly saturated with the blood of its owners, is rotting in the fields, and the thousands who could have carried the results of their toil to market are thrown for their support on charity. The fall of New Ulm, however, is a misfortune which affects the whole State, and as the border lands of Minnesota, with their flourishing settlements, of which New Ulm was the outpost, formed an asylum for emigrants from all the States of the Union, the misfortune will be felt throughout the whole land. At the present moment the finest portion of the garden of Minnesota is laid waste, millions' worth of property has been destroyed, hundreds of human beings have been murdered, the same danger is impending over the north of the State, and there is no prospect of relief. We obtained the first news of the outbreak of the Indians from a paragraph which appeared on August 12 in the *Minnesota Journal* to the following effect :—

“At the beginning of the week, the capital, St. Paul, was alarmed from the north. George W. Sweet, an envoy of the chief Hole-in-the-Day, arrived here on Saturday direct from Crow-wing, and brought the news that the above-

mentioned chief has issued a proclamation, in which he declares that after Tuesday next, August 19, he can no longer be answerable for his people, and hence the settlers would act wisely in escaping before that day. Similar threats have been made to the settlers at Sunrise by the bands of Chippeways and Sioux. It is further declared, that the two latter tribes have formed an alliance, and that their forces will join at St. Cloud. The Sioux are working their way through to the Chippeway territory; and so soon as they have united there will be trouble in store for us. Both tribes demand a revision of the treaties and other negotiations with them for some years past, and will make such impudent claims on the Government that any compliance is impossible, and war is inevitable."

Even a more depressing effect was produced on us by the perusal of a second paragraph in the same newspaper.

"Despatches from Fort Abercrombie announce that the land on Red River has already been visited by the Indians. The little township of Breckenridge is deserted by its inhabitants, who have fled to Fort Abercrombie. The bodies of three murdered men were found in Breckenridge. Captain Von der Hoek, commandant of Fort Abercrombie, has called in the company which has hitherto been stationed at Georgetown."

The most incredulous persons, such as are wont to believe nothing, even when the danger is most imminent, were soon aroused from their security by an actual fact, in the shape of fearful news that spread through New Ulm on the afternoon of August 16. Antoine Frenier, one of the bold race of *Coureurs des bois*, a French Canadian, who had been for years in the service of the traders, and had an accurate knowledge of the redskins and their character, suddenly appeared in the town, and brought the sheriff news that the Indians were up, and had already committed the most frightful atrocities in Brown county, in which our town is situated. After the massacres at Fort Bidgley and Redwood, he had tried to force his way through the merciless foe in the war paint of a Dacotah, visit the scene of horror, and place himself, if possible, in communication with the garrison of Fort Bidgley. He stated that he had really found "a city of the dead," for even the bloodthirsty murderers had left the gruesome spot. All the inhabitants had been frightfully mutilated, and lay about dead in the houses and yards.

Our unfortunate inhabitants, however, were destined to drain the cup of bitterness drop by drop, ere our fearful destiny burst on us; for the news brought by the brave Frenier had hardly spread from house to house, when a band of fugitives on jaded horses brought us further and even more terrible news. They were the survivors of a party of twenty persons from the Norwegian settlement of Norway Lake, in the vicinity of St. Cloud. They had been to a prayer meeting on the previous day, and on their return home were attacked by several parties of Indians, some mounted, others on foot. In a very short period fourteen of the unhappy, defenceless persons were cut down, and their bodies were afterwards found frightfully mutilated.

Some had their noses cut off, others their ears, others again their fingers. One young lady, of the name of Mary Croll, whom the Indians had placed on a pony to carry off, managed to escape. Her horse, startled by her loud shrieks for help, threw her into a thicket, where she succeeded in concealing herself from the red-skins, and eventually reached our town with the other fugitives. The Indians drove off from the prosperous settlement forty-four oxen, two wagons laden with booty of every description, and about 2,000 dollars in cash.

Thus the excitement of the inhabitants of New Ulm increased hour by hour; and when on Monday afternoon a messenger brought the news that the Indians had just attacked Mulfund township, eight miles from us, and had begun their bloody work there, while another division was marching on New Ulm, every man capable of bearing arms turned out. The sheriff gave me the first news of the approaching danger at two p.m., and I at once fetched my trembling wife and three children, and conveyed them to a brick house in the centre of the town, where they were in comparative safety. During the afternoon large parties of fugitives arrived, and by their lamentations heightened the fear and despair of our dear ones. Barricades were raised in all directions; barn doors, carts, stones, everything was employed to block up the entrances to the town, and everybody helped in the good work,—old people, women, and children. A lovely young lady, the queen of our ball-room, Miss Sarah O'Kelly, inspired by her example even the most desponding, and in the scorching sunshine worked with the greatest energy for the common protection. The afternoon passed away in anxious expectation, and night arrived,—a night of terror and despair; but it also passed quietly, although not an eye was closed. Thus dawned August 19, and at five in the morning the church bells summoned us to prayer. All the population fell on their knees in the public square, and the clergyman of the town, Superintendent Godell, implored the protection of the Most High for his suffering congregation. Strengthened by this appeal, the townspeople got under arms, and we were all ready for action. At about mid-day we suddenly saw one pillar of smoke rise after the other, and the signs of the approach of our inhuman foes became with each moment more unmistakable. I hastened once again to the house which sheltered my dear ones, to derive fresh courage from the sight of them. I had been there for nearly an hour, when fearful cries of women and children rent the air. I opened the window and looked out,—and even at this moment the piercing screams ring in my ears, and I still hear the cry of a thousand voices, "The Indians are coming!" Once again I pressed my weeping wife to my heart, kissed my children—perhaps for the last time—commended them to the care of their God, and hurried to perform my duties.

I had great difficulty in reaching the stairs, for such a throng pressed into the substantial building; but I forced my way through, and reached the door at the moment when the Indians fired their first volley. What a

sight met my eyes! Close to the steps lay Miss O'Kelly, shot by the very first Indian bullet, who on the day before had so bravely aided in the defence of the town! Death was legible on her beautiful features, but she still breathed. I bent down over her; she recognized a friend in me, and begged me in a dying voice to remove her and announce her death to her parents. I carried her through the showers of bullets to the house of her parents, who were in a state of terrible anxiety about her absence; but my pen is too feeble to represent the agony of the mother, who lost in her her only child, the support and delight of her life. She opened her eyes once again in their arms, and then her soul flew away to implore mercy for her relatives before the throne of God.

The Indians had selected their position excellently. The town, namely, was commanded on the west by a slight elevation, and from this point a division sent its deadly missiles into the centre of the town, while the main body appeared at the north end. Here they were received by two companies of town militia, who bravely defended the entrance from behind the barricades. I must remark that the Indians were all armed with first-rate rifles, while two-thirds of our men had only double-barrelled fowling-pieces, an almost useless weapon in such a contest. The defence of our town was directed most excellently by Major Flandran: he himself led a company of townsmen against the hill, took this important spot after a short struggle, and occupied the windmill standing there. The fighting in the town went on till evening; heavy, dark storm-clouds had collected on the horizon, and town and fields were overshadowed by the coming night. Early in the morning expresses had gone off in all directions, and with anxious longing every eye looked out for the requested help. At last, distant shots broke the silence: another discharge! and yet another! and a band of sixty horsemen reached the town at the decisive moment when the enemy, taking advantage of the growing obscurity, were setting fire to the houses which they had seized. With the help of these combatants, who reached us from St. Paul, we succeeded in driving back the enemy on all sides, and by eight in the evening we were again in full possession of the town. The storm in the mean while broke out furiously, and the down-pouring rain soon extinguished the quickly spreading flames. The night passed without disturbance, but not one of the terrified inhabitants slept, for all fancied that they heard in the howling of the tempest the yells and triumphant cries of the Indians. The returning sunlight, however, restored courage and strength to most of our party.

In spite of the hot fight, which had lasted several hours, we had only eight killed and twelve wounded, while we estimated the loss of the Indians at about twenty-five dead and thirty wounded. Burying our dead was the melancholy task of the morning; but the constant fear of the speedy return of the savages allowed us no time for any ceremony. A large grave received seven of the fallen, and Miss O'Kelly alone had a separate one; and it was a solemn moment when the earth received its

dead, and a large stone rolled on to the spot now indicates their last resting-place.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the Indians left us at peace, and many began thinking that the danger was over. It was, however, but a short respite which Heaven allowed us, before we yielded to superior numbers, and the destruction of New Ulm ensued. On Friday, August 22, scouts whom we sent out brought back the frightful news that the Chippeways and Sioux were now really allied, and a force of 800 men was on the road to attack New Ulm. I confess that we were rendered powerless and desperate by the news which poured in upon us, and by what we constantly witnessed—the incessant arrival of fugitives from far and near. Startled by the witnesses of the frightful butchery—witnesses, many of whom bore on their gaping wounds and crippled limbs the most terrible marks of the tomahawks of the red scoundrels; rendered confused and senseless by terror, which was increased by the cries of wives and children, the consciousness of their defenceless position, and the uncertainty from which quarter the enemy would arrive—the surrounding farmers hurried half naked, or with a very small amount of property, from home and hearth, to defend which they would have readily risked their lives, had there been the slightest attempt made to carry out resistance in common and according to a settled plan.

The Indians appeared for the second time on Saturday morning, and, as we had been correctly informed, 700 or 800 in number. I was at the moment engaged in packing our most valuable articles in a chest, and intended to convey it for safety to the centre of the town, but could find nobody to help me in carrying it. As it was too heavy for me alone, I was obliged to leave it, and save my own life from the enemy, who now advanced each moment nearer. From the post entrusted to me, I could survey my own pleasant house and the garden surrounding it. It was the first which the Indians occupied, and they fired from it for more than an hour; when they at length left it, in order to advance, they set it on fire, and my property perished in the flames before my eyes. For a moment grief contracted my heart, and tears collected in my eyes; for it was the fruit of my honest industry during years past, and my home and that of my children. Who could tell, however, how soon death might embrace us all in its cold arms? At such moments a man endures more easily the loss of property: saving his own life is the first object, and it is not till that is secured, that he begins to think again of his property. The battle, far more furious than on the Tuesday, soon spread over the whole town, owing to the terrible attack of the savages, and ere long reached its centre. This was the nucleus of our strength; for three blocks in the main street formed a regular fortress, which the whole population occupied. The enemy withdrew several times to consult, and at length imagined that they had discovered a certain means of destroying us, by firing about two hundred houses, among which were three mills, two breweries, and a distillery.

My hand trembles, my eyes fill with tears, and the pen hesitates to describe the awful despair which seized upon us all at the sight of the flames, which rapidly spread. Surrounded by the most threatening dangers, we all looked imminent death in the face, and many a man at this moment let his arm sink powerless, which he had courageously employed in the defence of his family; for if the enemy succeeded in setting fire to but one house of our fortress-block, our refuge would be burnt down, and with it every hope of salvation be lost. Luckily for us, the wind blew the thick smoke and heat, not toward us, but toward the enemy; and they probably discovered, when too late, that what they had schemed for our destruction injured them most. On all sides the wounded fled from the flames which eagerly sought them, and it was therefore easier for us, as we were defended by the fire on one side, to repulse them when they threatened a fresh attack. The battle lasted till late in the evening, and with ever-menacing fury did our enemies try to force a passage. Thus, from my post I saw one of the villains, who had a tomahawk in one hand and a rifle in the other, wrap himself in a panther-skin, and force his desperate way through the flames, in order to begin his bloody work again beyond them. The fellow stood for a moment to rest after his perilous passage, shook off his burning covering, and rushing forward with heightened fury, he waved his tomahawk high above his head. Not far from me lay a wounded man at his last gasp; only now and then a sigh passed his lips, and a repeated quivering showed that he was not yet released from his agony. Upon this unhappy man, who was brilliantly lit up by the flames, the cannibal rushed with a fiendish yell; he had already stretched out his hand toward the dying man's head, the tomahawk was whizzing through the air, but at this moment my sure bullet struck the monster, and he writhed in his blood.

About 9 in the evening, after the savages had been repulsed on all sides, they retired entirely out of range, collected their dead as far as they could, and kept at a respectful distance during the night. When they reappeared on the Sunday morning, they equally remained out of gun-shot, and seemed more anxious to collect their booty in cattle than injure us. We had again lost many brave men in this warm engagement. We had twenty-three dead, and fifty-two wounded, and the Indians about one hundred dead. On Sunday afternoon a second reinforcement of one hundred and fifty men, armed with United States muskets, arrived, and enormous was the delight with which they were received. Our long-strained nerves demanded rest. Men cried like children, and—dare I confess it?—I was one of the number; for Heaven, up to this moment, had preserved my dear ones for me, and me for them.

Shortly after the arrival of this reinforcement, a consultation was held, and the following facts came out on inquiry:—We had only provisions for four days; the three houses still standing were so crowded with women and children, that dangerous fevers were inevitable, and hence the leaders

resolved to evacuate the town on Monday morning. What a frightful spectacle was offered to the observer by our settlement, which shortly before had been so flourishing! The rows of houses had disappeared; only the heavily defended centre still stood, and this loomed out almost in a spectral fashion from the scene of conflagration. On all sides were to be seen pallid faces, on all sides only groans and complaints could be heard; here a husband despairingly sought his wife and children, and there a wife knelt over the corpse of her fallen husband, and as if lamentation could recall the beloved life, she implored God for help and mercy.

During the night, all the vehicles we could collect, 142 in number, were packed with the most valuable property left us, and the draught animals were held in readiness, so that the procession might set out at daybreak. The clothes we hurried on at the first approach of the savages were all that was left us. It was a cold, starlit night, the last at our home. After midnight I left the house which had sheltered my family and many hundreds of others, and tried to make my way through the smoking ruins to the dear spot where my house had stood. I felt as if I could not depart without doing this.

I had to seek a long time before I could find the spot where I had lived so many years peacefully and happily. I walked round the still smoking ruins, and sought the garden: it could be still recognized, although it had been laid waste. On coming to a blossoming rose bush, the glory of my garden, I sank on my knees, overpowered by grief. My heart was ready to break; for the years I had spent here passed before me, with all that they had brought me.

I had been in the garden for about an hour, when the signal for assembling was given in the town. I quickly rose, plucked, as a last reminiscence, two of the finest roses, and left with trembling step the beloved spot, in order to seek a new home, I knew not where. My road led me past the graves of those who had fallen in the struggle, and I involuntarily stopped, for my heart was so full of gratitude to them, and I felt as if I could not depart without giving them a proof of this gratitude. I looked helplessly around me; all at once I remembered my two roses. I plucked the petals off one of them—it was all that I possessed, scattered them over the grave of poor Sarah, and took a melancholy farewell of those who had fallen, and would rest here solitary and deserted.

A large open plain at the eastern extremity of the town was selected for the gathering-ground, and when I reached it I found it already covered with men, animals, and traps of every description. The vehicle set aside for me was all ready, and so I proceeded on my painful task of fetching my family. I found my poor wife trembling with cold, and crying over her three sleeping children. My voice failed me to tell her that the decisive moment had arrived; I merely pressed her silently to my heart, caught up the two eldest boys, four and two years of age, with one arm, supported with the other the faithful sharer of my sufferings, who carried our

little girl, only ten months old, and in this way we reached our vehicle, which, covered with a little straw, scarce offered sufficient space for wife and children.

I can still hear the whining and crying of the numerous children, who, dressed like the men in thin cotton stuffs, began to complain of the cold ere we started. I was so fortunate as to obtain a blanket from the charity of a friend; in this I wrapped up the two boys, while my wife tried to keep the baby warm on her heart. Thus prepared, we awaited the signal for departure. A thousand hearts listened anxiously for this signal, and a unanimous cry burst from them all when three hollow strokes of the bell echoed over the plain through the grey dawn. At this signal 1,400 human beings set out, under the escort of all the armed men commanded by our brave Major Flandran.

Never was a more perilous journey undertaken across the desert, and at any moment we might expect an attack from the savages. This constant danger made us pay little heed to fatigue, and in this way we accompanied the caravan on foot for forty miles. So soon, however, as we arrived near larger villages and towns, we got up into the carts in turn, and thus managed to cover other forty miles. Thanks to the skilful guidance of our commandant, the entire caravan, which may be fairly compared to the exodus of the Israelites, at length reached Mankato in safety. Here I parted, after a few days' rest, from my other companions in misfortune, and, supported by humane friends, who supplied me with clothing, provisions, and a small stock of money, I and my family reached Pittsburg, whence I write this simple narrative.

Although we are temporarily stripped of the absolute necessities of daily life, our hearts are unspeakably thankful to God, who so mercifully saved us from the hands of the savages; and we look confidently to the future, convinced that His mercy will soon render our lot more pleasant, by giving us compensation for the lost home.]

We will let this affecting narrative speak for itself, as it requires no comment from us. Our readers may seek for a confirmation of it in vain in the Federal papers, but we are in a position to guarantee its perfect truth. Since the story of the destruction of New Ulm was sent off to the *St. James's Magazine*, General Pope, the exploded commander of the Petomac, has been despatched to the North-west, to hold the Indians in check, but, we need hardly say, has done nothing. The Federal Republic—that brazen colossus with the feet of clay—which boasts of its 750,000 men under arms, is powerless to check the forays of a few hundred brutalized Indians. It is high time for such facts to become known, in order that the position of the Federals may be appreciated. The manly, straightforward narrative which we have printed will, we fancy, cause readers to reflect more deeply than they have done on the inevitable issue of the struggle between North and South.

THE DISINHERITED:

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

KIDD REAPPEARS.

KIDD had left the atepetl of the Papagos with rage in his heart, and revolved in his mind the most terrible schemes of vengeance. Not that the bandit had in his gangrened heart any sensitive chord which a noble sentiment could cause to vibrate: to him it was a matter of very slight importance that he had been publicly branded and expelled like the lowest scoundrel; humiliation glided over him without affecting him, and what most enraged him was to see the fortune dried up which Don Marcos de Niza had momentarily flashed before his greedy eyes, and which he hoped, by dissimulation and treachery, to invest in his capacious pocket in the shape of gold ounces. Now he could no longer dream of it; the slightest information he could henceforth accidentally pick up would not be sufficiently important to be paid for at the price given for the first.

There was something desperate in such an alternative for a man like the bandit; but what should he do? With all his other qualities, the adventurer combined the rather strange one, for him, of only being brave like the Coyotes, which attack in pairs, and solely if they are certain of conquering; that is to say, he was an utter coward when compelled to meet an enemy face to face, although he would not hesitate to kill him from behind a bush. The adventurer did not deceive himself about this peculiarity of his character, and the mere idea of picking a quarrel with Stronghand caused him an instinctive terror, externally revealed by a general trembling.

He therefore very sadly and despairingly proceeded along the road to the Real de Minas, not knowing yet whether he should enter the pueblo, or push further on and seek fortune elsewhere, when his attention was attracted to the left hand of the road he was following by an unusual and continuous undulation of the tall grass. The bandit's first impulse was to stop, dismount, and conceal himself and his horse behind an aloe tree, which afforded a temporary shelter. It is extraordinary to see how villains, who care nothing for the life of others, display remarkable instinct of self-preservation, and what tricks they employ to escape an often imaginary danger. When the bandit believed himself in safety, at least

did not deceive himself; he at once recognized the three persons as belonging to the noble corporation of Alguazils. A fourth, also dressed in black, in whose ugly features an expression of bestial craft and wickedness seemed to be reflected, was evidently the leader of the party,—an Alguazil mayor, a race of rapacious vultures, without heart or entrails: a manso Indian, dressed in torn trousers, and with bare head, arms, and legs, was running in front of the others, and evidently acted as guide.

"Hold, José!" the most important of the men shouted to the Indian, employing the general nickname of these poor fellows. "Hold, José! mind you do not lead us astray, scoundrel, if you do not want to have your ribs broken; we must arrive this night at the Real de Minas of Quitovar, whither important business summons us."

"You would arrive there before two o'clock, Excellency," the Indian answered, with a crafty laugh, "if instead of riding at a foot pace you would consent to give your mule the spurs; if not, we shall not get there till after sunset."

"*Valga mi Dios!*" the first speaker said, angrily; "what will my honourable client, El Senor Senator Don Rufino Contreras, say, who must have been awaiting my arrival for several days with the utmost impatience?"

"Nonsense, Excellency! you will arrive soon enough to torture honest people."

"What do you dare to say, scoundrel?" the bailiff exclaimed, as he raised the chicote he held in his hand.

The Indian parried with a stick the blow which would have otherwise fallen on his loins, and answered drily, as he seized the mule by the bridle, and made it rear, to the great alarm of its rider,—

"Take care, senor; though you call me José, and treat me no better or worse than a brute, we are no longer in one of your civilized towns, but on the prairie: here I have my foot on my native heath, and will not put up with the slightest insult from you. Treat me as an idiot, if you like, and I shall not care for it, as it comes from one whom I utterly despise; but bear this in mind,—on the slightest threatening gesture you make, I will immediately thrust my knife into your heart."

And while saying this, the man flashed in the bailiff's terrified face a long knife, whose blue blade had a sinister lustre.

"You are mad, José—quite mad," the other answered, affecting a tranquillity he was far from feeling at the announcement: "I never intended to insult you, and shall never do so; so let go my mule's bridle, pray, and we will continue our journey in peace."

"That will do," the Indian said, with his eternal grin; "that is the way you must speak for us to remain good friends during the period we shall have to pass together."

And after letting go the mule, he began trotting in front with that swinging pace of which Indians alone possess the secret, and which enables them to follow a trotting horse for several days, without becoming tired.

The conversation had taken place sufficiently near to Kidd's lurking-place for him to overhear every syllable. Suddenly he started. An idea doubtless crossed his mind, for after allowing the horsemen to go on, but not too far for him to catch them up, he left his thicket, and went after them, growling between his teeth,—

"What the deuce are the relations which these birds of night have with Don Rufino Contreras? Well, we shall soon see."

On turning into the track, he saw the party a short distance ahead of him. The latter, whom the sound of his horse's hoofs stamping on the dry ground had already warned, looked back rather anxiously, the more so because the bandit, in spite of the ease he tried to affect, had nothing very prepossessing about his appearance or face. Policemen could form no mistake about him. Hence they did not do so, and at the first glance recognized him as what he really was—that is to say, a bandit. But in Mexico, as in many other countries which pretend, rightly or wrongly, to be civilized, policemen and ruffians have the best possible reasons for living on friendly terms; and had it not been for the solitary spot where he was, Don Parfindo Burro (such was the Alguazil's name) saw nothing very disagreeable in meeting the adventurer. The latter continued to advance, talking to his horse, tickling its flanks with his spur, galloping, with his fist proudly placed on his hip, and his hat pulled impudently over his right ear.

"*Santas tardes, caballeros*," he said, as he joined the party of men in black, and slightly checked his horse, so that it should keep pace with the others, "by what fortunate accident do I meet you so late on this desolate road?"

"Fortune is with us, caballero," Don Parfindo answered, politely; "this accursed Indian has led us a roundabout road: I really believe, whatever he may say, that we have lost our way, or shall soon do so."

"That is possible," Kidd observed; "and without being too curious, will you allow me to ask whither you are going? moreover, to set you at your ease by displaying confidence, I will inform you that I am going to Quitovar."

"Ah!" said the bailiff, "that is very lucky."

"Why so?"

"Because I am going there too, in the first instance. Are we still a great distance from the pueblo?"

"Only a few leagues; we shall arrive before two o'clock, and if you will allow me to take your guide's place, I shall be delighted to show you the way, which, I confess, is not very easy to find."

"Your proposal delights me, caballero, and I most heartily accept it."

"That is agreed: if you do not know the pueblo, I will take you to a capital house, where you will be excellently treated."

"I thank you, caballero; it is the first time I have been to Real de Minas. I am a bailiff at Hermosillo."

"A bailiff!" the bandit said; "carai! that is a famous profession."

"At your service, were I competent for it," Don Parfindo said, puffing himself out.

"I do not say no," Kidd continued, giving himself an air of importance. "When a man carries on a large business, as I do, the acquaintance of a caballero so distinguished as you appear to be, can only be most advantageous."

"You confound me, señor."

"Oh, do not thank me, for what I say I really think; I was speaking about it only a few days back to Don Rufino Contreras, who is also very rich, and consequently has numerous trials."

"Do you know Don Rufino?" the bailiff asked, with rising respect.

"Which one?—the illustrious senator?"

"Himself."

"He is one of my most intimate friends. Are you acquainted with him too?"

"He has instructed me to proceed in his name against certain debtors of his."

"*Viva Dios!* this is a strange meeting," the adventurer exclaimed, with a radiant face.

"What a worthy señor!" the bailiff remarked; "and so honourable!"

The two scoundrels understood each other. The acquaintance was formed, and confidence sprang up quite naturally. The conversation was continued on the best possible terms; Kidd adroitly led the other to make a general confession, and the latter, believing that he had to do with an intimate of Don Rufino, told him the secret of the negotiations he was intrusted with, without any visible pressure. Altogether, this is what the adventurer learned:—

Don Rufino Contreras, impelled by some motive unknown, had secretly bought up the claims of all the persons to whom the Marquis de Moguer was indebted. So soon as he held them, he had taken out writs, through a third party, against the Marquis, so as to dispossess him of the small property left him,—among other things, the Hacienda del Toro, which he evinced a great desire to possess. His proposal to marry Dona Marianna was only a bait offered to the good faith of Don Hernando, in order to lull his prudence and remove his suspicions. What he wanted was to become at once the possessor of the hacienda. But still wishing

are utterly ignorant, and who act *gratis*, as their salaries are never paid, requite themselves for this annoyance on the contending parties, whom they plunder without pity or shame; and this is carried to such an extent, that, so soon as trial is begun, it is known who will win and who lose. It is of little consequence whether the trial be criminal or civil, for money decides everything. To give only one instance: A man commits a murder, the fact is confirmed—known by all; the assassination has been performed in bright day, in the open street, and in the presence of a hundred persons. The relations of the victim go before the *jues de letras*—that is to say, the criminal judge; he lets them explain the affair in its fullest details, and gives no signs of approval or disapproval; but when they have finished, he asks them the simple question,—

“Have you any witnesses?”

“Yes,” the relatives answer.

“Very good: and these witnesses are doubtless men of good position, and of a certain value?”

“Certainly. Each of them is worth a thousand piastres.”

“Well,” says the judge, “and how many may there be?”

“Ten.”

“What a pity!” he then continues, in his mildest accents; “your adversary, who, between ourselves, appears to me a highly distinguished caballero, has exactly the same number of witnesses as you; but his are far more important people, for each is worth two thousand piastres.”

The matter is settled. If the relatives of the murdered man are not rich enough to make a higher bid, the assassin is not only acquitted, but discharged without a stain on his character, and is at perfect liberty, if he think proper, to kill another of his enemies on the same day and the same terms. Such is the way in which the Mexicans understand justice. We can therefore understand how an enormously rich man like Don Rufino Contreras could defeat the Marquis, the state of whose fortune did not allow him to buy the judges.

The adventurer listened with the most earnest attention to the revelations the bailiff made with a certain degree of complacency. Kidd, who was accustomed to fish in troubled waters, had found an opportunity for a famous haul in these revelations. His plan was at once formed, and so soon as he came in sight of the pueblos, his arrangements were made. It was late when the travellers reached the barriers of the Real de Minas; the sun had set long before, and the sentries, although they recognized the adventurer as one of their side, made some difficulty about letting him

warmly recommending them to the landlord. Then the bandit, after placing his horse in the corral, and carefully wrapping himself up in his sarape, and pulling the brim of his hat over his eyes to escape recognition, glided through the darkness to the house of Don Marcos de Niza, which he entered. The captain, as we said, was accessible at all hours of the day or night, to any person who had news to communicate. At this moment he was in the same study where he had already held a conversation with Master Kidd. On noticing the adventurer, the captain raised his eyes, and without leaving his chair, he said,—

"Ah, is that you, Master Kidd? Your absence has been long; but, for all that, you are welcome, if you bring good news."

The bandit gave a meaning smile.

"My news is excellent, captain," he said, laying a marked stress on the words, "especially for you."

"*Juego de Cristo!* I hope so, for am I not commandant of the town?"

"Yes; but I am not going to talk with you about politics at present, Excellency."

"In that case, go to the deuce, scoundrel," the captain said, shrugging his shoulders angrily: "do you think I have nothing more important to do than listen to the rubbish you may please to invent and tire my ears with?"

"I invent nothing, Excellency. Fortune has this very day granted me the opportunity of catching a secret it is most important for you to know—that is all."

"Well, tell me what this mighty secret is."

"It relates to your private affairs, Excellency."

"My affairs!" the captain repeated, bursting into a laugh; "hang it all! have I any?"

"If the secret does not relate directly to you, it interests, in a most eminent degree, one of your nearest relatives."

"Ah! who is he?"

"The Marquis de Moguer."

The captain became serious: he frowned with a menacing expression, which made Kidd tremble in spite of his well-tried effrontery.

"Speak, and be brief," he said to him.

"Nothing will suit me better."

The captain took several ounces from the table drawer, which he threw to the bandit, who caught them in their flight, and stowed them away with a grin of satisfaction in his huge pockets.

"You will not regret your money, Excellency," he said.

"I hope not; and now go on, scoundrel, as you are paid."

Kidd, without further pressing, related, in its fullest details, all that had occurred between himself and the bailiff on the road. The captain listened with the most earnest attention.

"Is that all?" he asked, when the other stopped.

"Yes, Excellency."

"Good: now be off. You will continue to watch this man, and report to me all he does."

And he dismissed him with a wave of the hand. The adventurer bowed, and went away. When alone, the captain reflected for a few minutes, and then wrote a letter, sealed it, and summoned his orderly, who at once made his appearance.

"Isidro," the captain said to him, "at all risks, this letter must be in the hands of the Marquis de Moguer within six hours at the most. You understand me?—at all risks!"

"It shall be done, captain."

"Take this for yourself,"—and he handed him some gold coins,— "and this pass, which will enable you to go in and out. You must be off at once."

Without replying, the soldier withdrew, after concealing the letter in the breast of his uniform.

"And now," the captain muttered to himself, "let them come on."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

COMPLICATIONS.

AFTER leaving the captain's study, Kidd halted in the anteroom, not because he had any plan formed, but through that instinct which urges villains of his species not to leave a good place till compelled. He had heard the captain summon his assistente. The latter, after a few moments' absence, returned to the anteroom with a look of importance which at once caused the adventurer to reflect, and suggested to him the idea of knowing what the conversation was the soldier had held with his chief. Isidro, the captain's assistente, was an Opatas Indian, of tried bravery and fidelity. Unluckily, though he did his duty in the battlefield, his intellect was rather restricted, and, like all Indians, he had a propensity for strong liquors, which had several times brought him to great grief. Kidd was familiar with the soldier, and knew his weakness; hence his plan was formed in a moment.

"Since you remain here," he said to him, "I shall be off: when I came to speak to the captain, I left a nearly full bottle of mezcal at the locanda of Master Cospito, and on my word I feel inclined to go and finish it. I will not invite you to accompany me, for your duty keeps you here; otherwise, you may be assured that I should be delighted to empty it with you."

"My duty does not keep me here," the Indian answered; "on the contrary, I have a long ride to make this very night."

"A long ride!" the adventurer exclaimed: "carai! it is the same case with me, and as I know no better preservative against the night cold than mezcal, that is why I meant to empty the bottle before mounting. If your inclinations lie the same way, it is at your service."

We will allow that the *asistente* hesitated.

"Have you also a ride to take?" he asked.

"Yes, and I suspect that yours is as long as mine: well, I am going a long distance; what direction do you follow?"

"The captain sends me to Arispe," the bandit answered, boldly.

"Why, how singular that is! we shall follow the same road."

"That is indeed strange. Well, is it settled?—will you drink the stirrup-cup with me?"

"Upon due reflection, I see no harm in it."

"Let us make haste, then," the brigand continued; for he feared lest the captain might catch him with his *asistente*; "we have no time to lose."

For reasons best known to himself, the adventurer left the Indian at the house door, bidding him bring his horse to Cospito's rancho, where he would join him in a few minutes, and they would set out on their journey together. Kidd merely wanted to warn the *mesonero*, with whom he had lodged the bailiff, not to let him go away on any excuse,—“Watch him closely, and at the slightest suspicious movement go and inform Captain Don Marcos Niza,”—who, for reasons connected with the public safety, did not wish to let these strangers out of sight. The *mesonero* promised to carry out his instructions faithfully; and, reassured on this point, the adventurer fetched his horse from the corral, and went to join the *Opatas* at Senor Cospito's rancho, as had been agreed on. On reaching the inn by one street, to his great satisfaction he saw the orderly arriving by another, mounted, and ready to start. The two friends entered the rookery to which we have already conducted the reader.

The adventurer honourably kept his word: not only did he order a bottle of mezcal, but at the same time one of excellent Catalonian *refino*. The Indian's prudence was entirely routed by such generosity; the more so, because he had no reason to distrust the bandit, with whom he had already made several excursions, and regarded him as an excellent comrade. Kidd, in order to avoid any doubts on the part of his comrade, was careful not to ask him any questions; he merely poured him out glass after glass, and when the bottles were empty, the Indian had drunk the greater part of their contents, as Kidd desired to retain his coolness. When they had finished, the bandit rose, paid the score, and called for another bottle of *refino*.

"This is for the road," he said.

"An excellent idea," remarked the *asistente*, whose eyes flashed like carbuncles, and who was beginning to have a very vague notion of the state of affairs. They left the rancho, and mounted their horses. Kidd

was rather anxious as to how he should get out of the rancho, as he had no pass of any sort; for, if it were difficult to get into the Real de Minas, it was quite as much to get out of it. Luckily for the adventurer, Isidro's pass was in perfect order, and when he showed it at the gate, where he was perfectly well known to all the soldiers on duty, he said, pointing to Kidd, "This caballero goes with me." The soldiers, aware that Isidro was the confidential man of the captain, did not offer the slightest difficulty, but allowed them to pass, and wished them a lucky journey. When the adventurer found himself in the open country, he drew a deep breath of relief, as he gave his too confiding comrade a sarcastic glance.

"Now," he said, "we must take the shortest road, in order to arrive sooner."

"What, are there two roads?" Isidro asked.

"There are ten," Kidd replied, coolly; "but the shortest runs almost in a right line, and passes close to the Hacienda del Toro."

"Let us take that, then."

"Why that more than another?"

"Because I am going to the hacienda."

"Ah," the adventurer said, pleasantly, "let us take a drink, and start." Uncorking the bottle, he took a pull, and then handed it to his companion, who imitated him, with an evident expression of pleasure.

"You say, then," Kidd resumed, as he smacked his lips, "that you are going to the Hacienda del Toro?"

"Yes, I am."

"It is a good house, and most hospitable."

"Do you know it?"

"Carai! I should think so. The Major-domo is my intimate friend. What happy days I have spent with that excellent Senor Paredes!"

"Since it is your road, why not call there with me, as you are certain of a kind reception?"

"I do not say I will not; I suppose you are going to ask the Marquis for some men, as soldiers are scarce at the pueblo?"

"I do not think that is the case. Don Hernando has already authorized the captain to enlist his miners, and the peons left him he will need to defend the hacienda in the event of an attack."

"That is true; besides, it is no business of mine. Let every man have his own secrets."

"Oh, I do not think there is any great secret in the matter: the captain is a near relation of the Marquis; they often write to each other, and the letter I am ordered to deliver will only refer, I expect, to family matters and private interests."

"That is probable; the more so, because it is said that the Marquis's affairs are in a very bad state at present."

"So it is said; but I have heard that they are about to be settled."

"Carai! I wish it with all my heart, for it is a pity to see one of the

oldest families of the province reduced. Suppose we drink the health of the Marquis?"

"With pleasure."

The bottle was hugged for the second time by the two companions. A man may be an Opatas Indian, that is to say, of herculean stature, with a breast arched like a tortoiseshell; but he cannot swallow with impunity such a prodigious quantity of alcohol as Isidro had absorbed without beginning to feel intoxicated. The asistente, strong though he was, tottered on his horse; his eyes began to close, and his tongue to grow thick. But, excited as he was by liquor, the more difficulty he experienced in speaking, the more he wanted to do so. The adventurer eagerly followed the progress of his comrade's intoxication, while careful not to let him see that he was aware of his condition.

"Yes, yes," the Indian continued, "the affairs of the Marquis might easily be arranged sooner than is supposed, comrade."

"With his name it cannot be difficult for him to procure money."

"Nonsense! that is not the point, and I know what I know."

"Exactly, Senor Isidro; and as what you know may be a secret, I will not urge you to tell it me."

"Did I say that it was a secret?" the Indian objected.

"No, but I suppose so."

"You are wrong to suppose so; and, besides, you are my friend, are you not?"

"I believe so," the adventurer answered, modestly.

"Well, if you are my friend, I have nothing to conceal from you."

"That is true; still, if you consider it your duty to hold your tongue—"

"Hold my tongue! why so? Have you any pretence to silence me?"

"I? Heaven forbid, and the proof is, here's your health!"

The Indian began laughing.

"That is what is called an unanswerable argument," he said, as he placed the bottle to his lips and threw back his head, as if contemplating the stars.

He remained in this position till all the remaining liquid had passed down his throat.

"Ah!" he said, with an accent of regret, "it was good."

"What do you mean?" Kidd exclaimed, with pretended surprise; "is there none left?"

"I do not think so," the Indian remarked, with a drunkard's gravity; "it is a pity that these bottles are so small."

And with that he threw it into the road.

"I agree with you that the rancheros are robbers."

"Yes," said the asistente, with a hiccough, "robbers; but soon—we shall drink as much as we like."

"Eh, eh, that will not be unpleasant; but where will it be?"

"Where? why, at the Hacienda del Toro."

"Yes, they never refuse a draught of mezcal to an honest man in that house."

"Nonsense, a draught! you are jesting, comrade; whole bottles would be nearer the truth. Besides, do you fancy the Marquis will look into matters so closely at his daughter's marriage?"

"What?"

"Where on earth do you come from, that you are ignorant of that? Nothing else is spoken of in the country."

"It is the first I have heard of it."

"Well, all the better; I will tell you. Dona Marianna, a pretty girl, *carai*! is going to marry a senator, no one less."

The adventurer suddenly pricked up his ears. "A senator?" he repeated.

"This seems to surprise you. Why should not a pretty girl marry a senator? I consider you a curious comrade to doubt my word."

"I do not doubt it."

"Yes, you do; ugly brute that you are."

The intoxication of the Opatas was at its height. Excited even more by the horse's gallop and the adventurer's artfully managed contradiction, Isidro felt passion mount to his head. The intoxication of Indians is horrible: they become raving madmen; their heated brain gives birth to the strangest hallucinations, and under the influence of spirits they are capable of the greatest crimes. The bandit was aware of all these peculiarities, by which he hoped to profit; besides, he had drawn from the Indian all that he wanted to learn from him; he had squeezed him like a lemon, and now only wanted to throw away the peel. We need hardly say that at this hour of the night the road the two travellers were following was completely deserted, and that Kidd did not fear any overlookers of what he intended doing. They were riding at this moment along the course of a small stream, an affluent of the Rio Bravo del Norte, whose wooded banks afforded sufficient concealment. The adventurer made his horse bound on one side, and, drawing his machete, exclaimed,—

"Brute yourself, you drunken Opatas!" At the same moment he dealt the poor fellow such a sudden blow, that he fell off his horse like a log. But he rose to his feet, tottering, and though stunned by the attack, and seriously wounded, he drew his sabre and rushed on the bandit with a yell of fury. But the latter was on his guard; he attentively watched his enemy's movements, and urged his horse forward. The Indian, thrown down by the animal's chest, rolled on the ground where he lay without stirring. Was he dead? Kidd supposed so; but the bandit was a very prudent man, Indians are crafty, and this death might be a feint. Kidd therefore watched quietly a few paces from his victim, for he was in no hurry.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the Indian had not made a movement. Reassured by this complete immobility, the bandit resolved to

dismount and go up to him. All at once the Opatas rose: with a tiger leap he bounded on the adventurer, twined his arms round him, and the two men rolled on the ground, uttering savage yells, and trying to take each other's life. It was a short but horrible struggle. The Opatas, in spite of his wounds, derived a factitious strength from the fury that animated him and the excitement produced by intoxication, which was heightened by his ardent desire to take revenge for the cowardly treachery of which he was the victim.

Unhappily, the efforts he was compelled to make opened his wounds, and his blood flowed in streams; and with his blood he felt his life departing. He made a supreme effort to strangle the miserable adventurer in his clenched fingers, but the latter, by a sudden and cleverly calculated movement, succeeded in liberating himself from the Indian's iron grasp. He rose quickly, and at the moment when the assistente recovered from his surprise, and prepared to renew the fight, Kidd raised his machete, and cleft the poor fellow's head.

"Die! accursed dog!" he yelled.

The Indian remained on his feet for a moment, tottering from right to left; he took a step forward, with outstretched arms, and then fell with his face to the ground, and the death-rattle in his throat. This time he was really dead.

"Well," Kidd muttered, as he thrust his machete several times into the ground, in order to remove the blood, "that was tough work; these demons of Indians must be killed twice to make sure they do not recover. What is to be done now?"

He reflected for a few moments; then walked up to the corpse, turned it over, and opened the breast of the uniform to obtain the letter. He had no difficulty in finding it; he placed it in his own pocket, and then stripped his victim, on the chance that he might want to use his uniform. But two things troubled him: the first was the soldier's horse; the second, his body. The horse he made no attempt to seize: so soon as its master was wounded, the animal started off at a gallop into the wood; and as it would have been madness to try and find it on so dark a night, the adventurer did not attempt it. Still, the flight of the horse alarmed him. Any persons who found it would take it back to the pueblo, and then suspicions would be aroused which might soon be fixed on him, although he felt almost certain that the soldiers who saw him leave the town with the assistente had not recognized him; but his absence from the pueblo would appear suspicious to the captain, who was acute, and, as he knew Kidd so well, would not hesitate to accuse him.

The affair was embarrassing, but, luckily for him, the adventurer was a man of resources. Any other person would have fastened a stone to the body, and thrown it into the stream, but the bandit carefully avoided that. Such an expeditious method, while getting rid of the victim, would only have increased the suspicions; besides, water is not a good keeper of

secrets; one day or another the body would rise, perhaps, to the surface, and then the nature of the wounds would reveal the hand that dealt them. Kidd hit upon a more simple or sure plan, or at least he thought so. With horrible coolness he scalped the corpse, and threw the scalp into the stream, after rolling it round a large stone; this first profanation accomplished, he made a cross cut on the victim's chest, plucked out his heart, which he also threw into the river, and then, plaiting together a few flexible lianas, he formed a cord, which he fastened to the feet of the corpse, and hung it from the main branch of a tree.

"There!" he said, with satisfaction, when the horrible task was completed, "that is all right, carai! I am ready to wager my share of paradise with the first comer that the cleverest people will be taken in. The Indians are in the field at this very moment, and hang me if every one will not be convinced that this drunken scoundrel was scalped by the Apaches."

In fact, all the hideous mutilating which this villain had made his victim undergo, is employed by the Indios bravos upon their enemies. Frightful though the deed was, Kidd consequently, in the impossibility he found of disposing of the body, had employed the best mode by which to divert suspicion.

Before leaving the scene of the murder, the bandit carefully washed the soldier's clothes and removed any blood stains from his own; then, after assuring himself by a searching glance that there was nothing to denounce the crime of which he had been guilty, he whistled up his horse, and mounted, after carefully fastening the soldier's uniform behind him. He rolled a cigarette, lit it, and set out again, with the satisfaction of a man who has just succeeded in a most important affair, which has caused him great anxiety.

It was somewhat by chance that Kidd originally told the assistente that he was proceeding to Arispe; but the discovery of the letter, and the soldier's confidential remarks, had converted this chance into certainty. The bandit had discovered, amid all poor Isidro's drunken maundering, one leading idea, and scented a profitable stroke of business. He comprehended of what importance it would be to Don Rufino to be informed of all that was going on at the pueblo and the Hacienda del Toro, that he might be able to arrange his plans with certainty. Consequently, the adventurer resolved to ride at full speed to Arispe, determined to make the senator pay dearly for the news he brought, while making a mental reservation, with that adventurous logic he was so skilful in, to betray Don Rufino on the first opportunity, if his own interests demanded that painful sacrifice of him. All this being thoroughly settled in his mind, the bandit started at full speed in the direction of Arispe, which city he reached by sunrise.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TWO VILLAINS.

As Kidd was well known, he easily obtained admission to the town; but when he had passed the gates he reflected that it was too early for him to call on the senator, who would still be asleep. Hence he proceeded straight to a rancho he knew, a suspicious den, the usual gathering-place of fellows of his sort, where he was certain of a hearty welcome by payment. In fact, the ranchero, who on first seeing him assumed an ill-omened grimace, greeted him with the most agreeable smile when he flashed before his eyes some piastres and gold coins.

The adventurer entered the rancho, left his horse in the corral, and immediately began to arrange his toilette, which was as a general rule neglected, but which his struggle with the assistente and his hurried ride had rendered more disorderly than usual; and then waited for the hour to arrive when he could pay his respects to Don Rufino.

The ranchero, who was thoroughly acquainted with his man and his habits, prowled round him in vain to try and sound him and learn the causes of his appearance in Arispe, where, for certain reasons, the police did not care to see him. This rendered his journeys to that town rather few and far between; for the police there, as elsewhere, are very troublesome to a certain class of citizens. But vainly did the ranchero try all his cleverest ruses, his most delicate insinuations; Kidd only answered his questions by insignificant phrases, crafty smiles and winks; but in the end he remained perfectly impenetrable, a want of confidence by which the ranchero was greatly insulted; and he swore to himself to be avenged on the bandit for it some day.

When the Cabildo clock struck nine, Kidd thought it was time to be off; he rose, majestically threw a piastre on the table in payment of his score, wrapped his zarape round him, and left the house.

"Whom can he have assassinated to be so rich?" the ranchero asked himself, as he cunningly watched him depart.

A reflection which proved that the worthy ranchero was well acquainted with his man.

Kidd felt he was watched, and hence carefully avoided going straight to the senator's house; on the contrary, affecting the careless demeanour of a loungeur, he set out in the diametrically opposite direction. The adventurer then walked about the town for half an hour, while carefully avoiding the more frequented streets, for fear of attracting attention on himself; thus he gradually approached the senator's mansion, and hurriedly slipped under the saguan, after assuring himself by a glance all around that no one had seen him enter.

"Halloa, you fellow!" a voice suddenly shouted to him, making him start and stop; "where the deuce are you going like that? and what do you want here?"

The adventurer raised his eyes, and saw an individual of a certain age, easily to be recognized as a domestic by his clothing, who was standing in the hall door, and resolutely barring his way.

"What I want?" the bandit repeated, to give himself time to seek an answer.

"Yes, what do you want? That is clear enough, I suppose?"

"Carai! it is clear; what can I want except to see his Excellency, Senator Don Rufino Contreras?"

"Excellent," the other said, derisively; "and do you suppose his Excellency will receive you without knowing who you are?"

"And why not, if you please, senor?"

"Because you do not look like drawing-room company."

"Do you think so?" the bandit said, haughtily.

"Why, that is plain enough; you much more resemble a lepero than a caballero."

"You are not polite, my good fellow; what you say may be correct, but the remark is uncalled for; patched clothes often conceal very honourable caballeros, and if I have been ill treated by fortune, that is no reason why you should throw it in my teeth so sharply."

"Enough of this, and be off."

"I shall not stir till I have seen the senator."

The man-servant gave him a side look, which the other endured with imperturbable coolness.

"Do you mean that?" he asked him.

"I really do."

"For the last time, I order you to be gone," the valet went on, menacingly.

"Take care of what you are doing, comrade; I have to talk with the senor, and he is expecting me."

"Expecting you?"

"Yes, me!" the scoundrel answered, majestically.

The servant shrugged his shoulders contemptuously: still he reflected, and asked, with a more conciliatory tone than he had yet employed,—

"Your name?"

"You do not want to know it; merely tell your master that I have just come from the Hacienda del Toro."

"If that is the case, why did you not tell me so before?"

"Probably because you did not ask me. Go and announce me to your master; you have kept me waiting too long already."

The domestic went off without replying, and Kidd took advantage of his departure to instal himself in the vestibule. For a hundred reasons he did not like the vicinity of the street, and he was glad to be no longer exposed to the curious glances of passers by. The absence of the servant was not long, and when he returned, his manner was entirely changed.

"Caballero," he said, with a bow, "if you will do me the honour of following me, his Excellency is waiting for you."

"Fellow! too insolent before, too humble now," the adventurer said, crushing him with a contemptuous glance; "show the way."

And, laughing in his beard, he followed the footman, who was red with anger and shame at this haughty reprimand.

Mexican houses, except in the great cities, are ordinarily built but one story high; they are generally very slightly constructed, owing to the earthquakes, which are extremely frequent in intertropical countries, and destroy in a few seconds towns, and entirely ruin them. The result of this mode of building is that nearly all the apartments are on the ground-floor; and then there are no staircases to ascend or descend, which, in our opinion, is very agreeable. The adventurer remarked with some degree of pleasure that the valet led him through several rooms before reaching the one in which the senator was sitting; at length he turned the handle of the door, threw it open, and stepped aside to let the bandit pass. The latter walked in boldly, like a man certain of a hearty reception.

"Ah!" said the senator, starting slightly at seeing him, "it is you."

"Yes," he replied, with a graceful bow.

"Retire," Don Rufino said to the valet; "I am not at home to any one, and do not come in till I call you."

The valet bowed, went out, and closed the door behind him, as if by common accord. The two stood silently listening till the valet's footsteps died away in the distance; then, without saying a word, Kidd threw open the folding doors.

"Why do you do that?" Don Rufino asked him.

"Because we have to talk about serious matters; the *petates* spread over the floors of your rooms deaden footsteps, and your servant has an excellent spy's face."

The senator made no remark; he doubtless recognized the correctness of his singular visitor's argument.

"It is you then, bandit," he said at last.

"I fancy I can notice that you did not expect me?"

"I confess it; I will even add that I did not in the slightest desire your visit."

"You are very forgetful of your friends, Don Rufino, and it makes me feel sorry for you," the bandit answered, with a contrite air.

"What do you mean, scoundrel, by daring to use such language to me?"

Kidd shrugged his shoulders, drew up a butacca, and fell into it with a sigh of relief.

"I must observe," he said, with the most imperturbable coolness, "that you forgot to offer me a chair."

Then, crossing one leg over the other, he began rolling a cigarette, a task to which he gave the most serious attention. The senator frowningly

examined the adventurer ; for this bandit to dare assume such a tone with him, he must have very powerful weapons in his hands, or be the bearer of news of the highest importance. In either case he must be humoured. Don Rufino immediately softened the expression of his face, and handed the adventurer a beautifully chased gold mechero.

"Pray light your cigarette, my dear Kidd," he said, with a pleasant smile.

The bandit took the mechero, and examined it with admiration.

"Ah !" he exclaimed, with a splendidly feigned regret, "I have dreamed for years that I possessed such a toy, but, unluckily, fortune has ever thwarted me."

"If it please you so much," Don Rufino answered, with a mighty effort, "I shall be delighted to make you a present of it."

"You are really most generous. Believe me, senor, that any present coming from you will always be most precious in my eyes."

And, after lighting his cigarette, he unceremoniously placed the mechero in his pocket.

"Of course your visit has an object?" the senator said, after a moment's interval.

"They always have, senor," the other answered, as he enveloped himself in a cloud of blue smoke, which issued from his nose and mouth ; "the first was to see you."

"I thank you for the politeness ; but I do not think that is sufficient reason for forcing your way in here."

"Forcing is rather a harsh word, senor," the bandit said, sorrowfully ; but he suddenly changed his tone, and assumed his usual sharp, quick way. "Come, Don Rufino, let us deal fairly, and not waste our time in compliments which neither of us believes."

"I wish nothing better ; speak, then, and the plague take you."

"Thank you. I prefer that mode of speech, for at least I recognize you. I am about to give you an example of frankness ; I have come, not to propose a bargain, but to sell you certain information, and a letter of the utmost importance to you, which I obtained—no matter how—solely on your account."

"Good ; let us see whether I can accept the bargain."

"In the first place, allow me to say two words, so as to thoroughly establish our reciprocal position. Our situation has greatly changed during the last few days ; I no longer fear you, but you, on the contrary, are afraid of me."

"I afraid of you?"

"Yes, senor, because I hold your secret, and you can no longer threaten to kill me, as you did at our last interview."

"Oh ! oh ! And why not, if you please?" the senator asked.

"Because we are alone, you are unarmed, I am stronger than you, and at your slightest movement I would blow out your brains like those of

a wild beast. Do you now comprehend me, my dear sir?" he added, as he drew a brace of pistols from under his zarape; "what do you think of these playthings?"

"They are tolerably good, I fancy," the senator replied, coldly; "and what do you say to these?" he added, as he uncovered a brace of magnificent pistols hidden under the papers scattered over the table at which he was seated.

"They are detestable."

"Why so?"

"Because you would not dare use them."

The senator smiled ironically.

"Laugh if you like, my master, I like best to see you treat the matter in that way; but I repeat that you are in my power this time, instead of my being in yours. I have delivered to Captain Don Marcos Niza certain papers, which, were they opened by him, might, I fear, gravely compromise you; there is one among them, the tenor of which is as follows:—'I, the undersigned, declare that my valet, Lupino Contrarias, has treacherously assassinated and deserted me in a frightful desert, and there plundered me of everything I possessed; consisting of two mules laden with gold-dust, and two thousand three hundred gold ounces in current money. On the point of appearing before my God, and not hoping to survive my wounds, I denounce this wretch, etc., etc. Signed ——.' Shall I tell you the name of the signer? But what is the matter with you, my dear sir? Do you feel ill? You are pale as a corpse."

In truth, on hearing the narrative, which the bandit told with a species of complacency, the senator was seized with such a violent fit of terror, that for a moment he was on the point of fainting.

"It is extraordinary," the bandit continued, "how nothing can be trusted to in this world. Just take the case of this excellent Lupino, who had arranged a most delicious trap in the adroitest manner; for more surety, he waited till they were on the other side of the Indian border, at a spot where not a soul passes once in two years; he fires his pistols point blank into his master's back, and goes off, of course taking with him the fortune so honourably acquired. Well, fatality decrees that the master whom he had every reason for believing dead is not quite so; he has time to take out his tablets, and write in pencil a perfectly regular denunciation, and then this demon of a fatality, which never does things by halves, brings to these parts a hunter, who picks up the tablets. It is enough to make a man turn honest, deuce take me if it is not, had he not quite made up his mind to the contrary."

During this long harangue the senator had time to recover from the shock, and regain his coolness. By a supreme effort of the will he had restored calmness to his face, and forced his lips to smile.

"Carai!" he said, with a laugh that resembled gnashing of teeth, "that is a wonderful story, and admirably arranged. Permit me, dear

senor, to congratulate you on your inventive faculty; it is charming, on my word. But who on earth do you expect to believe such a story?"

"You, first of all, senor, for you know the truth of the story better than anybody."

"Nonsense! you are mad, upon my honour."

"Not quite so mad as you fancy, for the proofs are in my hands."

"I do not say they are not; but admitting the reality of the facts you allege, they took place a long time ago: this Lupino Contrarias has disappeared; he is dead, perhaps: as for his master, the pistols were too well loaded to give him a chance of escape. Who takes any interest in a dead man—especially in our country?"

"How do you know that the weapons were so carefully loaded?"

"I suppose so."

"Suppositions are always the plague in business matters. Between ourselves, do you think it would be so difficult to find this Lupino Contrarias in Rufino Contreras? I think not."

The senator felt his face flush involuntarily.

"Senor," he said, "such an insinuation—"

"Has nothing that needs offend you," Kidd interrupted him, calmly; "it is a supposition, nothing more; now, continuing our suppositions, let us admit for a moment that this master, whom his valet is persuaded he killed, should be, on the contrary, alive and—"

"Oh, that is quite impossible."

"Do not interrupt me so, senor. —And, I say, were to lay his hand on his valet's shoulder, as I lay mine on yours, and assert, 'This is my assassin!' what answer would you give to that?"

"I—I!" the senator exclaimed, wildly; "what answer I should give?"

"You would give none," the bandit continued, as he took and thrust into his belt the pistols, which the senator, in his trouble, had let fall; "overcome by the evidence, and crushed by the very presence of your victim, you would be irretrievably lost."

There was a second of horrible silence between these two men, who looked at each other as if about to have a frightful contest. At length the senator's emotion was calmed by its very violence; he passed his hand over his damp forehead, and, drawing himself up to his full height, said, sharply,—

"After this, what would you of me?"

way of escape from the terrible dilemma in which he was placed. At length he raised his head, and looked the bandit fiercely in the face.

"Well, yes," he said to him, resolutely, "all that you have narrated is true. I cowardly assassinated, to rob him of his fortune, the man who offered me a helping hand in my misery, and treated me as a friend rather than a servant. But this fortune, however badly it may have been acquired, I possess; by its means I have acquired a position in the world; by roguery and falsehood I have succeeded in imposing on everybody; I have rank and a name; and death alone could make me resign this position, so hardly attained. Now that I have spoken frankly with you, it is your turn to do the same. Tell me the conditions you intend to impose on me, and if they are fair, I will accept them; if not, whatever the consequences may be, I shall refuse them. Take care, for I am not the man to remain at the mercy of a villain like you; sooner than accept so horrible a situation, I would denounce myself, and drag you down in my fall. Reflect carefully, then, before answering me, comrade, for my proposition is in earnest. Once the bargain is concluded between us, we will say no more about it. I give you ten minutes to answer me."

This clear and categorical proposal affected the bandit more than he liked to show. He understood that he had to deal with one of those indomitable men who, once they have made their mind up, never alter it. The adventurer had nothing to gain by ruining Don Rufino, on the contrary; moreover, that never entered into his plan: he hoped to terrify him, and had succeeded; and now the only thing to be done by these two men, so well suited to understand each other, since they had frankly settled facts, was to attack the pecuniary question, and treat it as skilfully as they could; Kidd, therefore, prepared to begin the assault.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FRIENDLY BARGAIN.

DON RUFINO, with his head resting on his right hand, was carelessly playing with a paper knife, and patiently waiting till his visitor thought proper to speak. This affected indifference perplexed the adventurer: men of Kidd's species instinctively distrust all that does not appear to them natural, and he felt embarrassed by this coolness, for which he could not account, and which he feared might contain a snare. At length he suddenly broke the silence.

"Before all, Don Rufino," he said, "I must tell you the motives of my visit."

"I do not at all care about them," the senator answered, negligently; "still, if you think my knowledge of them may be useful, pray let me hear them."

"I think that when you have heard me, you will change your opinion, and recognize the importance of the service I propose to do you."

"That is possible, and I do not deny it," the senator said, ironically; "but you will allow, my dear Senor Kidd, that you interfere so thoroughly in my affairs, that it is difficult for me to decide, among all the combinations your mind takes pleasure in forming, whether your intentions are good or bad."

"You shall judge."

"Pray speak, then."

"I will tell you, in the first place, that a certain Alguazil, Don Parfindo Burro by name, arrived yesterday at the pueblo of Quitovar."

"Very good," the senator answered, looking fixedly at the bandit.

"Now I do not know how it is, but the bailiff had scarce reached the pueblo, ere, by some strange fatality, Captain de Niza was informed of his arrival."

"Only think of that," the senator remarked, ironically; "ever that fatality of which you just now spoke to me; it is really being the plaything of misfortune."

In spite of the strong dose of effrontery with which nature had endowed him, the adventurer felt involuntarily troubled.

Don Rufino continued, with a light laugh,—

"And still, through this implacable fatality, the captain was not only informed of the arrival of this worthy Don Parfindo, but also of the reasons that brought him."

"How do you know that?" Kidd exclaimed, with pretended surprise.

"Oh, I guess it, that is all," the senator replied, with a slight shrug of his shoulders; "but go on, pray; what you tell me is beginning to become most interesting."

The bandit went on with imperturbable coolness.

"As you are aware, the captain is a relation of the Marquis de Moguer."

"Yes, and a very near relation."

"Hence he did not hesitate, but at once sent off a messenger to the Hacienda del Toro, carrying a letter in which he probably gave the most circumstantial details about the bailiff, and the mission he is charged with."

At this revelation, Don Rufino suddenly doffed the mask of indifference he had assumed, and smote the table fiercely with his fist.

"Ah, that letter!" he exclaimed, "that letter! I would give its weight in gold for it."

"Very well, senor," the bandit remarked, with a smile; "as I am anxious to prove to you the honesty of my intentions, I give it you for nothing."

He took the letter from his pocket, and handed it to the senator; the latter bounded on it like a tiger on its prey, and tore it from Kidd's hands.

"Gently, gently; be good enough to remark that the seal is not

broken, and that, as the letter has not yet been opened, I am naturally ignorant of its contents."

"That is true," the senator muttered, as he turned it over and over; "I thank you for your discretion, senor."

"You are most kind," Kidd replied, with a bow.

"But," the senator continued, "how did this letter, addressed to Don Hernando de Moguer, fall into your hands?"

"Oh, very simply," the other replied, lightly; "just fancy that the man the captain selected to carry his mission was a friend of mine. As I intended to pay you a visit at Arispe, and as I felt grieved at seeing this man traverse such a dangerous road alone by night, I offered to accompany him, and he consented. I do not know how it occurred, but on the road we began quarrelling. In short, without any evil intentions on my part, I declare to you, in the heat of the argument I gave him a blow on the head with my machete, so well dealt that he was compelled to die. It grieved me deeply, but there was no remedy; and as I was afraid lest the letter might get into bad hands, I carried it off. That is the whole story."

"It is really most simple," Don Rufino remarked, with a smile, and broke the seal.

Kidd discreetly sat down again in his butacca, in order to leave the senator at liberty to peruse this despatch, which seemed to interest him greatly. He read it through with the utmost attention, and then let his head hang on his chest, and fell into deep thought.

"Well," the adventurer at length asked, "is the news that letter conveys so very bad, that it must entirely absorb you?"

"The news is of the utmost importance to me, senor; still, I ask myself for what purpose you seized it?"

"Why, to do you a service, it strikes me."

"That is all very well; but, between ourselves, you had another object."

The bandit burst into a laugh.

"Did I not tell you that I wished to make a bargain?"

"That is true; but I am awaiting a full explanation from you."

"That is very difficult, senor."

"I admit that it is; well, I will put you at your ease."

"I wish for nothing better."

"I will offer you the bargain you do not like to propose."

"I see that you are beginning to understand me, and that, between the pair of us, we shall come to something."

"You are not rich," the senator remarked, frankly approaching the point.

"I am forced to confess that I am not actually rolling in wealth," he answered, with an ironical glance at his more than ragged attire.

"Well, if you like I will make you a rich man at one stroke."

"What do you mean by rich, sener?" the bandit asked, distrustfully.

"I mean to put you in possession of a sum which will not only protect you from want, but also allow you to indulge your fancy, while living honestly."

"Honesty is a virtue only within reach of those who can spend money without wanting it," the adventurer remarked, sententiously.

"Be it so; I will render you rich, to use your language."

"It will cost a good deal," Kidd answered, impudently, "for I have very peculiar tastes."

"I dare say; but no matter. I have in Upper California a hacienda, of which I will hand you the title-deeds this very day."

"Hum!" said Kidd, thrusting out his upper lip contemptuously, "is the hacienda a fine one?"

"Immense, covered with ganado and manadas of wild horses; it is situated near the sea."

"That is something, I allow; but that is not wealth."

"Wait a minute."

"I am waiting."

"I will add to this hacienda a round sum of one hundred thousand piastres in gold."

The bandit's eyes were dazzled.

"What," he said, rising as if moved by a spring, and turning pale with joy, "did you say?—one hundred thousand?"

"Yes, I repeat," the senator continued, internally satisfied with the effect he had produced; "do you think that with such a sum as that it is possible to be honest?"

"*Viva Cristo!* I should think so," he exclaimed, gleefully.

"It only depends on yourself to possess it within a week."

"Oh yes, I understand; there is a condition. Carai! it must be very hard for me to refuse it."

"This is the condition; listen to me, and, above all, understand me thoroughly."

"Carai! I should think I would listen; a hacienda, and one hundred thousand piastres—I should be a fool to refuse them."

"You must not impede my prospects in any way, allow me to espouse Dona Marianna, and on the day of the marriage hand me the tablets which you took from the gentleman so unhappily assassinated by his valet."

"Very well. Is that all?"

"Not yet."

"Very good; go on."

"I insist that when you deliver me the tablets, you will supply proof that the writer is really dead."

"Carai! that will be difficult."

"That does not concern me; it is your business."

"That is true ; and how long will you give me for that ?"

"Eight days."

"*Cuerpo de Cristo* ! it is not enough ; the man is not so easily to be taken unawares."

"Yes ; but once that he is dead, you will be rich."

"I know that, and it is a consideration. No matter ; carai ! it will be a tough job, and I shall risk my hide."

"You can take it or leave it."

"I take it, *viva Cristo* ! I take it. Never shall I find again such a chance to become an honest man."

"Then that matter is quite settled between us ?"

"Most thoroughly ; you can set your mind at rest."

"Very good ; but as you may change your mind some day, and feel an inclination to betray me—"

"Oh, senor, what an idea !"

"No one knows what may happen. You will at once sign a paper on which these conditions will be fully detailed."

"Carai ! what you ask is most compromising."

"For both of us, as my proposals will be equally recorded."

"But, in that case, what is the good of writing such a paper, as it will compromise you as much as me ?"

"For the simple reason that if some day you feel inclined to betray me, you cannot ruin me without ruining yourself, which will render you prudent, and oblige you to reflect whenever a bad thought crosses your brain."

"Do you distrust me, senor ?"

"Have you any excessive confidence in me ?"

"That is different ; I am only a poor scamp."

"In one word, you will either accept the conditions I offer, or any bargain between us will be impossible."

"Still, supposing, senor, I were to use the paper I hold, as you employ such language to me ?"

"You would not dare."

"Not dare !" he exclaimed, "and pray why not ?"

"I do not know the motive ; but I feel sure that if you could have used that document you would have done so long ago. I know you too well to doubt it, Senor Kidd ; it would be an insult to your intellect, whose acuteness, on the contrary, it affords me pleasure to bear witness to. Hence, believe me, senor, do not try to terrify me further with this paper, or hold it to my chest like a loaded pistol, for you will do no good. Your simplest plan will be to accept the magnificent offer I make you."

"Well, be it so, since you are so pressing," he replied ; "I will do what you ask, but you will agree with me that it is very hard."

"Not at all ; that is just where you make the mistake : I simply take a guarantee against yourself, that is all."

The adventurer was not convinced ; still, the bait conquered him, and, with a sigh of regret, he offered no further resistance. Don Rufino immediately wrote down the conditions agreed on between the two men—a sword of Damocles which the senator wished to hold constantly in suspense over the head of his accomplice, and which, if produced in a court of justice, would irretrievably destroy them both. While the senator was writing, the bandit sought for the means to escape this formidable compromise, and destroy the man who forced it on him when he had received the money. We should not like to assert that Don Rufino had not the same idea. When the senator had concluded this strange deed of partnership, which rendered them mutually responsible, and riveted them more closely together than a chain would have done, he read in a loud voice what he had written.

“ Now,” he said, after reading, “ have you any remark to offer ?”

“ Deuce take the remarks !” the bandit exclaimed, roughly ; “ whatever I might say, you would make no alteration, so it is better to leave it as it is.”

“ That is my opinion too, so sign ; and to soften any painful effect it may produce on you, I will give you one hundred ounces.”

“ Very good,” he replied, with a smile ; and taking the pen from Don Rufino’s hand, he boldly placed his signature at the foot of this document, which might cost him his life. But the promise of the hundred ounces made him forget everything, and besides, Kidd was a bit of a fatalist, and reckoned on chance to liberate him from his accomplice ere long.

When Kidd had signed with the greatest assurance, the senator sprinkled gold-dust over the paper, folded it, and placed it in his bosom.

“ And here,” he said, as he thrust his hand into a coffer, “ is the promised sum.”

He piled the ounces on the table, and Kidd pocketed them with a smile of pleasure.

“ You know that I am at your orders, and ready to obey you,” he said ; “ and, as a beginning, I restore you the pistols, which I no longer require.”

“ Thanks. Have you anything to detain you at Arispe ?”

“ Not the slightest.”

“ Then you would offer no objection to leaving the town ?”

"Oh, I shall only remain at the pueblo just long enough to perform the duty you entrust to me, and then leave it immediately."

"That will be most prudent. But no, stay; upon reflection, I think it will be better for you not to return to the Real de Minas. I will send my letter by another person."

"I prefer that; have you any other order to give me?"

"None, so you can do what you think proper; but remember that I expect you in a week, and so act accordingly."

"I shall not forget it, carai!"

"In that case, I will not detain you; good-bye."

"Till we meet again, señor."

The senator struck a gong, and the man-servant appeared almost immediately. Don Rufino and Kidd exchanged a side glance; it was evident that the criado, curious like all servants, had listened at the door, and tried to learn for what reason his master remained so long shut up with a man of the adventurer's appearance; but, thanks to the precautions Kidd had taken, even the sound of the voices, which were purposely suppressed, did not reach him.

"Show this caballero out," the senator said.

The two men bowed for the last time, as if they were the best friends in the world, and then separated.

"Villain!" Don Rufino exclaimed, so soon as he was alone, "if ever I can make you pay me for all the suffering you have forced on me to-day, I will not spare you."

And he passionately dashed down a splendid vase, which was unluckily within his reach.

For his part the adventurer, while following the servant through the apartments, indulged in reflections which were anything but rosy-coloured.

"Hang it all!" he said to himself, "the affair has been hot; I believe that I shall act wisely in distrusting my friend; the dear señor is far from being tender-hearted, and if he has a chance of playing me an ill turn he will not let it slip. I acted foolishly in signing that accursed paper, but, after all, what have I to fear? he is too much in danger to try and set a trap for me: but for all that, I will be prudent, for that can do me no harm."

When he ended this soliloquy, he found himself under the saguan, where the man-servant took leave of him with a respectful bow. The adventurer pulled his wide hat brim over his eyes, and departed. In returning to the rancho he employed the same precautions he had used in going to the senator's house, for he was not at all anxious to be recognized and arrested by the Alguazils; for, as we know, the streets of the town for certain reasons were not at all healthy for him. Kidd found the ranchero standing in his doorway, with straddled legs, attentively surveying the approaches to his house.

"Eh," the host said, with a bow, "back already?"

"As you see, compadre, but let me have my breakfast at once, for I have a deal to do."

"Are you going to leave us already?"

"I do not know; come, pray make haste."

The ranchero served him without further questioning. The adventurer made a hearty meal, paid liberally to appease his host's ill temper, saddled his horse, and set out, without saying whether he should return or not. A quarter of an hour later he was in the open country, and inhaling with infinite pleasure the fresh, fragrant breeze that reached him from the desert.

SELF-ACCUSED.

INTO the darkness I let her go—
How had I the heart to serve her so?
Under the lamplight I saw her face,
So full of feeling and modest grace,
With the drooping eye, and the braided hair,
And the little locket she used to wear.

Into the darkness I let her go—
She saw me, and knew me too, I know,
By the quivering lip, and crimson blood
Mantling cheek and brow with a sudden flood,
And the mute appealing glance she cast
In that one brief instant as she pass'd.

Into the darkness I let her go—
O self-reproach! O self-wrought woe!
Her light dress brush'd me as I stood
In angry doubt, and sullen mood;
I might have taken her little hand,
The sweetest woman in all the land!

Into the darkness I let her go!
Was I not mad to serve her so?
Fate offers us all one chance, they say;
Mine met me then, and was flung away.
In that drear November of long ago,
Into the darkness I let her go!

KINGSWOOD CLARK.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG OF THE HOUSEHOLD, IN COZY NOOK.

SMILES AND TEARS;

OR,

A DAY AT MARCHINGTON.

"Now, children, when you have all put on your spectacles, place the door of Cozy Nook wide open, that I may come in with my basket of smiles and my bottle of tears."

"Ready!" cried half a dozen little voices; and in sailed comfortable mother to her comfortable chair, in her comfortable corner of Cozy Nook, carrying, or appearing to carry in one hand, an invisible basket of smiles, in the other an imperceptible bottle of tears.

"Ah! ah! little Julia, you are a stranger in Cozy Nook, I can plainly see, or you would not place that little curly head and chubby face of yours so temptingly near the window, just able to catch a glimpse of all that passes by; that's against the rules of Cozy Nook, and I must tell you of the old woman who hobbled many miles to church, and who, on being asked when she came back what the sermon was about, shook her head sorrowfully, saying, 'Ah, I dinna know, I canna tell, for I left my spectacles at home.'

"But our spectacles are all on," said five of these young voices, and the sixth little pair of eyes looked inquiringly at the five other pair of eyes, but finding nothing there to see, she began rubbing her own, in which operation she was soon stopped by hearing mother's voice, who, stooping, took up an imperceptible handful of smiles out of the imperceptible basket, and an invisible number of tears out of the invisible bottle, and laying them on the table, thus began:

"Rap-a-tap-tap!—louder still, rap-a-tap-tap-tap! with an emphasis on the last syllable, came a little chubby hand on my bedroom door one lovely early morning in lovely May; the first rap I did not hear, to the second I called out 'Who's there?' and a bright young boyish voice answered, 'Aunt Pat, you must get up directly, we are going to Marchington for a long day; it's very fine—oh, so beautiful; and we are to have both horses, and take mutton pies, and papa and mamma want you to go with us; and Tim and I are going, and we want you too; you must get up.'

"I was not exactly wide awake, and these peremptory little sounds seemed to come rather indistinctly from out of a dark nothing, behind thick moreen curtains. Drawing these said curtains aside, I called out, 'Come in, child, come in, and let me hear what you have to say.' Before the handle of the door was turned came the same young voice, 'Get up, you idle Aunt Pat; and then in the history of the long drive, the two horses, and the mutton pies.

'Is it a fine morning?' said I, looking the forebode of sleep out of my eyes

“‘Out with you, then,’ said I, ‘and I will be at your house in an hour.’

“Out bundled the little gentleman, but not without taking my brooch off the pincushion, and in trying to push it in again with his chubby, clumsy little paws, breaking off the pin; these little incidents were so familiar to us, that I believe we should have been quite dull had he left the house with everything as unbroken as when he came into it.

“In the greatest possible haste I dressed. How the sun shone! how the starling chopped above my window! how my heart warmed to my old friends, who thus thought of me in their pleasure, and to the little lads who would have Aunt Pat with them.

“Now, Miss Sophy, you need not look so wise, and nod your little conceited head, thinking that as I was their aunt they must be your cousins, and therefore, or *ergo*, as the learned folk would say, you think you know which of your cousins they were; but you don’t, for, first of all, I was *not* their aunt, and they were not your cousins.

“Now take off your spectacles, rub them a little, put them on again, and try to picture through them your mother—not as you now know her, like a full-blown old daisy, with all the little daisies growing round her, like that one in Ally’s gardeu; but more like the ‘crimson tippet flower,’ just opening, which your little fat fingers gather so often off the lawn.

“Mother was young, and mother had been the early friend of Tim and Teddy’s dear, gentle, loving mamma; and though Tim and Teddy’s mamma had then a husband, and was herself something like the daisy I have been talking of, yet she did not forget her old friend when the little daisies grew round her, and she taught her gentleman daisy and her little bud daisies to love her too; and they all called your mother Aunt Pat.

“Aunt Pat quite enjoyed the thought of the lovely May morning, the drive, the boys, her old friends, the two horses, and the mutton pies; so making all haste, she swallowed some breakfast, filled her carriage bag with oranges, and started off to her friend’s house, about three minutes’ walk; she thought she heard the happy clatter of Tim and Teddy’s voices when she shut her own door, certainly long before she opened theirs.

“There they were—baskets, bottles, corkscrews, biscuits, salt, bread, and mutton pies, all on the breakfast table. Oh, what smiles! what cheery greetings! what huggings and kissings! and then, to pack again, mamma was very busy; papa came in to hasten her; the horses were ready; hastily we tried to stow the things into the basket—in went the mutton pies, in went the bread, and in my oranges were next to have gone, had not Master Teddy, in his laudable curiosity, upset the bag, sent them rolling, and in dashing after them upset the chair on which were the basket of mutton pies and bread. Oh what confusion! Teddy,

tired of their game, and glad to sit down together and talk it over. Papa was calling, mamma was bustling, Aunt Pat waiting, and boys quarrelling. 'I want the top,' says Tim. 'You've got your kite,' says Teddy. 'But I want the top instead.' 'Then I'll have the kite.' 'No you won't, for I want both;' and with this he jerked it out of Teddy's hands, snapped off the spike, and there ended the top.

"Come, boys, are you ready?" "No, mamma, I want to take my bow and arrows," says Tim. "There's no time to get them," says mamma. "Where are your coats and gloves?"

"I *must* have my bow and arrows," half whimpering. "No, no; there's no time." "Then I don't want to go; I'll stay at home," says Tim; and with that began to cry. "Cry, babby, cry," calls out Teddy; and walking backwards to wag his finger at Tim, ran up against the open cellar door, and he too began to cry. How soon do tears succeed the smiles!

"My dear children, why don't you take care? Now come along, there's good boys." "But I want my bow and arrows, mamma," with another ominous whimper. "Well, I suppose you must have them; it's very tiresome of you, Tim, for I must go up for the keys, and then we shall have to send to the box-room for them." Away went mamma; papa still calling out that Relic was getting very fidgetty, and would not stand; Teddy, having nothing else to do, began to poke his fingers into the basket, which in the hurry had not been very well packed, and being rather *over stocked*, with the addition of his chubby hand gave way altogether; and Tim, catching sight of a red-cheeked apple, which reminded him of a croquet ball, told his mamma, when she appeared, that he thought he would not take the bow and arrows, but the croquet instead. "Then make haste and get them, whilst I tie up this basket, there's a good boy; and Teddy, do get your coat and gloves, or we shall never be off." No gloves could be found—rummage rummage, rummage, through every improbable drawer, went the fat hands of Master Teddy; never once went they into the only drawer in which they were likely to be; threats of being left behind he heard, but heeded not; at last in despair came poor mamma, with one last final spasmodic effort, and cried out, "Now, boys, if you will be good and make haste, you shall both of you drive a little to-day." "Oh, that will be jolly," said both boys. The smiles were come again, the gloves found, the coats on, and we were in the carriage; but not without great contention as to which should sit on the box with papa; coaxings again resorted to, as Master Teddy proved refractory, and a kicking match was only put a stop to by another promise, that when they came home at night, if they were good boys, they should sit up to supper."

At the start mother again put her hand into the imperceptible basket, and said, "We have used up all that bundle of smiles; we must bring out some more; and as the tears seem to have followed so soon after them, I will get some of them ready, too;" and out of the invisible bottle were poured invisible tears for future use.

"Well, Miss Jenny, what have you to say?"

"Why, mother, you did not love those boys, did you?"

"Why shouldn't I, lassie?"

"Why because they were so naughty! You would have punished us if we had been *half* as bad as that, or a quarter."

"Well, suppose I did? I might love you nevertheless. What says little Minnie? Does she think mother didn't love her this morning when she shut her in the box-room for quarrelling?"

"But, mother," said Jenny, "why were Tim and Teddy not punished for being so very naughty?"

"Perhaps their parents did not think them so very naughty; at all events, I will give you the answer to-day that their mamma gave me that day:—'Ah,' said she, 'when you have children of your own you will not look so hardly upon their faults.' What could I say? Perhaps I might not, so I was silent."

"But I'm sure, mother, you *do* look hardly on our faults; you once sent me to bed (I don't forget) for going into the garden when you told me not."

"Yes, missie; and do you remember what was the effect of your disobedience?"

"Yes, mother, I think it cured me."

"No, child, that's not logic; the punishment, by God's grace, cured you; but the disobedience gave me a severe cold and sore throat."

"I will repeat some lines to you that your uncle Harry said to me when you were three years old, and would touch my scissors; at last you cut a hole in your beautiful new frock, and I said, 'Oh, you are a very naughty little girl!' whereupon Uncle Harry began to sing—

'Billy Bolain jumped out of his bed,
He rushed at his sister and cut off her head;
This gave their dear mother a great deal of pain:
Let's hope little Billy won't do it again.

'Tommy sat in the window seat,
Mary pushed him into the street,
Down he fell right into the *arree*,
Mother she held up her finger at Mary.

"Where's your brother, Margaret?—tell."

"Mother, I've pushed him into the well."

"Why, child, I thought you loved him dearly."

"It's very naughty of you, Margaret, really."

'Sammy took a lucifer match,
And set it alight in a farmer's thatch;
The farmer's rick to the ground was brought.
"Oh Sam," said his father, "you had'nt ought."

"Heigh-day! who's laughing at Uncle Harry's tragedy? Your faces look more like comedy. I'll tell you what, young laughers, you are indebted to Uncle Harry's lines for many a punishment which you have thought severe; and let me add, with thankfulness, that I am indebted to them also for five obedient children, instead of five Tims and Teddies."

"But we've almost forgotten our day at Marchington. Those who wish to hear any more must put on their spectacles again, and see us driving along, all in the 'merry, merry sunshine.' It was lovely, and I was beginning very much to enjoy the drive and the companionship of my friend, to whom now I began to talk, when Tim took it into his head that he just then wanted to speak, and, though we had hardly left home and breakfast half an hour, thus commenced:—'Mamma, when shall we have luncheon?' And then, 'Mamma, when shall we be there?' And then, 'Mamma, when may I have an orange?' These questions answered, the same began again:—'Mamma, when shall we have luncheon?' &c., &c."

"I was beginning to have a little friendly talk with my friend, and was informing her that I was thinking of being married, knowing well that she would

rejoice in any prospect of happiness for me; I had announced the fact, and was proceeding to say to whom, when little Teddy, whose voice I had heard in the same way asking his papa to let him drive, suddenly turned round and said to his mamma, 'Please, ma', tell pa' to let me drive.'

"Oh, you should not tease so. But please, dear, just give him the reins a little, to satisfy him, for I told them if they were good they should drive.' The reins were given, and silence reigned *without* for awhile; *within* began the questions again, 'When shall we have lunch, mamma? I am so hungry.' In vain the young gentleman was told it was not lunch-time, in vain I tried to finish my story; when I began he began, and so, just to satisfy him, the basket was brought up and a biscuit offered. No, he didn't want that, he must have a mutton pie. They were under the front seat; he could not have one. He wished he was at home; he'd much rather be at home; he'd get out and walk back.

"Papa hearing all this, told master Teddy to mind how he drove, and not to take the whip out of the socket, while he tried to get the basket from under, just to satisfy Tim. Down went papa's head beneath the seat; jolt, jolt, jolt! bang, bang! crack! snap! and away went horses, away went carriage. Jolt, jolt! bang, bang! papa, trying to get up, bruised his head severely; mamma, getting up and seizing the reins, let the bottle of wine roll off her lap on to her foot, which made her scream with pain. Jolt, jolt!.....smash!.....

"We found ourselves standing in the street of the village of Yoxall, on our feet—something to be thankful for—mamma in a dead faint from fright and the pain in her foot; papa bewildered, angry, and suffering; Teddy declaring he only took the whip out, he did not touch the horses, but that they ran on to the heap of stones by themselves; Tim declaring he had spoiled all the day's pleasure, and your mother thinking about the children she hoped to have sometime, and what obedient children they should be.

"But what of the mutton pies? Smashed, bruised, uncomfortable, and unhappy enough they looked. Ah orange was actually sitting in the middle of one; and another pie, in its fright, had actually run to the bottle, or the bottle to it, and they were in close embrace; while the broken tumbler had equally divided itself amongst all, giving to each a piece as his last will and testament.

"What a lunch! We looked about for some trees to sit under and eat it. Papa was obliged to go from blacksmith to carpenter, from carpenter to blacksmith, and came back in time to hear Tim tell his brother it was all his fault, and he was always getting into scrapes, whereon the affectionate, forgiving father interposed, saying, 'Well, he didn't mean it; he won't do so again.'

"The lunch done, and then again began the cry, 'Mamma, when may we have croquet?' 'You cannot have croquet here; it was for Marchington, and papa says we can't go on, the carriage is so broken; and he is quite put about, for a gentleman is at Marchington, come down from London on purpose to meet him.' 'Then if we don't go on,' said Teddy, 'we shan't see the kennels and the bounds. It's too bad of pa;' for I wanted to see the kennels and the bounds, and he said I should; and here master Teddy poured out such a stream of tears that now, as I hold up the bottle to the light, I see it is nearly empty; the basket of smiles has been empty long ago, and nothing but a promise that he should come again another day, if he were a good boy, induced our little gentleman to save up a few tears for another time. How I wished we had saved a few smiles also, but we hadn't, and we walked about listlessly. Your mother tried to sketch; it was a pretty church, and she wished her friend

to rest her foot, but Tim declared that he hated churches and wanted to go into the fields, whilst Teddy said he wanted to go into the village to get some string.

"To the fields we could not go; mamma could not walk. Well, then, let's go anywhere, and not stop in this dull place. Apologies were made to me that I could not finish my sketch, and to the village we went.

"Tim saw in the window a knife; he wanted a knife, and must have one; he could not do without one, and finally, when opposition was still made to its purchase on the score of some dozen at home, he wished he had never come, it was such stupid work; he wished he was at home.

"I do not know how that controversy ended, for I was watching Teddy, who was walking round a coal-cart, the horse of which was out, and the shafts of the cart supported by a pole, which kept the cart in a horizontal position. I had taken upon myself the privilege of being Aunt Pat, and had said to him, Leave that prop alone, Teddy; you will have the cart down; and, I suppose thinking that he was one of the obedient children I saw in prospective, I concluded that that was enough. But lo! when looking at Tim coming out of the shop with his knife, I heard a noise as if all the guns in Woolwich were being proved close to my ear; frightened half out of my senses, I beheld the shafts of the cart on the ground, one broken, coal lying all round, and Teddy stretched under the other shaft. Out came all the people, out came the man from the public house; it was no easy matter to raise the cart again, with its one shaft, and bring out the bruised boy, whose limbs were fortunately not broken.

"The time came at last for our return; the broken carriage was brought round, the frightened horses put in, the bruised boy laid on the seat; the lame mother, in great pain, slowly getting up; the anxious father nervously watching his horses; the empty baskets put in; the discontented Tim, wishing to ride on the box because he was told to ride inside as it rained; and Aunt Pat—what of Aunt Pat? She picks up her invisible basket of invisible smiles, and packs up her imperceptible bottle of imperceptible tears, and wishing you all 'Good bye,' walks out of Cozy Nook, leaving you all with your spectacles on to find out the moral of her story of 'Smiles and Tears;' and when you have found it out, be grateful to your uncle Harry for his rhymes, be grateful to your mother for her punishments, be grateful to your earthly father for his discipline, but above all be grateful to your Heavenly Father who has given you so fully the good gifts of this life richly to *enjoy*, and—

"BE YE THANKFUL."



MADELEINE GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEFRIARS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UPPER FALLS.

"I WONDER what it is Mademoiselle Loriôt has so much to say to Madeleine!" said Miss Rosabella Sparx, surveying the pair, pupil and Parisienne instructress, from the window of the schoolroom, as they walked arm-in-arm, apparently in earnest conversation, in the enclosure of the grounds.

"She tells me that she wants to polish her off completely in her French before she leaves at the end of this quarter," said the eldest Miss Sparx, who, on matters of business, was rather rational, and used vernacular phrases.

"And I think she will manage it," said Miss Rosabella, drily; "only I don't think I would have too much of it, sister Susannah, if I were you, while I am away at Captain Troller's mother's at Fulham. I don't half like that woman; and if anything should happen, you know what ruin

"You shouldn't, dear—at least, until the regular partnership is dissolved. What a pity you *must* marry, and go on this visit!" said the eldest sister, with a vague consciousness of impending destiny.

"Pho! nonsense! nothing will happen if you attend to my advice while I am away. I don't think you need mind about having the tile put on the out washhouse, although we are bound to it by our lease; but do take care of the girls, Susan. I am very glad *that* Madeleine is going so soon—and I really think it would be best if Mademoiselle Olympe left the school before I did."

"Oh, why so? She knows French so well!" sighed Miss Sparx.

"For that very reason," rather absently observed Miss Rosabella; but at that moment the little prim under-housemaid of the establishment entered with a small but handsome bouquet of flowers, which she tendered to Miss Rosabella with a significant smirk, and the observation, "With Captain Troller's compliments, Miss Rosabella!" and everything else was forgotten in examining, smelling, savouring to the heart's core those wretched flowers. Women ARE so foolish!

I am of opinion that the acute and far-seeing Rosabella Sparx (in what concerned other people) would have been still less satisfied with the extremely friendly and confidential relations existing between Miss Madeleine Graham and the French governess in the perfected *Gymgynæcium*, if she could have overheard the conversation which was taking place at the moment between the attached Olympe and her favourite pupil.

"But—won't he think it—dreadfully *odd*?" Miss Graham was remarking, in a rather agitated undertone, to her affectionate and judicious adviser.

"Why should he?—why should he?—I ask myself, I ask you, I ask everybody. I proffer him a good counsel—an *avertissement*—which, from my relations with Madame Millefleurs, celebrated modiste of Paris, resident in London, I may be supposed capable to communicate without criminality. *You* have nothing to do with it; you are my pupil; your *riches parens* wish to have you every advantage. We have a box entirely to ourselves at the *Comédie Française*, transported to this capital by an *entrepreneur* of obliging genius, who wishes the English people to survey his national drama in the original. Who should wonder?—who should hold up his hands? And how are you in any way compromised, I ask you? If it is anybody, it is I—it is I alone! And I explain to him that, touched with the illustrious generosity of his sentiments, I cannot support to see him made the victim of a perfidious woman who derides his benefits!"

"But will he not wonder to see me there with you, and nobody else?"

"Let him wonder! What matters how much he wonders if he—what you call it?—if he falls over head, ears, in love with the charming Madeleine?"

"I don't see how it follows that he will, Olympe."

"It is that you do not look in the looking-glass that I look you in."

"But are you sure that he will not think it very queer of *me*?—very bold and strange, you know?"

"How so? What have you to do with it? You go to the play in quality of my *élève*—nothing more."

"Yes; but then—should I go with a—a lady—who *pretends to know all about Incognita*?"

"Leave to me to explain everything, without the least concern of yours! Do you think I am not aware it is an honourable matrimony we propose, to secure legitimate claims to the enjoyment of so vast a wealth? Is it creatures of a moment we propose to be, like this unhappy Incognita, who is an air-balloon of a young child, which mounts to the sky, only to collapse and fall to the ground at the first touch of the damp?"

"Take care, then, what you do, Olympe, or you might get *me* into a horrid mess too. I own I don't half like it, when I think of it. Papa wouldn't approve of it, I know, and mamma would be quite frightened. Still, I shall have to go home so soon if I don't try at something, and I would rather be married in England.—But don't you say *now*, besides, he is a widower?"

"It is true: I concealed the most disagreeable of the situation to the last. No; he is not a widower, but he is *tant soit peu* as good—he is a *divorcé*: he cannot reproach you with his wife—which always they can otherwise!"

"The one before me, you mean, don't you?" said Miss Graham, rather drily.

"And we will not concern ourselves about the one *after* me, if such a misfortune should arrive," said Mademoiselle, facetiously. "Ah, *quel plaisir*—what a satisfaction—it is, to avenge ourselves upon men! After my treatment by Camille—my beloved Camille—there is nothing I do not think to myself to owe the whole human race!"

"He behaved very unhandsomely to you, poor dear," said Miss Graham, trying to utter the commiseration so as to provoke as little as possible the fluent reminiscences of her friend. But precaution was of no use.

"In the event—in the end—but, ah! how happy we were, exhausting the torrents of a never-wearying sentiment, until he found out by an unhappy accident I had no money!" continued Mademoiselle Loriôt. "Up to a certain point I had persuaded him that I was *riche*; almost had I induced him to believe that I was the young immense fortune whose education I superintended;—obliged therefore, by the circumstances of such a position, to a clandestine correspondence and interviews only—which accounted for all. Ah! to what extravagances does a love for one moment not authorized by society drive us!—Until that unhappy discovery, what praises did he not heap upon me for my preference of the intoxication of a delicious sentiment to every motive of interest, every concern for the parvenu views, the mercenary susceptibilities, of a family which aspired to

take rank among the loftiest exaltations of the Second Empire, based on material motives and interests only! Ah, what a dreadful scene when he discovered all! I remember—my heart remembers, like the echoes of a tomb! I meet him in the Jardin Mabille, because that, of all places in the world, is the least where a young lady, well educated, of a certain rank, is to be dreaded to be found. What father, of the highest respectability, however animated by a restless suspicion, would seek for us there? Alas! it is in one of the most delightful bowers of that Garden of Armida, remote, as far as we can procure ourselves, from the intrusive scent of tobacco, that we are seated, in a pause of the dance, exchanging vows of eternal fidelity, when the agent of the police surprises us, with his detestable accusation of me as a person who has forged letters, and expressions of the devotion of a passionate emotion on the part of a young simpleton altogether innocent,—incapable of descending, I mean, from the *avide* self-love of her position as the daughter of a financier, who aspires to the vulgar elevation of a wife of some count or duke of the Second of December—To ascend, I should say rather—it is my word—to a height of so noble a wing, so full of an abandonment of egotistic motives, so altogether beyond praise!”

“You were found out, were you, before you could regularly entrap the greedy fellow? A regular fortune-hunter, I suppose?” said Miss Graham, who could not see herself—as the stage phrase runs—in the *fac-simile* character placed before her, or she might not have been so severe upon it.

“By an unhappy mistake, in the confusion and hurry of my toilette for the Jardin (it is supposed I am going to the *Innocents* for devotion), I leave a fatal letter on the table, of which a *femme de chambre*, my enemy, possesses herself to my destruction.”

“It is a stupid sort of thing to write letters. I don’t intend ever to write letters if I can help it,” said Madeleine.

Could she have foreseen *what* letters she should write! *What* destruction they would entail!

No more was said at present. The school-bell rang for tea, and no one was expected to be absent from that solemn muster round the smoking twilight urn.

The next day Miss Rosabella went on her visit to her intended’s relations—his mother and sister; who were under strict injunctions to be pleased with her, but did not well know how, as a considerable portion of their income, and all their enjoyments in life, depended upon keeping their brother unmarried. But in good truth it was like the Discreet Princess turning her back for a few hours on her sisters, shut up albeit they were in a like Tower-without-an-Inlet! Hardly was Rosabella gone (she wore one of the prettiest bonnets, I think, I ever saw; white chip, trimmed with a shimmering of lilac feathers and lace and flowers, like an April garden) than Mademoiselle Loriot hastened with her little petition to Miss Sparx—eldest, not wisest, of the daughters of her father and mother. To-morrow

was Mademoiselle's fête-day, she explained, with touching sensibility, venting itself in a shower of tears as she spoke; a day which she should scarcely think a year had elapsed, unless she was allowed to celebrate with a little *réjouissance de famille*. *Eh bien*, her aunt, Madame Millefleurs, celebrated artiste of Paris and Londres—in brief, an artiste in embellishment of the most *recherchée* of the Arcade Whirlington—she arrives once more from that beautiful city of her (Mademoiselle Olympe's) tenderest *souvenirs*; and she demands with an extreme solicitude to see her beloved niece, to spend one *heureuse soirée* with her, and tell her all the news of the family. It is in the name of the fondest ties of family, so respected in England, that Mademoiselle demands permission to go to see her aunt to-morrow, to inspect all her beautiful articles of Paris of the first luxury; and she promises herself to lead with her her favourite pupil, Mees Graham, with the end to bestow upon her the whole nomenclature of the Parisian *boutique de toilette*. Alas! she departs so soon; when shall she have another opportunity?

Now the eldest Miss Sparx was of her own nature the most inoffensive, unsuspicious British woman it is possible well to imagine. She had her weak points certainly; she believed, for example, that she understood Botany; and as she had several hundred shells neatly arranged in three drawers, on pale green paper to represent the ocean, she knew she understood Conchology. But on the whole she was a specimen of an almost extinct species of her genus, we fear, which, knowing no harm, feared none; and, in spite of all Miss Rosabella's warnings and cautions, she really and truly believed that Mademoiselle Lorient was simply animated by a good-natured desire to bestow the finishing touches to perfection on her favourite pupil, and procure her at the same time a little pleasing feminine amusement in the inspection of an importation of Parisian knickknacks. More than this kindly British conviction, Miss Sparx had felt rather snubbed and presumptuously called to attention by her younger sister, and she felt an irresistible inclination to exhibit some signs of free will and action accordingly, in a reverse manner to that enforced upon her, in that sister's absence. The divines are certainly right, and there is a natural tendency in human nature to go the way it is ordered not to; so that even *their* sign-posts point so often over grass-grown and desolate roads!

"I don't mind giving you your holiday, Mademoiselle; but if you take Madeleine on the excursion, it must be in the morning," she kindly acquiesced, on these considerations.

"But my *cousine* will not be at home in the morning; she returns fatigued from the pursuits of her commerce only in the evening, to a tranquil cup of—what you call it?—a *strong green tea*."

"Your *cousin*! I thought you said your *aunt*?"

"It is that I am a foreigner, and do not understand the difference."

"Well, but I won't have Madeleine out after dusk," said Miss Sparx, resolutely. "And I don't know that Rosabella would let her out at all without some one—some one *else* with her."

"Ah, it is an empire of the most unusual, to reign also in our absence!" sneered Mademoiselle, judiciously; adding coaxingly, "And Madeleine has asked it of me as the greatest favour, without which I should not consent—merely to give her satisfaction. For it is of a necessary diplomacy, Madame is aware, to infuse the best reports of our school in the city commercial and rich, whither she returns. But after *dusk*? Oh, no, no, no! *Dusk* lasts till quite night now. We shall return, at latest, at nine."

Mademoiselle Loriôt knew that it would be very easy to miss the omnibus; hazardous, perhaps, but possible, to fail in getting a cab; so to be able to plead the excuse of a long walk home, to account for a couple of extra hours; not to mention that Miss Sparx was taking upon herself a responsibility of volition, which might be used to place her in the position of an accomplice, and, as such, bound to screen any moderate degree of licence into which Mademoiselle might extend the liberty accorded her.

Still, I am not sure she would have carried her point if Miss Hortensia had not come in at the moment; and, on learning the subject in debate, had not pronounced in the most decided manner that Madeleine Graham should *not* be permitted to leave the sheltering walls of the seminary for even only a couple of hours, under the sole charge of Mademoiselle Loriôt.

This very properly irritated Miss Sparx, and determined her not to submit to dictation. From a person, too, who was always telling people she was I don't know how much younger than—than the person whose opinions she was for setting so unceremoniously aside,—whose authority, it appeared, was to go for nothing in the school! No: *Rosabella* had, perhaps, some right to be listened to; she generally gave some reasons for what she wanted done or not done. But Miss Hortensia seemed to think that because she spoke in that loud, hectoring, play-actress sort of a fashion—put her absolute "No" on everything—she was to have it all her own way! In short, was she, Miss Sparx, the head of that establishment—the *acknowledged head*—the senior partner; or was she not? If she *was*, she thought she might be considered competent to decide upon such a mere trifle as whether a pupil parlour boarder, quite a grown-up girl too herself, might or might not be allowed to go out for a couple of hours' innocent recreation with one of the senior teachers, who promised to take the greatest possible care of her, and who, every one could see, besides, was greatly attached to her.

There was a grand quarrel upon this, in which Hortensia used a great deal of fine language. She even made her elder sister cry at last, with the Ciceronian weight and majesty of her arguments and invectives. And then Pratilia herself got frightened, and gave in, for Miss Sparx had a most uncomfortable way of going off into hysterics whenever she thought proper; and Finetta being, as we have seen, away on her own concerns, the simple eldest sister's fiat went forth without further opposition, and the young lady was permitted to go out with her attached preceptress, for a few hours, to take tea with Madame Millefleurs, of Paris and Londres, and acquire the nomenclature of the *articles de Paris* of which that lady was an approved *marchande*, and her house the esteemed *entrepôt*.

CHAPTER VIII.

"CE QUE FEMME VEUT."

"WOULDN'T it be delightful, Olympe, if one was not so much afraid? What a beautiful little house! What nice boxes! One is as snug as if one was quite at home, with people getting ready to amuse one. Only I am so frightened. If we should be found out!"

"Who shall find us out? Who of the Gynécée Sparx ever thinks of to enjoying the pleasures of the theatre?—a thousand times more, of the *Théâtre Français*? Which of all that *ménagerie* would dream for one moment of transporting itself to a scene of satisfaction so legitimate?"

"But we must take care not to stay too long, Olympe. We shall be like Cinderella and the pumpkins if we do. I suppose we can get home in a cab, as hard as we can tear, in about half an hour? So we must go at ten; half-past *ten* will be hard enough to account for, you know."

"But we shall have to change our robes again, dear child."

"Certainly. How kind of that Madame Millefleurs to lend me this pretty white muslin gown, belonging to her daughter! What a sight I should have looked here in my blue stuff frock, shouldn't I?"

"Madame Millefleurs is all goodness. One should not say it of one's aunt, but it is perfectly true."

"But I thought you told *me* you had no relations in the world—were a pupil of the *Enfants Trouvés*?" said Madeleine; not disapprovingly, but with a smile at the ridiculous oversight in so clever a person.

"She is my aunt—by *adoption*. Corinne Millefleurs loves me—we love one another. She is one of the best of women—she will take care, if even we a little exceed our time, to invent the most plausible *excuses* for our absence. We can confide in her; do not torment yourself with vain apprehensions, but apply yourself to look all your beauty towards the fifth box from the centre opposite. Ah! and, to confess a truth difficult from one woman to another, never did you exhibit yourself more perfectly *charmante* than in this *négligée* of white muslin merely, with this simple white rose, sparkling from a shower, with silver dust, in your hair. It is a costume that would become, to admiration, *Virginie* about to fall beneath the dagger of her father, to preserve her from a tyrant! '*M'abandonnez-vous donc, mon père?*'—'*Non; mourez, mourez, fille!*'" concluded Made-moiselle Loriôt, with tears in her eyes, and in so loud and theatrical a tone, on her own account, that if Leicester Square had not mustered very strong in the pit and upper galleries, a large majority of the audience would have been very much surprised. Of such splendid but immaterial stuff are sentimental virtue and goodness of all sorts made!

"Is that Mr. Behringbright's box, Olympe?"

"When he occupies it, as it is certain he will to-night."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Is it possible even for insular phlegm to resist, at all events, to

a movement of curiosity so certain to be provoked? For there is nothing men and women more desire to know than what they are convinced it will make them miserable to learn; witness the tormenting anxieties of jealousy to discover what will make it deplorable for ever!"

"But you said he does not care at all about that woman in reality?"

"Nevertheless, I persist that he will come; I have been assured so by a person, attendant on the boxes, who has no motive to deceive me,—on the contrary, on whom I have bestowed a benefaction. Do not spoil your expression with anxiety of the kind."

"What is the name of the piece, Olympe?"

"Ah, that delightful—that full of a frank sensibility *comédie-vaudeville*, 'Ce que Femme Veut.' How astonished the English audience goes to be! only it will understand nothing about it! Pure Parisian is Greek always to an English, no matter how skilful otherwise in the language; and I do not believe that one of them would be here, were it not that always in England to be *fashionable* reconciles to every disgust." And not satisfied with her recent display in the higher evolutions of the dramatic art, Mademoiselle began humming one of the impudent airs of the vaudeville, with all the necessary *gaieté* and *espièglerie*,—

" <i>'Vous avez vu, parfois, j'aime à le croire,</i>	"I can't help thinking you must have seen
<i>Le hanneton, cet insecte naïf,</i>	Break from the web a tangled fly,
<i>Bourdonner un chant de victoire,</i>	And hum off into the blue serenade,
<i>S'il rompt le fil qui le tenait captif!</i>	With a sprightly chant of victory!
<i>Heureux aussi d'un congé qui me flatte</i>	Rejoicing also my freedom to employ,
<i>Du hanneton je comprends la fierté!"</i>	I understand, methinks, the cheerful insect's joy."

"Hush, Mademoiselle, dear! don't you see the people are beginning to look up at us?" said Madeleine, in apparent alarm; for, in truth, the demonstration was rather too *prononcée* even for Leicester Square, and "*Chut! chut! Qu'est ce que cela signifie?*" arose from the pit like the hissing and fizzing of a whole pond of soda and tartaric acid cast into fusion.

"Oh, for the people—for the *gens de parterre*,—who cares for the people?" said Mademoiselle, throwing herself back in her velvet arm-chair as insolently as if she had been an Austrian archduchess by birth, and a Queen of France by right divine of an unlucky spouse.

"Sit forward, Olympe! You ought to be on the look-out, you know.—Mr. Behringbright will be sure to be coming just now, if he means to come at all; and I must not seem to be looking his way, or he will see through the whole thing at once."

"It is true, admirable child! And it is also true that a good pupil always surpasses his master. Behold me, then, beside you, determined to countenance you to my utmost *possible*. You are right, Madeleine; the door at the back of Mr. Behringbright's box is opened—the vivid light of

the gas in the corridors is visible—he enters! But also *another* with him! I confess it surprises me to see him with another.—And what another!”

“Oh, but do look, Olympe, below!—Oh, what a handsome-looking young man staring up at us—at *me*! Don’t make such a noise, or he will think we are doing it on purpose.”

“Do not look at the handsome *young men*, Mees Graham, or you will ruin all! Have I not told you to beware of the sensibility of your nature until you have secured a rich husband? Look only as I advise you—*nearly opposite.*”

“How can I look at him? Wouldn’t it make him think something strange at once?”

“In this side-glass, which I have brought on purpose. You shall seem to be looking at quite another person, and you shall see him *alone.*”

Mademoiselle Loriôt now produced one of those dishonest German opera-glasses, which reflect objects from the sides, while the vision seems directed straight forward. Madeleine took it, and, ignorant at first of its qualities, levelled it with eagerness towards a figure in the pit,—exclaiming the moment afterwards, with evident vexation, “No, I don’t see *him*—but I *do* see the man in Box Number Five. *Two* men.—One of them quite an old fellow, I think, and so glum and stern—looking towards our box. Can that be Mr. Behringbright? Oh, I don’t like his appearance at all, Olympe! He isn’t a bit like a person I should fall in love with of my own accord. He looks exactly like a widower! What a contrast to the handsome young Frenchman—I suppose he is—in the pit!—I am sure he is much more deserving to be in the boxes! And what can the person who is with Mr. Behringbright be? I almost think he is a policeman in plain clothes. He sits so stiff in those he has on, as if he had a poker down his back; and his coat is buttoned as hard as armour over his breast. I am sure he can’t be a gentleman.”

“A policeman—an agent of the police—with Mr. Behringbright?” said Mademoiselle Loriôt, evidently greatly startled, and shrinking back in the box. The acquaintance she had made on a former occasion with functionaries of the description seemed not to have appetized her to cultivate an enlarged experience.

“I should say we had better take no further notice of Mr. Behringbright, Olympe, or we shall get into trouble. He thinks I am staring like a great child at the picture on the curtain, but I see everything he does; and he is looking so savage over at *you*, and is whispering the man in the stiff coat, who nods, and, I declare, takes a great vulgar red and blue pocket handkerchief out of a hat which he has set down at his feet in the box, and wipes the perspiration off his forehead! It isn’t a glazed hat, either. But if it is a detective in the disguise of a gentleman!—Olympe, don’t pretend to have anything to do with that letter you wrote. Don’t you know that

handsome young countryman of yours in the pit? *He* might protect us, if you did know him."

"Tell me what sort of handsome young man it is? Since you call him so, *chère petite*, explain to me what you comprehend by him—*handsome*?" replied Mademoiselle, endeavouring to preserve her calm in the conjuncture, but by no means exhibiting now the *insouciance* of the "cheerful insect" celebrated in the vaudeville song.

"He is of a good height, I should think, and oh, such a beautiful figure! Such a divine waist—just like the pictures in the fashion-books, Olympe! But it is his *face* that is so handsome. I declare he almost looks as if he were painted! Oh, such glorious black hair!—so thick, and cut the way military men have it; and such a darling, darling moustache on his upper lip! I didn't think the Emperor's way of doing the moustache and beard was pretty at all until now; but oh, how well it looks upon this handsome young fellow! I suppose it don't become the other man because *he* is so ugly, though he has married such a pretty woman."

"Oh, for the Emperor, he is *plus beau que beau, mon enfant*! Let us say it, to provoke these people in the pit, who are mostly *émigrés* of the Second of December. But this Adonis—on the other hand—that you describe. *Voyons un peu*. After all, a very handsome man is becoming a rarity in our days," said Mademoiselle Olympe, somewhat rallying from her alarm, and seized with a very natural feminine impulse of curiosity.

"Oh, he is looking up again! Take care, Olympe! He will know you have turned your glass upon him."

"Well, let us suppose it so always. Is a man too modest to be looked at, *ma foi*? We shall not devour him!" replied Mademoiselle Lorient, producing an ordinary opera-glass, which she had hired for the evening, and levelling it with tranquil effrontery at the object, who, standing upright in the pit, with one white-kidded hand turned backwards and resting, with a scented white handkerchief, on the glossy black broadcloth of his surtout, seemed to challenge the world to match him for personal charms, and, in particular, to claim the suffrages of the ladies then and there present.

"Well, what do you think of him? Is he some young French Count of the Emperor's new court, Olympe, do you suppose? And don't he keep his splendid black eyes turned up towards our box?"

"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the personage addressed, in a tone most surprisingly changed from her previous one of lounging indifference.

"Good heavens! what is the matter, Mademoiselle Olympe? What makes you get up in such a fright?" said Miss Graham, amazed at her friend's suddenly excited demeanour.

"*Qu'est ce que je vois?*—what do I see?—*Ah, quel coup terrible, inattendu!*"

"What is the matter?"

"*C'est que je me trouve mal—c'est que je meurs, mon enfant!*"

"Nonsense! What can make you so ill all of a sudden?—There, take my smelling-bottle; it's beautiful *vinaigre parfumé*, you know; your aunt made me a present of it."

"Let us leave this place, or—or I'm lost—we are all lost!"

"What do you mean? Do you think that Mr. Behringbright—? It may only be a military man with him; they are as stiff as policemen, sometimes, and—"

"I tell you we are lost if we remain!—Do you not know that Vanity never forgives? Hear and tremble, my poor child! This handsome young man, this Adonis of the *parterre* you praise so much,—ah, *mon Dieu!* it is *Caxille!*—Camille Le Tellier, the adored of my earliest sensibilities, but who is capable of overwhelming me with the most terrible discoveries, in revenge for what he supposes to be the trick I played on him in Paris."

"Couldn't you sit back? and he wouldn't see you."

"Ah, and you parade before him charms but too certain to excite his attention, since they belong to an occupant of the boxes!"

"Oh, if you are *jealous of me*, Olympe, let us go, by all means!" said the young beauty, with a contemptuous, irritated sneer, that certainly added no charm of expression to her countenance—"let us go, by all means!—and lose all we came for, besides the expense!"

"That is true. But at least, dear Madeleine, let me recover myself in the *foyer*—arrange my hair before a mirror, with some little more attention to effect. You comprehend, *chère petite*, that I dressed myself with a rare prudence on this occasion, to impose upon the apprehensions of the sober English Behringbright."

"You mean to go to the saloon?—I don't mind that. I should like to see how I am looking, myself,—if it is quite where other ladies go, of course."

"*Certainement—cela va sans dire!* Of a course, of a course! Support my arm on this side, in this direction, *mon enfant.*"

They made their way accordingly to the saloon of the *Théâtre St. Jacques de Londres*, which its *habitués* of that time will remember was fitted up with much luxury and tastefulness of Parisian embellishment, and besides, in compliment to the climate, or submission to the opinions entertained of it by the majority of the frequenters, enjoyed the advantage, in the height of summer, of an excellent fire in an enormous grate, before which people ate their ices, and talked almost as pleasantly, as freely, and as loudly as at the "*foyer*" of the *Varié és* itself.

When Mademoiselle Loriôt and her charge entered upon this scene of social relaxation, it was pretty well filled, though still rather early in the evening. But the performances had not yet commenced, and the *salon* was, besides, one of the principal entrances to the genteler parts of the theatre.

The arrival on the scene of so very pretty a young girl as Miss Madeleine Graham necessarily attracted some attention. A buzz of

admiration went round the *salon*. Two French gentlemen, who were stuffing themselves with sponge-cake and strawberry ices, nearly choked each other in demanding who she was, and complimented "the fortunate Albion," on producing charms so *naïfs*, and capable of exciting emotion even in Parisian breasts. But this first excitement over, it seemed easy enough to cross to one of the great mirrors in a recess on the other side of the saloon, where any disorder of the toilette might be remedied in comparative privacy. And thither Mademoiselle Loriôt directed her march; and all would have been well, if it had not been that the execution of the manœuvre compelled the pair of illicit playgoers to traverse the folding doors, which admitted from the exterior world to the Thespian antechamber. And, lo and behold! just as they reached the exact point, one of the leaves flew open, and there entered, in full evening costume, with a little crush hat set knowingly under his arm, and an air of expectant enjoyment diffused over his whole visage, no other and no less undesirable a personage than the Reverend Jabez Bulteel! Miss Hortensia Sparx's sweetheart!—the Reverend Jabez Bulteel!

He explained afterwards, to the Misses Sparx in general, and to Hortensia in particular, that he was at the *Théâtre St. Jacques de Londres* on a new principle of modern divinity; that it is necessary to know the world *practically*—to bring oneself into direct contact with its weaknesses and wickednesses—in order to be enabled to warn its unhappy denizens of their dangers and delusions. Just as it is advisable for a shepherd to be familiar with all the rocks and precipices of the mountains amid which he pastures his wandering flocks.

He explained so; completely to Miss Hortensia's *expressed* satisfaction, whatever might be her mental reservations. She felt that at her maturity it would not do to quarrel with a lover. But it is certain that the *rencontre*, in the present instance, was neither to the expressed nor secret satisfaction of any of the parties assisting in it.

"You here, Miss Graham! Mademoiselle Loriôt!"

Mademoiselle Loriôt concluded, with the decision of a great general, that it was impossible to prove either an *alibi* or a case of mistaken identity. She took refuge in impudence.

"You here, Monsieur l'Abbé! I should never have dreamed it. As for us, our appearance is perfectly natural and explicable. My aunt, Madame Millefleurs, had received a present of a—what you call everything?—a *box*, which she desires me to accept in homage to my fête; and, overcome by the curiosity and entreaties of Madeleine, I consented."

"O Mademoiselle Loriôt! how can you say so? You know it was *you* proposed it all along, and *would* have me come!"

There was no honour among these thieves of pleasure, at all events.

"It is false, utterly false! My aunt, who is the best of women, will prove it!" passionately ejaculated the Frenchwoman.

"Beg pardon, ma'am; but are you the lady wot wrote to a gentleman

of the name of Behringbright, about being here *with a young lady*, in Box Number One?" said the sombre voice of destiny at this moment, through the lungs of the man in the stiff clothes, who had been observed seated with Mr. Behringbright in Box Number Five, and who now made his *entrée*, tremendous as the statue of the Commander, in *Don Giovanni*, at the portal.

"*Non, Monsieur—non ; je vous le jure.*"

"O Olympe ! how can you say so?"

"Does any one about know this here French lady's handwriting?" said the detective, producing a letter from his side pocket, which he swung on high, carefully above the possible snatch of Mademoiselle.

"I do. Mademoiselle Loriôt wrote that letter, I am sure," exclaimed Madeleine, agonized at her own fearful complication in the affair, and anxious to escape at any sacrifice of her friend.

"Then I've orders to find out your employers, Mad'maselle, and submit this here letter to them, and hact according as they shall decide on ; whether to prosecute you for a conspiracy or not," returned the minister of justice, with stern clarity of exposition. "So, if you please to say who they are, it may save some little time and trouble, and that's all."

"Policeman, I—I know this young lady—I will take charge of her home. It is an error of judgment simply on the part of the elder lady, which—which—farther exposure is entirely unnecessary, and will only damage all parties!" interposed the clerical visitant.

But the well-feed official was inexorable.

"I must do my duty. I must see Madam's principals, and go by what they says, and nobody else," he said ; and perceiving that the altercation was exciting a degree of public attention likely to be as destructive as any other species of exposure, all the delinquents finally submitted to accompany the detective to a cab, which conveyed them to the Sparx Gymnæcium,—unconscious, for the most part, that a young gentleman, with a fine black Napoleon-the-Third moustache and beard, who arrived in the midst of the discussion, and listened to it with great interest, without taking any part in it, immediately ordered a Hansom to follow in the wake of the four-wheeler that conveyed the belligerents in one cargo home.

CHAPTER IX.

TURNS OF FATE BELOW.

AFTER all, no great harm came of the affair.

It is astonishing what humane and Christian-like views one takes of people's conduct, when one's own interests are concerned in keeping things quiet and all right on the surface. The eldest Miss Sparx was too really agitated even to think of hysterics, when, already growing exceedingly alarmed at the protracted absence of Madeleine and her

chaperon, she was suddenly called upon to receive a whole cabful of contending statements and *éclaircissements* of causes and effects of so strange a description. But even Miss Sparx perceived, without Hortensia's (for once) plain and unrhctorical statement to the effect, that this affair was not the kind to which to challenge the public attention by any great outcry. And things might have been managed even more comfortably than they were,—glossed over, explained away, put out of sight,—but for that confounded detective, who insisted on throwing his bull's-eye on the whole mystery, and directing other people's observation. This gentleman had been so well paid to be honest, that he could not think of being otherwise on the present occasion; and accordingly, in spite of the general wishes, insisted on the principal of the Sparx Gymgynœcium being put thoroughly "up"—in his own expressive language—to all that had occurred; handed her Mademoiselle's epistle to Mr. Behringbright, and fully explained how he came in possession of it, until that British old maid's spectacles trembled like diamonds in an ague on her nose while she endeavoured to read it; and otherwise went on in the merciless manner of a man who expects no fee or recompence on the other side of the question. Had it not been for the Reverend Jabez Bulteel, who thought that he did not himself figure altogether to his liking in the transaction, Miss Sparx might, in consequence, have gone on like a good many other feeble people, thrown into a position that required decision and resolution, and have proceeded at once to extremes. She might, indeed, have given the unfortunate Olympe into custody on the charge of conspiracy,—with whom or for what would have been subjects of after consideration,—upon the detective's suggestion, had not Hortensia's sweetheart explained to her that it would be the complete ruin of the school, to prove the mistress of it no more competent for the care of young girls than would appear on the face of this transaction. Ultimately, he prevailed upon Miss Sparx to send her compliments to Mr. Behringbright, with many thanks for the trouble he had taken, but with every assurance that, from the high character the principals of ROSE-COLOUR HOUSE GYM-GYNŒCIUM had received with Mademoiselle Loriôt, they could not for a moment entertain the notion that she had any but the *best intentions*, however erroneously directed, in the violation of regulations she had committed in taking her pupil, unauthorized, to the theatre; and that, consequently, they must decline to prosecute.

This *written* message, and a sovereign, satisfied the detective, who thereupon took his departure; and there was not much further trouble with Mademoiselle Loriôt: for on learning, to her inexpressible surprise and grief, of what she was accused, she wept profusely, and, calling on all the gods of her native land to witness her innocence, declared herself thenceforth perfectly incapable of filling any position in an establishment where the bare suspicion of such perfidy could enter the heads of the principals, and consequently gave herself an immediate dismissal; desiring that her clothes (which she carefully packed) and letters might be sent after her

to her dear friend and relative's, Madame Millefleur's, *Magasin*; whither she went at once in a second cab, all midnight as it was; pretty certain to find Madame still out of bed and wide awake for the reception of company.

As for Madeleine Graham, it had already been arranged that she was to leave school at the end of the quarter. And Mr. Bulteel further prevailed—on her sincere assurances that she would never do so again, and had never, in fact, done so at all, but had merely improperly accepted her naughty teacher's invitation to look in for an instant and see a French play—that no more should be said on the subject, and that she should be allowed to stay until the fortnight yet intervening—when her parents had agreed to send for her—elapsed. She was only placed under strict surveillance for the time. And thus the whole troublesome matter was pretty nicely hushed up; and after those few mutterings of thunder, and that one vivid flash, the tempestuous horizon cleared, and nothing more of a harmful character seemed likely to ensue during the whole week of Miss Rosabella's absence. How to explain Mademoiselle Loriôt's sudden departure, on the return of the latter lady, remained the only stumblingblock with the two inculpated Misses Sparx; but, women as they were themselves, they managed at last to take comfort in the conviction that, as Miss Rosabella had recommended the dismissal of this talented instructress, she would not be too curious to investigate the causes why she had her own way given her.

Nevertheless, another event, and one of some importance, occurred to roughen the wavelets of what should have been a quiet seven days of intellectual labour and improvement in the Finishing Academy presided over by the harassed Drona and Pratilia. On the third morning after Miss Rosabella's departure, the clerical guide, philosopher, and friend of the establishment presented himself at an unusually early hour in its precincts, and, with a countenance almost as pale as his cravat—wontedly, indeed, of a very bloodless hue—and an agitation which he had some difficulty in concealing from the penetrating glance of the upper housemaid, asked to see the two mistresses of the house, in a private apartment.

The audience being speedily granted,—with particular velocity on the part of Miss Hortensia, who imagined that a direct proposal, which she had long panted to hear, was about at length to exude from her lover's otherwise fluent lips,—a very different fact was made patent to her unwilling sense. It was *Gazette* day; and as the Sparx Gymgynæcium was intimately connected with commercial circles, and Mr. Bulteel took a most friendly interest in the welfare of its conductresses, he usually perused that somewhat dry and uninteresting portion of the public intelligence very diligently through. And he now came to announce to the Misses Sparx that among the names in the musters of the Commercial Union he was greatly

the poor women had the folly to admit that they had placed the greater part of their lives' savings in the hands of the Messrs. Maughan and Company, who paid the best per-centage they could find anywhere; and thus, in all probability, all was lost!

Fortunately for Mr. Bulteel, he had never yet decisively compromised himself in matrimonial overtures to Miss Hortensia, and he was not so alarmed as he might otherwise have been. He kept his head, and gave the best advice in his power; for, having ascertained that Miss Emily Maughan's payments were nearly a year in arrear, owing to a hitherto inexplicable oversight on the part of her sire of late, he recommended that the matter should be broken as gently as possible to that young lady; that it should be ascertained if she had the meanness to know anything about what had happened; and that if, as was likely, she pretended ignorance, Miss Sparx should accompany her home at once to Waveringstone Square, to ascertain the truth of the report, and leave her there. For, in reality, there could be no doubt at all about it, and there was no occasion to increase the debt already outstanding. The Reverend Jabez then partook of lunch, and took his departure, declining, through feelings of the humanest sympathy, which did him honour, to be the medium of conveying such uncomfortable intelligence to the young lady in question; and thenceforth—probably from an unwillingness to add to housekeeping expenses, which his once liberal hostesses were no longer so well able to afford—came seldomer and seldomer, for a season, to the Sparx Gymnasium, until he finally dropped the acquaintance altogether; having managed things so discreetly, that Miss Hortensia had it not in her power to produce a tittle of evidence, or the smallest scrap of paper—except a volume of crabbedly written MS. sermons, which she was copying for him in a fine clear hand,—to support an action for breach of promise of marriage. All that accrued to her, therefore, from the transaction, was a very common emolument of the British old maid—the conviction that she had been extremely ill used by a member of the opposite sex, and the right thereupon to consider all men the most faithless and unhandsome creatures in the world.

This Emily Maughan, of whom the prattle now is, was the same cordial and frank-spoken young creature who, on the famous wishing-night, when we first took occasion to introduce the reader to the interior economy of a Finishing School in its hours of recreation, had scandalized Mademoiselle Loriôt so much by her declaration that she should like just such a kind, good husband as her papa made to her mamma, for her portion in life. No great marvel certainly for a man to be so, of supposed great wealth, who had married a very handsome woman for love; but it was to be seen if this matrimonial tenderness would bear the rough winds now likely to be let in upon its paradisiacal bowers. And poor Emily herself was now to receive her first initiation into the ugly-clawed and sorrowful realities of the world, which the golden wand of the fallen

Prospero, her sire, had hitherto kept waved at a distance, while only delicate and rosy-winged sprites tripped attendance on her happy hours.

It is true that she did not at first in the least understand the meaning of the thing. Emily, though a banker and a merchant's daughter, had never had occasion hitherto to attach any definite ideas to the terms *speculation* and *failure*, and found the greatest difficulty in bringing herself to comprehend that an English banker, who was supposed to be worth thousands on thousands of pounds, could on a sudden become a beggar, and beggar hundreds with him, in consequence of placing himself at the head of an abortive scheme to carry a railway through the jungles and forests of Central India!

Miss Hortensia, who undertook the task of enlightening this unfortunate pupil on the subject—Miss Sparx declaring herself unequal to the task, and ordering up a knob of sugar and some peppermint, as an excuse for a little good brandy and water, which she kept convenient—found Emily busy at her hour's practice on the piano, executing the variations of a popular melody, contrived with a view solely to difficulty, but with a firm and brilliant touch quite equal to the situation;—all which suggested to Miss Hortensia a very clever way of breaking her disastrous tidings.

"If ever you should be *so far reduced*, Miss Maughan," she said, in tones of austere commendation, "you can *turn governess*. You can play very well, and are perfectly qualified for the position of an assistant of the kind, even in a nobleman's family."

"Oh, how queer of you to say so, Miss Hortensia! Governess, indeed, in a nobleman's family! Papa has often told mamma, laughing, that if I like to marry a young lord, or anything of that kind, he will *buy me one*. He thinks one can do everything with money, I do believe, and he has nothing else to do with his, for we are all girls excepting little Robert, who, he says, shall be a great man too, and Prime Minister, like Sir Robert Peel, and all sorts of things, some day," said Emily, still making the keys of the piano fly beneath her fingers, as she passed through the ingenious mazes contrived by Liszt or Herz; for the express purpose of trying the performer's patience, doubtless, since they answered no other.

"Then I must say I think it very unhandsome of Mr. Maughan to have deceived and taken in his own child too; if it is the case, you know nothing about it," said Miss Hortensia, with irrepressible indignation; and she burst, without further preamble, into as full a revelation of the news as she found it possible to convey to that nursling of affluence and luxury.

But poor Emily began to understand the matter a little better, even before she quitted the scholastic roof in the course of the afternoon, in the custody of the eldest Miss Sparx; to hasten home and ascertain the worst, no less for that lady's relief than her own.

Her fellow pupils and companions, who had always hitherto regarded her with the respect due to the daughter of a banker, stared at her as if she had

suddenly been struck with some dreadful contagious malady, and showed the undeniable traces of it on her fair young blooming visage. One of the housemaids called her "Hemily," *pur et simple*, to her face, and Molly Elders, the cook, who had taken a strong but altogether unfounded suspicion that it was Miss Emily (it was Mademoiselle Loriôt) who had 'peached about a certain surreptitious party she had given on a level with the area and pantry, said she always thought that pride would have a downfall; that there was a just judgment on everything; and that for her part she did not at all wonder that people who turned up their noses at poor servants, and did what they could to injure them, was themselves brought to the same despicable level. All in good time: God pays debts without money; and though she (Molly Elders) was far from wishing Miss Emily ill, she would, perhaps, now find enough to do in her own affairs, without meddling with other people's.

But it was at home, in the magnificently furnished mansion of her once wealthy sire, that the most tremendous shock of fate awaited poor Emily.

Arriving under charge of the eldest Miss Sparx, in a hired conveyance, both of them were struck by observing all the blinds in the stately abode of wealth and commercial grandeur drawn down closely to the windowsills, and a considerable crowd gathered about the handsome portals. But, in the ignorance and simplicity of the inexperienced arrivants, they thought such an appearance of things was usual in like disasters; and it was not until they had alighted, and were about to knock at the massive doors, that these suddenly opened, and quite a procession of some twelve grave and sad-looking gentlemen, marshalled by a functionary in a cocked hat, an immense caped coat, and a mace, emerged, and they heard the fatal buzz running among the crowd,—

"It's the coroner's jury. They've a-been to see THE BODY, and they are going to sit on it at the 'Crown.'"

"No doubt they'll bring it in 'Suicide under extenuating circumstances!'" said a facetious, ragged-looking fellow in the throng; "for I don't know what you call *them*, if it isn't when you've a-been a rich banker, and awake some morning without a rap in your pocket, and no taste for backy and beer to comfort you!"

Emily fainted, and was borne into the house, where her mother already lay, and had lain for hours, insensible under the shock of her tremendous bereavement; but to the last hour of her life utterly unable to comprehend how the man, who had seemed to love her dearer than himself ever since he had known her, could bear to leave *her* alone to ruin and despair—a desolate widow, and the mother of six orphan children

the calamitous scenes on which she had so suddenly stepped; in truth, forgot all her own ailments and weaknesses in her endeavour to do some good to these so much more afflicted and unhappy souls around her. But hers were not virtues of stamina to outlast the immediate stimulus of emotion and sympathy; and when in the evening Susannah Sparx left that palace of misery and despair, where the daughter and mother lay moaning and screeching in each other's arms, surrounded by five younger girls and a little boy who howled for sympathy without knowing at all why, it was with a firm determination not to expose herself again to the terrors and sorrows of such a spectacle.

CHAPTER X.

CI-DEVANT LOVERS.



THESE untoward events were probably the causes why neither of the two bewildered principals of the Sparx Gymgynœcium took much notice at the time of certain circumstances which would otherwise have attracted their severest notice and circumspection, had they been brought in proper official form under cognizance.

In the first place, a creature of the most baleful sort known to the heads of seminaries for young ladies, and indeed every other description of guardian of female juvenility—a very handsome young man—had been observed prowling around the Gymgynœcium in a most suspicious and unaccountable manner, unless on the supposition that he was instigated by those wolfish propensities most to be dreaded by the shepherdesses of such-like silly-sooth flocks; particularly at the hours when it was to be thought, or report might indicate, that the Gymgynœcium sallied forth on its daily airings and exercises in Kensington Gardens. And, what added to the uncomfortable character of the whole proceeding not a little, this very handsome young man had all the appearance, in addition, of being a foreigner; most probably, from his elegantly shaped waist (the male British figure, and that of most other nationalities in that division of the human race, seldom presenting to the contemplation any waist at all), a Frenchman. Consequently a personage whose revenues would chiefly lie in his brave spirits and the capital cut and fit of his clothes;—not to mince the matter, who had probably more knobs of sugar than half-crowns in his pockets; therefore, “Anathema Maranatha” for the daughters of wealthy commercial parents.

Madame Fürschener herself, on whom had devolved the duty of parading the young ladies in and out, in safety, after Miss Rosabella's temporary retirement and Mademoiselle Loriôt's resignation—Madame Fürschener, the most unsuspecting of women, and whose thoughts were always wandering away from the smooth green lawns and formal woodlands of Kensing-

ton Gardens, to the craggy steeps and wind-distraught pine forests, crowned with the eternal snow summits of her native mountains, and chiefly to yonder quiet little nestling churchyard, under a sky-piercing Alp, where lay the husband of her youth, and two little marble figures that had once been living, prattling cherubs at her side—even Madame Fürschener remarked this hovering of the enemy on the skirts of her little host at last; not, it is true, until every girl in the regiment had remarked the fact of the constant reappearance of the foreign young gentleman on their line of march, and had pronounced him, “Oh, such a beauty of a dear!” and wondered whom of the company he was in love with, and whether he was the French ambassador or not. Not until Dowsabella Dollards herself had commented on the brightness of his eyes, and wittily wondered whether he polished them with scouring powder, and the alderman’s daughter had popularized an opinion that he owed them to the fact of the French having such lots of nice champagne to drink whenever they were thirsty, at home. But by this time the Maughan calamities had occurred, and the good-hearted Swiss woman felt that it was no time to add to the perplexities and anxieties of her employers.

More acute observers than any of these young damsels or their dreamy conductress, might possibly have remarked that the handsome young man had, nevertheless, almost always an aspect of disappointment and surprise succeeding the eagerness of the scrutiny with which—treading off the pavement and holding his well-brushed hat aloft with the politesse of his nation—he passed close along their fluttering, chattering, ribbon-flying ranks, reviewing them with those gleaming Provençal eyes of his.

Why should this be? Miss Madeleine Graham, who was not permitted to stir out of the grounds of the Gymgynœcium until a fortnight should consign her to the charge of her *parentele*, might possibly have guessed, if she had been correctly informed of the circumstance. As it was, she could only form secretly proud conjectures, from hearing the warm discussions of her young companions as to which of them the homage was addressed to, that it was to none of them, but to a far prettier and likelier individual than all put together, but who was unjustly and shamefully secluded by her superiors, and even forced to give herself out as indisposed, and unwilling to share the out-of-doors recreations of the rest of the fair denizens of the Sparx establishment.

However, Madame Fürschener’s worst fears, under the responsibility with which she found herself invested, were allayed in a very reasonable manner, a few days after they had begun to develop themselves, and she had resolved to lead her flock quite a different route to their usual one, until this alarming prosecution should cease. The housemaid, who answered the bell, reported that such a fine, handsome, polite young foreigner—who kept his hat off all the time he spoke to her, though he must have seen, by her apron and mob-cap, she was only an

servant—had called, and asked to see Mademoiselle Loriôt,—no doubt, a countryman of hers,—perhaps a relation, or cousin, or something of that kind (Fanny Clavers was herself much addicted to visits from cousins in the Life Guards); for he seemed so disappointed when he heard she was not at home, and wanted so much to know when she might be expected there (which Fanny did not know, and Miss Sparx would not tell), and would a letter left there reach her? Flattered by finding herself treated like a duchess, Fanny said, Of course it would; and a letter accordingly came, directed to the absent Olympe in a small, excessively neat French hand—which, greatly against her will, and after a severe struggle with a wish to break it open, and ascertain what the correspondence was about, Miss Hortensia re-directed and re-posted, without deigning to prepay, to Mademoiselle, at her relative's, in the Arcade Whirlington.

Could this missive have contained a summons which Mademoiselle Loriôt either dared not, or did not think proper, to refuse obedience to? I cannot say, not having read it, for it is one of the few documents connected with this history which have escaped my researches. I think I could have made out more, however, than Miss Hortensia did, if I had had the same chances, and—as she had—a candle to make the envelope transparent; taking care, of course, not to scorch the paper. But it was the case, that at nine o'clock on a rather windy and wet night, a female form, indifferently well clad, but closely veiled, passed before the Marble Arch, with a white pocket handkerchief, richly scented, in its hand; and that it was almost immediately afterwards joined by the handsome young foreign Unknown, whom the daughter of the ex-maid-of-all-work, pupil at Rose-Colour House, conjectured, from his resemblance to a figure stepped from the lid of a box of French prunes, to be the representative of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon the Third.

"It is you, Mademoiselle Loriôt?" said the Frenchman, in French.

"It is I, *cher* Camille!"

The voice of Mademoiselle Loriôt quivered with something of real and, perhaps, in a degree, natural and womanly emotion in the response.

"Do not call me so! I forbid you. After the wrongs you have inflicted upon me, I forbid it altogether—now and for ever! Do you not remember that I am that injured Camille Le Tellier, whom you only failed by the merest chance to involve in a ruinous matrimony, and, as it was, engaged in one of the most disagreeable imaginary discussions with Justice? To say nothing of the horror of a situation which convulsed all France with laughter at my expense!" was the inexorable reply.

Mademoiselle's vanity maxim was correct, at least as regards her own countrymen; and true it is, that to be made ridiculous is the most unpardonable of offences with a Frenchman.

"Mercy, Camille! I loved you."

"I did *not* love *you*—and even the strongest proof of it would be, if I should find it possible to forgive you! But take my arm, and let us

walk as we speak, and while I name the conditions on which I consent not to expose your criminality in the eyes of this strict and prudent English society, which, it seems, has received you into the position of an honest and honourable woman,—but which would soon change its opinions, if it once heard that you had lost the original luxuriance of your hair—which, I observe, is the case—under the scissors of the matrons of St. Lazare.”

“Your threats would have been more formidable, Camille, a few days ago. At present, I find myself in a condition to dispense with an altogether blameless reputation, if only I could boast any degree of the beauty as a woman which, as a man, *you* can—and do!” replied Mademoiselle, in extremely bitter accents, but taking the arm that was offered her with eagerness.

“It is only to avoid observation!” returned the cautious ex-victim of the impostress of the Jardin Mabille, receiving Mademoiselle into a lifeless and even repulsing link. “Let us proceed across this park, which exults in the statue of Achilles Surprised—to find himself the Duke of Wellington, no doubt!—All is dark and silent here, and no spies of the police are to be dreaded in this innocent England, we are assured.”

“But what do you want with me, Camille, since pardon is impossible?—since you never loved me—never sought my society—except for a supposed wealth, the illusions of which have so long vanished?”

“*Tiens!* I will declare myself without ambages. You are not a woman whose feelings require to be respected too much. Tell me, on the other hand, do you not conceive that you owe me some reparation for the disgraceful intrigue of which you made me almost the victim?”

“I am willing to make you any in my power, my dear Camille; but if you ask money, alas! I have none, or so little that Madame Millefleurs, who should have been the most zealous and compassionate of my friends, this very morning exhorted me to lose no time in seeking another location than her house; whither I have betaken myself unwillingly as a sole refuge in this vast and sepulchral London, the inhabitants of which should rather be styled its mournful and insensible apparitions!”

“Is it possible you have left the Sparx Gynécée?—why so?” demanded the handsome prowler around that domicile.

“You were present at the discussion at the *Théâtre St. Jacques*—why do you ask? Do you not understand English sufficiently well to have comprehended all that there was of disastrous and unforeseen in that unhappy conjuncture?”

"I comprehend. But it is very difficult to speak a language which is a compound of all the languages of the world, and has come down to this excellent Britannic people from the Tower of Babel.—Very well! you know, then, all that I know myself in that affair."

"I know nothing: I arrived at the end of the discussion; but it seemed to me that, as usual, you were inculcated with the authorities, represented by the man who handed you a letter, and demanded to know if you had written it."

"I will explain: in brief, since you have resided in England, you understand the rigidity of manners and etiquette that prevails. Very well. I presume to dispense with the permission of my employers, and accompany a young girl, one of my pupils, who ardently desires the occasion, to a theatre, where a French piece is to be performed, which, at the time I am myself ignorant, is of a moral which even the most ingenious play-writers of this nation—the countrymen of the boasted *SHAXSPERE*, who devote themselves only to the task—have found impossible to adapt to British habitudes. As this young girl is the daughter of parents of great wealth and consideration, I am judged in a high degree culpable, and—dismissed from my situation."

"What! that lovely young person who, I saw, distinguished *me* in the *parterre*, the daughter of people of wealth and consideration? *Mon Dieu!* this is news worth hearing. Seeing her with you, I concluded—I concluded quite otherwise, Mademoiselle!"

"She is what I say; but in what can that concern you, Monsieur Le Tellier?"

"Did you not admit but this very moment, Olympe, that you owed me a great reparation?"

"Ah!" And Mademoiselle Lorient gave somewhat of a little scream as she uttered the ejaculation.

"Do you not admit it, I say?"

"I admit whatever you wish me to declare; but—— Ah, Camille, Camille! you cannot have the cruelty—the unmanliness—to—to—— What is it you are about to say?"

"The young lady by whom you were accompanied is a familiar acquaintance of yours, you say, in the relations of pupil and instructress? Well, then, I inform you that I am attracted as I never felt before, by the charms of this young lady's beauty, and I desire an introduction to her above all things—and in a certain light."

"You are attracted, you mean, as you have always been, wretched butterfly! by the golden glare of wealth, in which you pretend to recognize the lustre of a noble sentiment, of which you are incapable!" returned Olympe, with fierce vivacity, and suddenly withdrawing her arm from that of her accompanier with a gesture of disdain and malice which would have done honour to a tragedy queen.

"This is the first occasion in which I behold beauty and wealth in a

fortunate combination, Mademoiselle Loriôt! You yourself only pretended to wealth when you attempted to entrap me as your prey in Paris," the handsome young man replied, with cynical relentlessness and composure.

"Ah, we do not bait traps for jackals with bonbons!" exclaimed Olympe.

"I have a case in my pocket—you were always partial to *bonbons* in those other days. Let me offer you some sweetener for your expressions, Mademoiselle!" retorted the justly offended Camille, but, strange to say, actually producing a very pretty enamelled silver comfit-box, and presenting the sugared contents to his still more irritated companion, who, stranger yet, quietly helped herself to three or four candied almonds.

These produced a good effect.

"At present that I am calmer, speak on; explain yourself without hesitation. Alas! I am accustomed to hear little that does not grate on my heart, like the instrument with which they pulverize the nutmeg in the English kitchens;" and Olympe resumed her hold of her former lover's arm.

"I have stated to you that I desire, above all things, an introduction to that charming young Miss, the daughter of the most wealthy parents; and adopting a hint from the unhandsome trick you played me in a former time, Olympe, I desire you to introduce me to her as a young Frenchman of distinguished rank and ample inheritance, possibly as a Count of the old *noblesse*, on my pleasure in London—if it be possible to imagine pleasure to be sought in a metropolis, the bare aspect of which depresses the spirits."

"A Count of the old *noblesse*! Ha! ha! No; when she does not care in the least for rank, but attaches her ideas exclusively to money, and in England every species of foreign nobility is derided and despised!" snapped Mademoiselle, with a running laugh through the whole, not unlike the click of an alarm rattle.

"Then you must introduce me to her as a person of enormous wealth—one of the illustrations of the new empire—a fortunate speculator."

Mademoiselle laughed again in the same manner.

"I shall have to unsay all I have said, then, on your account; for, observing you in the nit at St. Jacques'. I took the liberty to boast of the

"I cannot, Camille," Olympe replied, in a much meekened, and, indeed, humbled and deprecatory tone. "I have already told you I have been turned out of my position near this young girl."

"But you yet have influence over her; you yet have means of communication."

"None at all. I have tried to write to her a simple request to forward me a pincushion she had employed herself to work for me as a souvenir, for she is about to return also to her native province. And the letter has been returned to me unopened, and with the seal scarcely tampered at all with."

"Perhaps, then, she has already returned to her province? I have sought her in vain for days—many promenades—among the pupils of the *Sparx Gynécée*."

"Ah!"—a cry of physical pain from Mademoiselle Loriôt, which, however, expressed anguish of another kind, rather deeply seated in the moral constitution of her sex.

"Most likely: it is certain!" she then exclaimed, with vindictive satisfaction. "They have anticipated the fortnight which alone remained to be fulfilled of her half-year's pension; for the English have not the sense to study appearances when they are in a passion."

"But all events you can tell me where her province is situated—the names of her parents—her own. Do so, or, trust me, I will render it impossible for you to delude any new family into receiving you as an instructress of youth in England; and you know, if the police are sufficiently furnished with your *renseignemens* in France, to render it difficult for you to earn the honest bread which you are *compelled to eat*, in France!"

So spake this handsome young Gaul—a very poor representative of

*"Ces francs Gaulois, aimables et courtois
Envers toutes les femmes, mais surtout
Celles qu'ils aimaient!"*

"I will tell you then," said Olympe, remembering with anguish some passages in a recent conversation she had held with Madame Millefleurs. "She is a native of the humid Ireland, of the north, though of a Scottish descent; of the wealthy and famous city of Belfast."

"Her name?"

"Graham. Madeleine Graham."

"Who is her father?"

"A rich manufacturer of his city, who has already been twice its Lord Mayor. No, no, not its Lord Mayor; that is only of London. But he is dignified also with a temporary title of nobility, because he is Mayor, when some great public event occurs to distribute honours:—Sir Orange Graham, Knight. Madeleine has told me so a thousand times."

"And yet you say she despises rank!"

"As the English despise it—to adoration!"

"Ah, then, all is well!—What joy! Learn, Olympe, that it is specially

to this city of the humid Ireland that I am accredited by two of my chief houses, to spread their merchandise!" exclaimed Camille, actually executing some steps of a waltz, and compelling his unwilling partner to join in the evolution, in a manner which excited a degree of unfavourable attention from a man in a complete suit of green, like a grasshopper, with a white band round his hat, and her Majesty's badge on his collar and cuffs.

"*Ah! cessez donc.*—Let me die quietly! But do you really presume still to cherish designs on the daughter of a wealthy British manufacturer, who is also of the temporary nobility of this haughty Albion?"

"Am I not of a figure and general appearance to justify some confidence in my resources, Mademoiselle Loriôt?" said the handsome young man, drawing himself up under a gas-lamp in an attitude, the supreme conceit of which could not, nevertheless, obliterate much of the fact that he *was* a remarkably handsome-looking foreigner.

Mademoiselle Loriôt glared at him for a moment with eyes in which shone several opposite feelings at the same instant,—contempt, admiration, hatred,—and a still more unwomanly sentiment than all, which we will not desecrate the word by calling Love; and then these passions seemed to fuse like glowing metals into one, compounded *of* all, but different *from* all; and she pronounced—or rather hissed like a serpent—these memorable words,—“Go, then, Camille Le Tellier, and woo Madeleine Graham to be your bride; and learn, in your turn, with what hardness and insensibility the human heart is armed, into which the Thirst of Gold has entered, like a master demon into the frame of the possessed one,—expelling all the others, but rending and lacerating the wretched breast itself in which it finds a home!”

G O N E B Y.

LONG months have pass'd since I from thee
 On that bright morning parted ;
 Thou, the regretful, courteous friend,
 And I, the broken-hearted !

The creepers hung their airy wreaths
 Upon the old grey wall,
 Where I the night before had watch'd
 The slanting moonbeams fall.

And round the window of the room
 That had till then been mine,
 In the warm light of August's sun,
 I saw the roses shine.

I went to pluck a few sweet flowers
 That own'd thy daily care ;
 How could I take them from thy smile ?
 I sigh'd, and left them there.

On the piano open lay
 The song I sung thee last :
 I would not close its leaves, but stoop'd
 And kiss'd it as I pass'd.

I thought that it might prove a spell
 To haunt thee with a tone
 Of that low music, when the voice
 That gave it life was gone.

One moment more, while hand press'd hand,
 One last gay word and smile ;
 Thou didst not know how sad a weight
 Fell on my heart the while !

To thee, perchance, my name will come
 As doth a pleasant thing ;
 Thou wilt not dream how one young life
 Was wither'd in its spring.

Thus through the world we pass along,
 And ever at our side,
 With endless power of joy or woe,
 Some memory doth glide !

CAROLINE M. KING.

MEXICO.*

As the Mexican expedition is beginning to excite in Paris some degree of interest, not unmingled with aversion, we need not be surprised at finding Baron de Bazancourt take time by the forelock, and give his countrymen some geographical and historical ideas as to the land in which the French eagles are again to be crowned with blood-stained laurels. The Baron is no new hand at writing the history of war; he produced a most amusing account of the Crimean campaign, in which he proved, certainly to his own satisfaction, that the French did everything and the English nothing. Since then he has written a history of the Italian war, to the greater glory of France, and the Mexican expedition has arrived most opportunely to keep his pen from rusting. We do not find our author recording any new facts, but he has produced a useful compendium from the best existing works on the subject of Mexico, and our readers will probably not be disinclined to run with us through his pages, and refresh their memory about the history of a country which may yet be called upon to exert a marked influence in the settlement of the American war.

In the year 1325 the Aztecs settled definitively on a small islet in the western part of Lake Texcoco, at a spot which they called Mexicalzuigo, from the name of their god of war. Their first care was to build a temple and some reed huts round it. For a time they fought desperately with their neighbours, but their authority gradually increased, as did their wealth, and Ahuitzolt, eighth king of Mexico, built a pyramidal temple, whose colossal proportions rivalled the monuments of Egypt and Asia. He also constructed a vast aqueduct, which brought into the city the water which was so much needed. By degrees the architecture of the public buildings and private houses displayed the first traces of a civilization forcing its way through the barbarous traditions of idolatry; for human blood flowed on the altars of the gods, and the sacrificing priests sought in the entrails of the victims devoted to death for prognostics of glory and prosperity for the nation.

Not long after the discovery of America by Columbus, one Grijalva was sent on an exploring expedition by Diego Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, and reached the mouth of the Tabasco in April, 1518. While ascending the river he suddenly saw himself opposed by a large number of canoes filled with Indians, and other bands covered the banks and prepared to fight. Pursuing his voyage, Grijalva learned soon after that a powerful and warlike monarch, of the name of Montezuma, possessed an immense empire, and great wealth in gold and silver. After the vessels had been out for five months Grijalva was constrained by shortness of stores to put back to Cuba, when the Governor, on hearing the good news, at once resolved to send off another expedition, the command of which

* "La Mexique Contemporain," par le Baron de Bazancourt. Paris: Amyot.

was entrusted to Cortez. His flotilla consisted of eleven vessels, bearing 617 men; of these, 508 were soldiers, the rest sailors and artisans. He also had 16 horses and 10 small field-pieces. Such was the expedition which started to conquer a powerful empire. As our readers have been familiar since their school days with this dramatic and glorious episode in Spanish history, we will not enter into details, but merely indicate the principal facts.

With this handful of men Cortez prepared to attack savage tribes so numerous, that, as B. Diaz tells us, "if each of the Indians had only thrown one handful of earth, it would have sufficed to bury all the Spaniards." After burning his vessels so as to render his men desperate, Cortez marched on Mexico. Montezuma, however, had trembled on hearing of the arrival of the foreigners, for an ancient prophecy predicted that men of another nature coming from the East would seize the whole country, and he had not the courage to call out his warriors. When Cortez approached Mexico he was courteously welcomed by the Indian monarch. Fearing, however, some treachery, Cortez seized Montezuma, and held him as a hostage. While the storm was sullenly gathering in the capital, Cortez received information that Narvaez had arrived at Vera Cruz, with orders to arrest him. Leaving 150 men under Alvarado in Mexico, Cortez hurried off to meet Narvaez, attacked him unexpectedly, and thoroughly defeated him. During his absence, however, great events were occurring in the capital of Mexico. On the day of the great festival, Alvarado, impelled by cupidity, killed many of the unoffending Indians, in order to seize their golden ornaments and precious stones. This act of barbarity was the signal for revolt, and the Spaniards were all but annihilated. Montezuma, who tried to quell the revolution, was mortally wounded by his own subjects, and Cortez was obliged to leave the capital secretly with the few soldiers left him, on what is known in Spanish annals as the *Noche triste*.

Retiring among his Indian allies, who longed for the downfall of the haughty Mexicans, Cortez reformed his army, and on May 31, 1521, again appeared under the walls of Mexico. When the city was eventually taken, after a month's resistance, the fury of the Spaniards knew no bounds at finding so little wealth. The unfortunate Emperor and one of his officers were hung by the feet over burning coals, but the monarch's stoicism did not once desert him, in spite of his atrocious sufferings. On hearing the cries of agony uttered by his companion in misfortune, he merely turned his head faintly, and said, "Am I on roses, pray?" The Empire of Mexico was at an end, and Cortez, by fearful cruelty, soon brought the whole country under subjection. Cortez, after being Captain, General, and Governor of New Spain, fell into disgrace, and died forgotten and unknown, in a village near Seville.

Sixty-two Spanish viceroys governed Mexico in succession. European civilization bore its blessings to the country, and brought to light the boundless stores of wealth which it contained, but the Spaniards ever held

it under a rod of iron. When the revolution of 1789 broke out and agitated the entire world, the Spanish authorities, in their fear of the commotion of this great political crisis, redoubled their despotism and irascibility. When the war broke out between France and Spain, unhappy Frenchmen, who had been established in Mexico for twenty years, were hauled off to prison. Lads of sixteen were condemned to torture for having in their possession French newspapers, obtained from St. Domingo. When Joseph Buonaparte was proclaimed King of Spain, factions were naturally formed in Mexico, and the Viceroy Iturrigaray, alarmed at the danger which the divisions between the Creoles and the Europeans might engender, proposed the creation of a central junta, whose members should represent all the provinces. The Government saw in this an attack on the rights and privileges of the Spaniards, and resisted. A conspiracy was formed, the Viceroy was seized and sent off to Cadiz, and from this moment fusion between the two parties became impossible.

In 1810 a revolt broke out in the province of Guanajuato, under the guidance of the Cura Hidalgo. He was an aged man, but endowed with great energy, and soon had an army around him,—a strange composite of Indians, Creoles, and adventurers. Wherever he appeared the towns opened their gates to him, and his bold attack on Guanajuato, which contained many millions of piastres, gave a mighty impulse to the revolution. Venegas, the Viceroy, hurriedly collected the Spanish troops, and marched at the head of scarce 7,000 men against the insurgents, who numbered nearly 50,000. The two armies met at the mountain of Las Cruces, and the Spaniards were defeated, but Hidalgo, instead of boldly marching on Mexico, turned back at the news that General Calleja was coming up to attack his rear. Calleja utterly defeated the insurgents, who fled in disorder along the Valladolid road. Calleja occupied Guanajuato in his turn, and was guilty of the most atrocious cruelty; old men, women, and children were mercilessly butchered, and a war of reprisals was then inaugurated, in which either party sought to outvie the other. Hidalgo assembled another army and attacked Calleja, but he was again defeated, and while retreating to the frontier was betrayed by one of his officers, of the name of Elisondo. He was taken to Chihuahua, and put to death a few months after.

After the death of Hidalgo, guerrilla bands ravaged the country for a while in the sacred name of liberty, till a new chief arose in the Cura Morelos. Under his auspices, a congress composed of deputies from all the provinces which had declared in favour of the Revolution assembled on September 13. 1815. and proclaimed the independence of Mexico. But

attempted to collect the scattered bands of the Revolution. It was not through patriotism so much as revenge that he raised the standard of revolt. Compelled to leave his native land through the failure of a conspiracy he formed against Ferdinand VII., the young Spaniard felt a pleasure in contending against his sovereign. After a few partial successes, he was taken prisoner in his turn, and shot on November 11, 1837, at the age of twenty-seven.

The Viceroy Apodaca, at length able to breathe freely again, and to announce that "the Revolution was dead," sent Colonel Iturbide, at the head of a large force, to crush out the few rebels left, and restore the royal authority in the provinces. Don Augustus Iturbide, of the Creole race, had fought successfully against Hidalgo and Morelos, and had distinguished himself by his excessive brutality. He doubtless saw that the ruin of the Spanish party was close at hand, and went over to the side of the Revolution. While fighting it for several years, he had studied its diverse elements, and appreciated the powerful resources which it could summon to its aid, if a clever chief contrived to assemble under the same banner the Creole troops and the nucleus of the insurgents. His first measure was to proclaim the independence of Mexico; and the indecision of the Viceroy gave him time to gather his strength together. The Revolution swelled like a torrent; and when the new Viceroy O'Donoju landed at Vera Cruz, Iturbide persuaded him to recognize, in the name of the King of Spain, the independence of Mexico. On September 21, 1821, the army of independence arrived under the walls of the capital, and the gates were opened without the slightest resistance. The home Government, however, in its blind pride, declared the Treaty of Cordova null and void, and resolved to send reinforcements to the Spanish troops still holding the fort of San Juan d'Ulloa.

Up to a certain point the career of Iturbide offers a parallel with that of Louis Napoleon. Elected President, he soon came into collision with his Congress, and foresaw that he would be deposed unless he took the initiative. By a clever manœuvre his partisans had him proclaimed Emperor; but this measure, which seemed to raise the ambitious Iturbide to the height of power, was, on the contrary, the signal of his ruin: his popularity did not long survive his coronation. The new Emperor gave the first occasion to the revolutionary party by arresting fourteen members of Congress opposed to him. This aroused intense excitement throughout the country, of which a man who afterwards became so notorious took advantage, to carry out his own pet schemes. Santa Anna was in command of the province and town of Vera Cruz, and though he had been loaded with favours by Iturbide, he was the first to raise the standard of revolt in the name of the Republic. In a very violent proclamation he accused the Emperor of violating the sacred principles of the Constitution, and breaking the oath he had taken as chief of the State.

For a moment Iturbide hoped to suppress the revolt in the bud, and

sent against Santa Anna a large body of troops, under his aide-de-camp, Echavari, in whose fidelity he believed that he could trust. But Iturbide had been raised by treachery, and it was treachery that overthrew him. The celebrated republican, Guadalupe Victoria, had joined Santa Anna, and Echavari, seeing that the fortunes of his chief were beginning to grow dim, and the imperial throne collapsing, went over with his troops to the insurgents. One adherent after the other fell away, and ere long the Emperor had no resource but to abdicate. He was exiled; but the nation did not forget that it owed its independence to him, and granted him a pension of 25,000 piastres. Iturbide, however, could not let well alone, and he landed again on Mexican soil on July 8, 1824. He was speedily recognized, arrested, taken to Padilla, and shot by a decree of a provincial Congress. The Republic, liberated from this enemy, completed its task of a Federal Constitution. General Guadalupe Victoria was appointed President, and General Bravo Vice-President. It was impossible for the confederation to be inaugurated under nobler auspices, for both these men were the purest representatives of Mexican independence. They had fought for it through many years, and had never by a single act sullied the cause they defended. The capitulation of the fort of San Juan d'Ulloa, the last refuge of the last Spanish troops, completed, in November, 1825, the triumph of Mexican independence. England had recognized the confederation, and France sent a confidential agent. The situation of the Republic was, therefore, most flourishing.

Unfortunately, those ambitious men whose hopes had not been satisfied by the Revolution could not keep quiet, and powerful parties were already formed in opposition to the Government, the chief of which were the Escoceses and the Yorkinos. General Pedraga, ex-Minister of War, was selected to follow Guadalupe Victoria in the presidency; and the Yorkinos, with Guerrero at their head, who aspired to the supreme power, resolved to overthrow the elect of the nation, and chose General Santa Anna as their organ. He pronounced, and was outlawed: beaten by the troops sent against him, he fell back on the province of Oaxaca, and bided his time. The insurgents, however, were not yet beaten; the contest was renewed within Mexico, with the result that the new President resigned his authority, and Guerrero was appointed in his place. At this period the Spaniards attempted to restore their authority in Mexico, and sent off an expedition under General Barradas, which landed at Tampico on July 27, 1829. This rash attempt at once consolidated parties, and all were imbued with the one feeling of "death to the Spaniards." Santa Anna behaved with very great energy, and Barradas, completely surrounded, was compelled to capitulate and retire with his troops to the Havannah.

These events laid the foundation of Santa Anna's fortune. He was everywhere greeted as "saviour of the country," while Guerrero was deposed for not having displayed sufficient promptitude in resisting the Spaniards. By this time it had become the regular fashion for a general

expelled from the Mexican capital to appeal to the country ; and this was the measure taken by Guerrero. He produced a formidable insurrection, which was, however, suppressed ; and Guerrero, surrendered by treachery, was shot. His successor, Bustamante, was not long left at peace. Accused of arbitrary acts, the opposition pronounced, and Santa Anna, the stormy petrel of revolution, soon made his appearance in the field. He was totally beaten by General Calderon, but managed to collect another partisan army, and marched on Mexico. After various crafty negotiations between the ex-President Pedraga, whom the nation had recalled, Bustamante, and Santa Anna, the last-named was elected President.

After putting down sundry partial revolutions at home, Santa Anna found himself assailed in a very dangerous quarter. The Texans, who found that the Government did nothing for them, but left them an easy prey to the *Indios bravos*, resolved on declaring their independence. Santa Anna comprehended the gravity of the events preparing in this distant province, and resolved to go himself, and "put his foot on" the insurgents. At first he was very successful, but the cruelty he displayed reacted against himself. By pitilessly shooting all his prisoners, he aroused a feeling of desperation among the Texans, and the whole nation rose as one man against the tyrant. On April 20, 1836, he met the Texan troops on the plains of San Jacinto, commanded by Houston. The Texans were few in number, but resolved to conquer or die, for they knew the fate which the Mexican general reserved for prisoners. The victory was soon decided: the Mexicans broke and fled, and Santa Anna was taken prisoner. Houston treated him with clemency and spared his life, and a few months later he was set at liberty. Santa Anna was aware that his popularity had received a mortal blow, and hence retired to his estates, waiting for better times.

The Mexican Government was thrown into utter confusion by the defeat of San Jacinto ; and though troops were ordered off to Texas, intestine commotions prevented their departure. From this point it is almost impossible to follow the insurrectionary incidents ; it will be sufficient to state that California and New Mexico followed the example of Texas, and declared their independence. To add to these troubles, foreign powers began to protest against the way in which their representatives were treated by the Mexican Government, and France took the initiative by sending Baron Deffaudis with a squadron, in 1837, as bearer of an *ultimatum*. President Bustamante haughtily repulsed the moderate demands made on him ; the French legation left Mexico, and all the ports were blockaded. War having thus become inevitable, the French Government sent off another expedition, under the command of Rear-Admiral Baudin, in which the Prince de Joinville commanded the *Creole* corvette. The fort of San Juan d'Ulloa was bombarded, and surrendered on the following day, owing to the explosion of a powder magazine. The Mexican Government refused to ratify the convention, however, and declared war

with France. Admiral Baudin's first step was to destroy the fortifications of Vera Cruz. As the troops employed in the operation were returning to their vessels, Santa Anna, who had collected a band of guerrillas, opened fire upon them, but was driven back by the boats' guns with considerable slaughter. This was the last warlike operation effected by the French, for a treaty was patched up by the intermediation of England, and the ratifications were exchanged at Paris on April 10, 1839.

So soon as the war was ended, the Mexicans returned to their normal state of insurrection, and after two years' chances and changes, Santa Anna temporarily got the upper hand, and was appointed President. His rule was marked by the usual violence and arbitrary conduct. Fresh pronunciamientos took place, and in 1844 Santa Anna fell into the hands of the insurgents. He was condemned to death as a traitor, but, in consideration of his past services to the country, the sentence was commuted into banishment for life, and carried into effect on January 22nd, 1845. General Herrera, who was appointed President in his place, found himself involved in fresh complications with the American Government. The annexation of Texas led to a reasonable anticipation of a war with Mexico, and hence the Pacific fleet, and the one in the Gulf of Mexico, received orders to hold themselves in readiness, while General Taylor encamped, with an expeditionary corps of 4,000 men, to the North of the Rio Grande. After some futile negotiations, the General was ordered to advance early in 1846, and was supported by the fleet. The Mexicans had fortified themselves on the right bank of Rio Grande, and the Americans did the same on the left bank, and at Point Isabel. The first engagement took place on April 24. The American plan of campaign was a combination of simultaneous attacks on the northern, eastern, and western borders of Mexico. All the ports were blockaded, a corps of 18,000 volunteers was formed in the United States, and their organization was entrusted to General Scott. During this period, General Taylor's position on the Rio Grande was rather alarming. Surrounded by a superior force commanded by General Arista, he was afraid of having his communications with Point Isabel intercepted. Hence he went off with his main body to strengthen that important post, and only left a weak garrison in camp. Informed of his absence, Arista attacked the American lines: Major Brown offered a splendid resistance with the few troops under him, but he was killed, and the ammunition all but expended. At this critical moment Taylor returned at the head of 2,300 men, and dislodged the Mexicans. He followed them up closely, and fought them again on July 9th, at *Risaca de la Palma*. The Mexicans suffered a severe defeat, and General Arista fled in the direction of Monterey.

The news of these two defeats produced a great excitement at Mexico, which naturally resulted in a revolution. Santa Anna was recalled from the Havannah, where he had sought a refuge, and landed at Vera Cruz on August 15th. The state of affairs was at this moment most critical; the

Mexican troops were demoralized, and the generals surrendered important posts without striking a blow. Two disastrous events aggravated this sad state of affairs. The expedition to California was most successful. Monterey and San Francisco surrendered to the Americans, and the Mexican General Castro fled into Sonora without daring to fight. California was also annexed to the Union. The conquest of New Mexico offered no greater difficulties. General Kearney, commanding the western division, after a fatiguing march along the Arkansas and across the Rocky Mountains, entered Santa Fé without a blow, and declared New Mexico annexed to the Union.

We will not attempt to describe all the military operations of the Americans, but confine our attention to the expedition which started direct from Vera Cruz for the capital. The American ministers did not oppose the landing of Santa Anna, because they hoped that the new President would be favourable to peace. But he was not master of the position, for the popular movement which recalled him to power imposed conditions upon him. The army, humiliated by so many defeats, demanded revenge, while Santa Anna himself had to erase the memory of the fatal day of San Jacinto. The propositions of peace offered were consequently declined, and both sides prepared for war with increased obstinacy. A reinforcement of 10,000 men was sent direct from America to General Taylor, and fourteen regiments of volunteers, under General Worth, were ready to start for the scene of action. General Scott received orders to attack and capture Vera Cruz and St. Juan d'Ulloa, which would leave the high road to Mexico open. Four thousand men were recalled from Taylor's command to support the new expedition, and he was left with only 400 infantry, 200 dragoons, four companies of artillery, and badly-drilled volunteers, to fight a sanguinary action with the Mexicans, commanded by Santa Anna in person. The two armies came into collision at about a mile from the farm of Buena Vista, and Santa Anna felt so certain of success, that he summoned Taylor to surrender, if he did not wish to be crushed. The battle lasted the whole day, at the close of which the Mexicans remained masters of the heights on the left flank of the position, and the two armies, waiting for daylight to recommence the action, bivouacked in presence of each other. On the following day the fate of the battle was all but decided through the American volunteers giving ground, and falling back to re-form; but Taylor managed to lead them into action again. Santa Anna saw that his hopes were beginning to become discouraged, and made a final effort by bringing up his reserves. They charged with such impetuosity, that the American line was broken, and abandoned three guns; but they soon held their ground again, and fought so desperately that the Mexicans at length broke and fled in disorder. The day of Buena Vista was a brilliant exploit for the Americans and their brave leader; but their loss was considerable, amounting to 723 men *hors de combat*, or merely a sixth of the force

engaged. The Mexicans lost from 1,500 to 2,000 men, according to the reports.

General Scott arrived at Vera Cruz on March 7th, 1847, and the disembarkation took place on the 9th, 11,000 men being landed during the day. General Morales, commanding at Vera Cruz, offered no opposition to the landing, but on the following day the batteries of San Juan d'Ulloa opened a very smart fire. The town and fort were invested, and after a heavy bombardment, capitulated on the 26th. General Scott, fearing the yellow fever, soon after started for Mexico, along the Jalapa road, which compelled him to pass through the formidable defile of the Cerro Gordo, where Santa Anna was awaiting him. He had thrown up earthworks, and the defile was swept by a battery of six heavy guns. On the 18th August the Americans commenced the attack, and after a sharply-contested action, drove the Mexicans out of their entrenchments. The Americans lost about 500 men killed or wounded; the Mexicans nearly 1,200, as well as 3,000 prisoners, 4,000 firelocks, and 43 guns. On the 22nd, General Worth marched into Perote and seized the citadel, which contained 66 guns or mortars, and a large supply of ammunition.

Santa Anna had fallen back on Puebla, with his demoralized troops; but learning that the invaders were halting at Perote, he regained courage, assembled the guerrilla bands, and collected a fresh force with which to oppose the Americans. He was, however, again pitifully defeated by General Worth, and Puebla was occupied by the Americans without a blow. After some considerable delay, 10,738 men were assembled at Puebla, to march on the capital, while a garrison of 1,600 men was left in that town. The second phase of General Scott's expedition is specially interesting at the present moment, for the road he followed will be doubtless the one selected by the French columns of attack. General Scott left Puebla on August 8th, and after three days' march the expedition reached the pass of the Rio Frio, whence the magnificent valley of Mexico could be seen, with the capital in the centre. Six high roads led to it from different points, and the one which General Scott was following ran along the southern shore of Lake Tezenco, and entered the city on the eastern side. On this side extensive preparations had been made to resist the invaders. The outworks, armed with upwards of one hundred cannon, were strengthened by an equally formidable inner line. The city was completely surrounded by a deep, wide ditch, over which it would be extremely difficult to throw a bridge in the presence of an active enemy, and the eight principal entrances were strongly fortified. The Mexican army amounted to 30,000 men, and so soon as Santa Anna was assured of the road the Americans would follow, he collected his troops near San Antonio for the decisive engagement. The action was a very desperate one, but the Americans at length remained the victors. The loss of the Mexicans was estimated at 6,500 men, of whom 4,000 were killed or wounded; while that of the Americans was 1,056. On the other hand,

they captured 37 siege and field guns, a great number of muskets, horses, and mules, as well as large stores belonging to the commissariat and ordnance.

On hearing of this disastrous defeat, the capital was plunged into despair. Proposals for peace were offered, but Santa Anna refused them, and on September 7th, hostilities recommenced. On the following day, the most sanguinary action of the whole campaign took place at Chapultepec, in which the Mexicans were again defeated, though after heavy losses on the side of the Americans. General Scott, however, saw that he had no time to lose, and at once marched on the capital. After a very sturdy defence, Santa Anna found himself compelled to evacuate the capital, and on the 14th the flag of the Union floated from the National Palace. Santa Anna made a vain effort to cut off the American garrison at Puebla, and with this the war was virtually at an end. In February, 1848, a treaty of peace was signed at Guadalupe Hidalgo, and on June 12th, General Scott's expeditionary corps commenced its retreat.

With the withdrawal of the Americans, matters became worse than ever in Mexico. One president followed the other, insurrections paralyzed commerce, and the only chance of salvation seemed to be in recalling Santa Anna to the head of affairs. The new Dictator reached Mexico on April 20, 1853, and attempted radical reforms. Ere long, however, a fresh revolution broke out under the leadership of General Alvarez, and his example was soon followed by several other chiefs. Matters became so bad with the Dictator that he resolved to fly the country, and carried out his purpose by secretly embarking at Vera Cruz on August 19, 1855. With his departure the capital became the scene of frightful disorders. President followed president in rapid succession, until Comonfort seized the power, and Benito Juarez, an Indian by birth and origin, and an advanced radical, was appointed Vice-President. On January 11, 1858, General La Parra pronounced in the capital, and undertook to save his country. A desperate street fight was waged for seven days, after which Comonfort laid down the government, and left Mexico by night. General Zuloaga was appointed President *ad interim*, and peace was apparently re-established.

This peace, however, was soon disturbed by Juarez, who, as Vice-President, claimed the right of succeeding the fugitive Comonfort. Zuloaga resolved to deal a vigorous blow to the insurgents, and raised an army of 15,000 men, the command of which he entrusted to Miramon, a young and active officer, who enjoyed the thorough confidence of the troops. Miramon cut up the insurgents in several engagements, but Zuloaga did not back him up sufficiently; on the contrary, he augmented the troubles of his unhappy country by a system of forced loans, which affected foreigners equally with natives. The envoys of the great powers protested in vain against this arbitrary conduct; and at last General Robles, commanding the garrison of Mexico, pronounced against Zuloaga, who sought a refuge

at the British legation. Miramon restored some degree of order by his brilliant victories, and Zuloaga was reinstated as President; but a few weeks later, crushed by the responsibility, he abdicated in favour of Miramon.

Juarez during this time had refused to recognize Zuloaga, and established his government at Vera Cruz. Thus Miramon and Juarez were engaged in a struggle to the death; but the latter had far the best of it, as he held the principal ports, and pocketed all the customs' dues. At the outset, the aristocracy and the clergy, who were excessively wealthy, feeling that Miramon was the defender of their rights and privileges, supplied him with funds; for if the democratic party triumphed, the confiscation of the Church property, decreed in 1857, would be at once carried into effect. But this aid did not last long, and Miramon was compelled to have recourse to extraordinary contributions. Still, nearly all the foreign powers recognized Miramon, because he represented the conservative element of the country. Miramon's first act was to march on Vera Cruz at the head of his army, for there the real danger lay. If Vera Cruz fell, Juarez would lose the seat of his government and his chief resources. But while Miramon departed from Mexico, General Degollado, with 7,000 men, seized Guanajuato by surprise, and boldly marched on the capital. General Marquez, one of Miramon's most energetic lieutenants, hurriedly collected a body of troops, and vigorously repulsed the enemy. Miramon on hearing the news turned back, and gave up for the time his designs on Vera Cruz.

About this time the revolutionary government of Juarez acquired a certain degree of consistency by the official recognition of the American Government. This recognition was obtained at the price of a fresh dismemberment of Mexico, and a species of military protectorate, which gave the United States the right of interfering in the internal affairs of Mexico. The civil war went on without producing any of those events which suddenly decide a question. Miramon defeated the revolutionary forces whenever he met them, but his success was sterile. In the mean while Miramon's pecuniary resources were becoming totally exhausted; and he saw that, unless he dealt some decided blow, his cause would perish of inanition. He therefore resolved on marching against Vera Cruz at the head of 6,000 men, and arrived before that town on March 1st. He was beginning his operations, when an unforeseen event ruined his military combinations. He had calculated on the arrival of two ships laden with weapons and ammunition; but as they entered the bay they were attacked and captured by the captain of an American vessel, in defiance of international law. This audaciously illegal act rendered any continuation of the operations against Vera Cruz impossible, for it deprived General Miramon of indispensable resources. He therefore raised the siege, and prepared to return to Mexico; but before doing so proposed a general amnesty, and the mediation of the powers to re-establish a durable peace.

But Juarez was too cunning to accept this : he felt that his opponent was driven into a corner, and that the game was in his own hands if he only waited. Miramon, therefore, returned in great discouragement to the capital, where fresh troubles awaited him. General Zuloaga, who, as we saw, yielded his authority to Miramon, was urged by his partisans to reclaim it, and the President cleverly foiled the plot by having him arrested. He then set out again at the head of his troops to attack Juarez, and was utterly defeated at the battle of Siloa. The President only escaped death by prodigies of valour, and at last reached Mexico quite alone. This defeat was fatal to the *prestige* of Miramon, who had hitherto retained power to a great extent through his military successes, and he set the seal on his ruin by ordering Marquez to seize a sum of 1,400,000 piastres at the British legation, which was intended to pay the interest of the bonds. By this confiscation Miramon was enabled temporarily to keep his troops from deserting, but it naturally did not last long.

Ere long Juarez and the Federalist party assumed the offensive and marched on the capital. They were upwards of 20,000 in number, while Miramon had only 8,000 on whom he could depend ; but he did not hesitate for a moment. He started from Mexico to meet the foe, and beat the corps in detail. He came up with Ortega, the same general who defeated him at Siloa, and at once attacked him. When certain of victory, his cavalry, 1,200 in number, went over to the enemy, and all was ended. Miramon's army was utterly dispersed, and the victorious Federalists marched direct on the capital. Miramon resigned the power and fled to the sea-board, while Juarez grasped the object of his ambition. His first act was to expel M. Pacheco, the Spanish envoy, and the Papal nuncio, for the assistance which they had rendered the rebels during the last three years. General Miramon, who was saved from certain death by the French Consul at Vera Cruz, proceeded to the Havannah with Pacheco, and the new government was temporarily left to its own devices.

We have thus brought matters down to the intervention of the three powers, England, France, and Spain. In the affairs of Mexico, ostensibly all three were actuated by the same motive, which was an old standing one, namely, to procure relief and compensation for their subjects, who had been exposed to every possible spoliation by the mushroom Governments that succeeded each other, and only agreed on one line of conduct—that of despoiling the foreigner. In reality, however, two of the three powers were moved by very different reasons. Spain had during the last few years wonderfully ~~gained~~ ^{gained} in power, and to her amazement, no less than that

France. More powerful than all else, perhaps, was the influence of the gentle Eugenie, who regarded Miramon as a shamefully ill-used man, and wished him to be restored, because he had defended the rights and property of the Church. There might, too, be a floating idea in the Emperor's mind about securing possession of Mexico, and then forming an alliance with the South against the Federals; but *quien sabe?* as the Spaniard sententiously says. At any rate, the mutual expedition soon proved to be held together by a rope of sand. England, it is true, had behaved sincerely, and proved her sincerity by sending a handful of troops, who would be of very little use in the event of a fight; but France and Spain soon came to loggerheads. General Prim dared to take the field before the French were ready,—a mortal offence,—and at once occupied Vera Cruz and the fort of San Juan d'Ulloa. To this France quickly responded by sending off other 4,000 men to take the field. England held aloof, and contented herself with stating that she was unable to send more troops than the marines on the spot, and left the French and Spaniards to contend for supremacy. By the terms of the convention between the three powers it was stipulated that they were not to interfere with the internal government of Mexico, so long as their claims were satisfied; but France showed her hand too openly by patronizing one General Almonte, who belonged to Miramon's party. The plenipotentiaries of the three powers were already on very unpleasant terms,—so unpleasant, in fact, that they were ashamed to take down their debates in writing. Finally, when Miramon arrived, and was carried back to the Havannah by an English gunboat, a regular explosion took place. From this moment it seems as if the French and Spanish Commissioners tried to outwit the other. Prim, for instance, signed a Convention,* which was disavowed by Admiral Jurien de la Gravière and M. de Saligny, who, however, signed it, in order not to let the Mexicans see the dissension that existed. But with the arrival of General Lorencez at the head of French reinforcements matters changed, and his open support of Almonte, who, like all Mexicans, deluded him most thoroughly by his glozing tongue, seemed to display a settled purpose on the part of the French Emperor.

Under these irritating circumstances a final conference took place at Orizaba between the Commissioners. We had forgotten to mention in its proper place that the Spanish and French troops had advanced up country to escape from the *tierra caliente*, and had pushed forward some distance into Mexico before they entered cantonments. The real bone of contention at the conference was the protection afforded Almonte, against which Sir Charles Wyke and General Prim protested energetically, as contrary to the Treaty of London. The French Commission excused it as a measure of humanity. General Robles, a man of unstained character, had been recently shot by Juarez, on suspicion of plotting with the allies, and unless Almonte were protected by French bayonets, his life was not worth an hour's purchase. Granted; but this difficulty would

have been easily solved by the French not bringing him at all, and he could be saved by putting him aboard a French gunboat and sending him wherever he desired out of Mexico. After a very stormy discussion the Commissioners separated, with the resolution of leaving France to do as she pleased. England and Spain withdrew their forces, and so the matter was left. Lorencez, with his small body, behaved very pluckily, but his force was not large enough to maintain his communication with Vera Cruz; and in May last, after receiving a serious check from the Mexican troops, he was obliged to halt at Orizaba, where he gallantly maintained himself through the summer and autumn. Since then General Forey has arrived with very considerable reinforcements, and will, in all probability, fight his way to the capital, in order to vindicate the honour of France, and secure the independence of Mexico on the French basis.

There appears no doubt but that Forey will repeat the success of General Scott, and Mexico will be held by the French troops. The next question is, what they will do when they possess the authority. Under existing circumstances it seems as if whatever they do will be right, for it is high time for such an intolerable state of things as that at present existing in Mexico to be stopped. What is wanted is protection for the foreigner, whom his unlucky star has induced to settle in Mexico, and beyond that the affair concerns us but little. If France chivalrously choose to squander millions in producing a healthy state of affairs in one of the finest countries in the world, it is not the slightest concern of ours, and even should she permanently occupy Mexico, it would prove a great safety-valve for England. In such an eventuality Mr. Seward and others of his gang would cease their impotent snarlings against England, and regard the danger nearer at home, and by thus having powerful neighbours in the West and North, the Federals might be disposed to think sensibly for once, and give up all idea of that "irrepressible mission" for dilatation which has rendered Yankee-land so troublesome to the peace and comfort of society.

Finally, it is gratifying to find with what accord the English press has discussed the French occupation of Mexico. We can perfectly imagine that otherwise shrewd citizens, who, in a weak moment, invested in Mexican bonds, are delighted at the thought that France is about to pluck the chestnuts out of the fire; but there is something to be considered beyond that. The Mexicans have displayed their incompetency for self-government; they possess land which, under more skilful treatment, would supply the world with cotton, and they have no right to neglect the oppor-

A MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

I HAVE never been a believer in dreams, and never shall be. It is true some strange things have come out which are really well attested; and no one who respects the laws of evidence can dispose of *all* such cases by the summary method of pronouncing them lies. All that come true may be accounted for without this; they are simply coincidences. We forget to weigh against the few examples of prophecies fulfilled the infinite numbers that fail. If we kept this in mind—as we never do—we should see that no more come true than *ought* to come true. It is only a case of the doctrine of chances. Throw the dice often enough, and you are safe to count on sixes followed by fives, or any other combination you may choose to select. A mathematician can tell you how many throws exactly will justify your making the prediction; and think how many millions are nightly shaking the dice-box of imagination in their dreams, throwing deaths and marriages and births, and all possible forms and phases of human evil and good. The wonder would be if, from such infinite combinations, the sleeping pictures should not *sometimes* turn out prophetic fac similes of the waking ones.

I have always thought this to be as certain as anything proved in Euclid. There was a time, however, when my faith was shaken by an adventure of my own, reason and logic notwithstanding. The reader may judge whether, supposing the experience had been his own, he should have seen it only in the “calm light” of philosophy.

Many years ago I was rector of a parish which it is unnecessary to name. In all the luxury of bachelorhood I was living in a very large glebe house, of which I inhabited rather less than the half. The house on the whole very much resembled glebe houses in general, except that, for reasons unknown to me, it had been built some three miles distant from the church.

It was about ten o'clock at night—a night in February—when I began to fall asleep over the *Edinburgh Review*. An article on the Intuition of the Infinite had proved too much for my strength. I retired to bed, taking the volume along with me, to read it in the morning; and very soon I fell asleep.

I fell asleep and had a dream, and this was the dream.—I was standing in the churchyard, close to a new-made grave. A coffin lay at the bottom, and a crowd stood round waiting for me to commence the service. I felt for a prayer-book in the pocket of my coat, but the prayer-book was not there. I remembered it must be in my great-coat, which I had left on a tombstone. When I went to look for it I found a whole pile of coats. Every one else had left his coat there, and thrown it on the top of mine. I turned them over and over, but ever as I thought I had found my own, it turned out to belong to some one else. The more I searched the more it was confusion; and I gave it up. In despair I thought of repeating the service from memory, and began it. “I am the Resurrec-

tion and the Life—.” I stopped; for not another word could I remember. I turned round to ask some one to prompt me, when suddenly a bright glare shot across my eyes, and looking up I saw the church on fire. It was all one blaze from foundation to roof. Through the windows and over the slates and round the spire the flames were rolling, in sheets and pyramids and wreaths, hissing, twisting, crackling, in all fantastic and goblin shapes. The sky was red all round with the glare, and the grass and gravestones shone like blood. The crowd had vanished, and I stood alone—it seemed for hours—watching the conflagration rolling up in one great pyramid to the sky. At length it seemed to approach me, and the flame began to close me round in a circle. I tried to fly from it, but my feet were riveted to the ground. The spell was over me that comes in dreams, when fate irresistible seems to overpower us and chain us with invisible chains. Nearer still came the fiery tongues, and nearer. The heat was stifling; still I had no power to move. The flames reached me; I was suffocating; and with a futile effort to scream, I awoke.

It was long before I slept again. The dream had been so exciting and vivid I could call it up before me, in its smallest details, as I lay awake. But at length I slept.

I slept, and had another dream. I was reading service in the church. It was the day of some high and solemn festival. Every seat was crowded, every corner filled. Mixed with familiar faces were new and strange forms, men of power and rank, ministers and princes, and ambassadors from far-off lands. All were ready, and waited for me to begin. I read a few lines and found it was the wrong place. By mistake I had begun at the Burial Service. I turned to find the right prayer, but it seemed not to be there. The book was in confusion and the leaves had changed their places. In vain I tried to bring them right; they were always wrong. I felt a thousand eyes fixed on me, but could not help myself;—the spell of dreams was over me. I looked at the book again, and now I saw that the cover was blue. It was the *Edinburgh Review*! I turned round to look for a prayer-book; and as I turned I saw the church on fire. The flames were rolling up to the ceiling, across the windows and round the beams and through the roof. There was no one to be seen in the church. All had vanished as if by magic, and I saw them looking in through the windows, making signs to me to escape before it was too late. I rushed to the nearest door and found it fastened. I ran to the other; it was fastened like the first. I turned to the chancel window and stood on the communion-table; it was too low to reach the window.—If I could only find a chair!

I had suffered so much from terror that I resolved to remain awake till morning. I rose, to turn the current of my thoughts, and walked up and down the room. Then I threw up the window and looked out into the night. Then I returned to bed and tried the *Edinburgh* again; this time I took an article on the "Salmon Fisheries of Ireland;" it was more hopeful than the "Infinite," and I read to the end. Having finished it, I began to feel drowsy again. I had supposed it must be near morning, but on looking at my watch it was only just past twelve. Six or seven hours still to lie awake! there was no use trying it: I put out the light, and for the third time fell asleep.

And for the third time had a dream. I was standing on the bank of a river fishing for salmon: it was a small river—I knew it well—that flowed close under the churchyard fence. It was full of salmon now, of all monstrous and mammoth sizes. I was watching them swimming past, when suddenly the water was lighted up, and shone with a fiery red. I turned to see what it was;—the church was on fire. In an instant I awoke.

It was odd—very odd. Could there be anything in it? There might be something wrong about the church: ought I to go down and see? Yes, I would go down and see. It was a dream, of course, only a dream; I knew that; and I had had no faith ever in dreams, and did not mean to believe in them now. But still,—three times—it *was* odd! Yes, I would go down and have a look at the church. It would be a satisfaction to myself; at any rate there could be no harm in going. And in a few minutes I was dressed.

Having never officiated at that hour before, the coachman opened his eyes very wide and rubbed them twice or three times when I waked him with an order to rise and drive me to the church. It was only natural he should let fall a few hints implying a desire for some information as to my reasons for this unusual proceeding. The only information he received, however, was that I expected him to lose no time; in fact, not having made up my mind yet how much I would tell him, I left it an open question by telling him nothing.

The night was calm as we set out, with stars enough but no moon to light us. In half an hour we had reached the top of the last hill, from which the church could be seen, supposing there was light to see it. I strained my eyes in the direction where it lay; but nothing was visible, and not a sound was to be heard. I was now within a few minutes' walk of the churchyard, and I preferred going on alone, leaving the servant to wait for me till I returned.

Passing down the hill and over a stile at an angle of the churchyard wall, and picking my way slowly through the gravestones, I reached the vestry door. I unlocked it and went in. Nothing there except myself and darkness. I locked it after me and passed on into the church; still darkness and silence, and nothing more. I felt my way along the reading-desk, and down the aisle, and past the stove. As I passed it, I

pulled open the door, and felt inside;—ashes only and cold iron. All besides was still and calm as the grave.

There was no more to be done, except to find my way home. I unlocked the inner porch door (the outer one always stood open). As I turned to close it I heard a rustle, a step,—there was some one moving beside me. Before I could speak, to my astonishment I heard myself addressed by name.

"Oh, Mr. Scott, I'm so glad you have come; I have been waiting for you a long time."

I knew the voice at once. It was Mary Morris, a girl from the village.

"Yes, Mary, you knew I was coming," I answered, more from force of habit than any consciousness of what I said.

"Oh yes, air, Caleb told me it was all settled."

"Caleb told you it was settled! And—and—what did he say was settled?"

He had told her, she proceeded to say, that I had promised to meet them there at one o'clock, and marry them privately. And she was to wait in the porch till he came, and to say nothing about it, as his friends might not like it.

"And where is Caleb now?"

She did not know where he was; he had never come—she couldn't think why—and she had been waiting more than half an hour.

All this was a mystery of mysteries to me. I had seen neither of them for a week, much less promised to meet them here by night; and yet, it appeared, I was expected at this sepulchral hour, and had kept my appointment too.

It was all incomprehensible together. But still there was something about it I did not like the look of,—a suspicious air of something no right, if I could only find it out. I kept my suspicions to myself however, and said nothing about my astonishment at finding Mary there. Taking it all as a thing of course, I told her something probably had occurred to delay Caleb, and that he might soon arrive; if she would stay a few minutes in the porch I would walk out and see.

I left her there, and walking round by the chancel, sat down on a tombstone to think. But nothing I could think of helped me much. Mary was an orphan, about seventeen, and an only child. She had been at service once, but was now living with her mother in the village and helping to support her by sewing. Could it be that she was mad? No, she was not mad; I was sure of that. I should have heard of it before. Her conversation, besides, was quiet and collected; not the least sign of madness about it. And Caleb—it must be Caleb Moore, for there was no other Caleb in the parish. Caleb was a young man of substance, what is commonly known as "comfortable." His father had risen in the world, and he himself, to my judgment, was minded to rise higher still if he

could. He was scarcely the sort of man to think of marrying a servant maid, however young or pretty she might be. It was reported, moreover, that he had been negotiating lately a much more ambitious alliance in a neighbouring town. In any case, let the report be true or not true, what could be the meaning of this ghostly dead-of-night marriage, where he had failed to keep his appointment? What was the purpose of his senseless falsehood in telling the poor girl that I had promised to marry them at such an hour?

I turned it over and over in my mind, but saw no clue and began to give it up. I rose up and walked round by the other side of the church, still thinking it over. As I passed the low fence which separated the churchyard from the bank of that narrow river of which I have spoken, a very strange noise caught my ear, and I stopped to listen. It was a dull, heavy sound, as of something striking the ground, and came at regular intervals of two or three seconds. Then it changed to a grating, rolling sound, like the falling of earth mould. I followed the direction it came from, advancing noiselessly over the grass. It led me gradually towards the farthest corner of the graveyard. I was now within a few yards of the place it came from. I looked across the dilapidated fence, and upon a waste patch of rank and weedy ground between the churchyard and the river's bank. I could make out in the dim light the form of a man at work with a pickaxe and spade. He was digging a grave. For a few minutes I stood still to watch him. He seemed to be far on with his work, and only his head and shoulders were over the ground. Should I speak, and ask who it was? No; safer, I thought, to find out without speaking. Where I stood, however, I could not make out his features, strain my eyes as I would; and yet there was light enough, if I only had him in the right position. I crossed the low fence cautiously and stooped down, until my face was close to the ground. As the man raised his arms with the pickaxe, I saw his profile sharply defined against the starlit sky. It was Caleb Moore.

Like electric fire the truth flashed into my mind. I now understood it all; and a host of things—trifles I had scarcely noticed at the time—rose in my memory, with their testimony clear as noon.

Mary Morris had fallen, as others have fallen before her; and the shame of her sin would one day be no secret. But at all cost it must be hid to leave *his* pathway clear. Here was foul murder to be done. The grave, he knew, was a safe place; there no children are born, and dead women, like dead men, tell no tales. When the grave was finished he would come for her, and then——.

I wasted no time counting the chances of a struggle, well knowing what cowards conscience can make of all men. Standing close to the edge of that foul grave, I put my hand lightly on the seducer's shoulder.

"Caleb, come with me; you have worked enough to-night."

He stopped, but neither spoke nor moved; the suddenness of the sur-

prise seemed to paralyze the faculties of speech and motion. I gave him no time to recover.

"Say nothing—I know all about it—there is still a chance for your life. Come with me at once."

He followed me without saying a single word. I took him straight to the vestry, careful to show no sign of fear or hesitation; the first symptom of either would probably have cost my life. I locked him inside and left him there, saying in a few minutes I should call for him again.

I returned to the porch, and found Mary Morris still waiting, all unconscious how finely she had grazed the line that separates death from life. I sent her away, satisfied easily with my explanation of Caleb's non-appearance.

"Had I seen him?" Yes, I had seen him; but—things had happened—too late to talk them over now; and they could not be married to-night. And she went home without a suspicion.

The rest is soon told. I returned for the servant and we drove back, all three, to the glebe. For some days I kept the prisoner under watch and ward, while I considered what was next to be done. Finally I resolved to send him abroad, never to return, under penalty of being given up to justice. It seemed to be the only course that was open. The evidence was probably not sufficient for legal conviction; and at any rate I had given a kind of implied promise, when he yielded himself, that his secret should be kept. None of his friends saw him before leaving; but he left with me a letter stating that "circumstances" had obliged him to go abroad. Where he went, or why he went, none ever knew but myself. It was understood of course that I had the secret; but to all questions on the subject I answered only that it *was* a secret.

Poor Mary was shielded from the fatal consequences of her sin. She was truly penitent, and lived to be the happy wife of a man in her own humble rank.

The reader imagines, probably, that this strange story is nothing but a midwinter night's dream, woven from the writer's brain to fill the pages of a magazine. In this, however, the reader is mistaken. The names are fictitious, but the tale is literally true; and some of the persons concerned—possibly all of them—may this day be living to read it.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

MUSCLE-WORSHIP is one of the great institutions of the day. Before the altar of Physical Force, Englishmen are ready to bow down and perform *koutou*. As in the days of Pope there was nothing like leather, so in modern times there is nothing paraded more absolutely than the theory of bodily strength. It is true the thing itself has taken a new phase, and that a moral people set their faces against the immoral customs of boxing and bull-baiting, of the prize ring and the rat pit; even the "noble art of self-defence" is not considered so very noble after all. Nevertheless, muscular Christianity is in vogue; it has become the fashion, and, like all fashions, a "rage." We may also say of it as we would of crinoline, that the fashion has become a stupid mania,—stupid because it is irrationally adhered to and pursued.

No amount of reasoning, no power of facts, will convert the public mind until it has had its full swing, and the appetite either becomes palled or exhausted.

What is the principal phase, then, in which muscle-worship now presents itself? It is easily answered,—In such dangerous exploits as swinging on the trapèze, walking with one's head downwards, tossing somersaults on a rope placed at a stupendous height from the ground, in taking exaggerated pedestrian excursions, or, like the Alpine Clubbists, climbing perpendicular ice mountains to enjoy that selfish satisfaction of Robinson Crusoe, to be "monarchs of all they survey." Blondin balancing himself above the Falls of Niagara, Leotard swinging from one dangling cord to another, or Olmar treading the ceiling, are illustrations of what we mean; and in vain do we ask ourselves or ask our friends, What is the good of these exhibitions? How far do they promote real courage and real strength, or real presence of mind? Yet we are invariably told that it develops the frame, gives firmness to the muscular system, and tends to bring into action all those cooler moral and intellectual faculties which raise man above himself, and make him that "superhuman thing" which the ancients so much adored—a hero and a demigod. The gaping faces of those who watch these athletic adventurers as they poise themselves in mid-air, or fly from rope to rope, betray the ignorant fascination which has allured and charmed them. In the eyes of this panting multitude, how rude the ecstatic admiration which is felt for the Principle of Muscular Force!

An additional impulse has been added to this moral disease of society by the recent "robberies attended by violence," and it has been pompously advised in the "*Whipper-snapper Review*," that every Englishman should enter a course of training, and become a Thomas Sayers or a Robert Heenan, in order that he might repel the attacks of sneaking garotters. Of course this counsel has been widely applauded, and many foolish youths and inexperienced fathers have been absurd enough to imagine that

by putting on the gloves and assuming a few fantastic attitudes they would be competent to accomplish what the Champion of England himself would not venture to attempt—namely, floor half a dozen garotting foot-pads at a time, who may chance to spring out upon him with a view to ease him of his superfluous cash, his watch, or his gold chain.

Now there is reason in the roasting of eggs, and it is essential, whilst we are so ambitious to fall back upon brute force, to see that we are not carried away with the belief that we can achieve impossibilities. It is, no doubt, pleasant to read the stories of an “exquisite,” in kid-gloves, flooring a coal-heaver who had insulted him, of a delicate young marquis upsetting a policeman, or a sickly-looking “cit” getting the better of a burly burglar in a casual encounter of fists, simply because he has learned the “science” under some prize professor; but society would be in a very lamentable case if it should be obliged to return to that state of primitive existence in which every man is to be his own protector. It would soon be found that we were a nation of Ishmaelites, “whose hands are against every man, and every man’s hand against them.” Pugilism forty years ago was at its zenith, and not a day passed but three or four fights, patronized by the nobility, took place within a few miles of the metropolis. But was society better protected? were highway robberies less frequent? was personal violence less universal? By no means. Never was there a time in which the thieves carried on their calling with more triumphant success. It was the saturnalia of inglorious Turpins and Jack Sheppards, notwithstanding the horrible severity of the laws passed to suppress robberies, notwithstanding the gaunt spectral gallows which reared their shadowy forms at the corners of our highways to intimidate the midnight infesters of our public roads.

But there are many who, shelving this line of argument in favour of physical training, nevertheless uphold the theory on sanitary grounds. Physical training, they assert, promotes health; it conduces to strengthen the body, and to invigorate the constitution. True; we will not gainsay this proposition: we admit that a healthy exercise of the body is essential, but then we also assert that this exercise should be pursued with moderation, at the same time denying what so many supporters of the “noble art” maintain—namely, that the knowledge of the science imparts courage and maintains longevity. We may ask, What examples have we of its creating courage? where have we seen any remarkable example of a prize-fighter possessing that high moral courage we would see every Englishman possess? The pluck of the ring is a very different thing from true valour,[†] and must not be confounded with it. Again, that abnormal state to which a man who has accepted a challenge to fight for the belt is reduced, or raised,—whichever you will have it,—is an unhealthy condition; it is an over-straining of the powers of the body; and we have yet to learn that one of these Corinthian gentry, one of these heroes of the Olympian games, is peculiarly long-lived, or would be regarded with any special favour by the

surgeons or actuaries of a tottering assurance company. We, therefore, decidedly set our face against the idea that either the prize ring or acrobaticism in any way conduces to the physical strength of the individual or of the nation. And we have good grounds for the opinion which we put forth. So far from agreeing with the advocates of severe physical training, we believe that it tends to ultimate debility of the muscular system, and of all the organs of vitality. The practice is too frequently carried to excess, and the amateur athlete, after exhibiting a temporary—a very temporary—display of power, becomes unconsciously decrepit prematurely, or actually sinks into an early grave. Question the Registrars of Health, and they will tell you that many fine youths, tall, and apparently muscular, who vaunted of the enormous weights they could lift, who have prided themselves in the facile manipulation of heavy Indian clubs, who could hurl the largest bowl in an American skittle alley, who prided themselves on leaping a six-barred gate, or taking a tremendous dyke, who could walk their six miles an hour, or imagine they could emulate a Deer-foot in running, pine away before they have attained mature manhood, and sink into a premature grave. All their ardour and enthusiasm in the acquisition of physical force, in their false pursuit after health, have been extinguished on the bed of sickness and in their paralyzed condition.

Why is this? Simply because they have been ignorant of the anatomy of the human body; because they have not understood the laws of its growth and development; because they are not aware how fragile is the framework which encases their ambitious spirits; because they have not really been able to measure their own power. They have been ignorant of the rules of physical economy; they have not known how to husband their powers, because they were not aware that to strain to the utmost the capacities of their constitution was permanently to weaken it.

Let us examine a little this problem of muscular development. It is a curious study, and the facts which it has elicited are exceedingly interesting.

Let us begin, then, by considering the structure of the human body; afterwards let us consider the rules appertaining to age, to height, and to weight,—proportions which should be duly ascertained before we even commence that work of training which we are so desirous to carry out.

The real, though, to ordinary eyes, occult, cause of the danger is the undeveloped frame of the youth, or, in other words, of the youth who has not ceased growing. This is a term which is very familiar in men's mouths, but there are very few who rightly understand it. Growing lads are supposed to eat bountifully, but in what respect are they growing youths? What parts of the frame are still unperfected? and at what age is this perfection attained? The examination of skeletons of various ages by anatomists enables us to answer the question very categorically, and we will illustrate what we say by a few facts, with as little scientific phraseology as possible. In the early stages of the long bones, such as those constituting the arm

and the leg, the bones commence to grow in the middle of the shaft, and progress towards either end. It is thus that the shafts of the body are formed,—the columns, in fact, which are to support this frail “tenement of clay.” Large portions of these “principal pieces” remain at either end for variable periods of time in a soft, cartilaginous state, until at length separate and distinct points of bony growth appear in them also. They gradually become wholly converted into bone; and whilst these osseous processes are going on, they continue severed for a time from the shaft by an intervening soft substance, which seems to glue them to the long bone. With regard to the ribs, too, there are portions—just where they hinge on to the spine—which at the age of eighteen have only begun to be transformed from soft material into bone, and this operation is not complete till the twentieth year of life. The arm continues to increase in length till the twenty-fifth year, and so long as this growth continues, a portion of soft, vesicular, and growing tissue intervenes between the shaft and the head of the bone, and it is not until the youth has attained his twentieth year that this soft substance hardens into bone, and that the principal bone itself becomes permanently solid. Again, that portion the forearm to which the hand is mainly fixed at the wrist joint, is not complete, nor does the lower end of the other end of the forearm unite, until the youth is arrived at the same age; whilst the same may be said of the head of the thigh-bone which forms part of the hip joint, and of the end which forms the knee joint to the principal piece. The lower ends of the two bones of the leg at the ankle joint only coalesce with the shafts between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth year. In fact, it is well ascertained, from the study of skeletons, that a great deal of growth continues in various parts of the framework, tending to the development and perfection of the human figure, which, therefore, cannot be regarded as mature till the age we have just mentioned. The age at which each bone is completed is very different with different parts of the body. There are, for example, several important bones still unfinished even at the age of twenty, and which will not be consolidated till several years after. The uppermost pieces of the leg-bone are still separated from their shafts by a soft and growing cement; the pieces of the back-bone have also separate plates not yet soldered to their bodies; neither are the bones composing the haunches yet completed: they are surrounded by a soft substance, which, though it becomes bone, does not coalesce with the ends of the haunch-bones till the twentieth or twenty-fifth year of life. A proof of how little solid the soft cement and substance is may be learnt from the fact that all these different pieces may be separated from the bodies of the shafts, or principal pieces of the respective bones, by simple maceration in water before coalescence has begun. “Thus the growth of bone,” remarks Dr. Aitken, to whom the public is largely indebted for a treatise on the growth of the recruit and young soldier, “observes a distinct and definite order as to its beginning in each bone, and in each

piece to be added to it; and the coalescence of these pieces with each other follows a definite order as to time in the respective bones which compose the skeleton. So much, indeed, is this the rule, that, by a careful examination and comparison of the bones of a skeleton one with another at ages before twenty and twenty-five, a skilful anatomist is able to indicate with considerable accuracy the probable age of the individual; for the period of final coalescence of the several pieces which ultimately compose a bone is very different in different bones, and a tabular synopsis of 'events' in the growth of skeletons during the military age may be of some value to the medical officer, or to others interested in this subject, in appreciating the relation between age, development, and growth."

It is not necessary for us to point out how injudicious and injurious any over-straining of the human frame in this incomplete state must be, and we advise those who, under twenty years of age, are fond of exerting themselves to excess, to remember that they are not yet fully developed either in length or strength. The weakest link measures the strength of a chain. The strength of the body at this age does not depend upon its bony portions, but upon those soft, mucilaginous substances which cement the ends of the shafts to the other portions of the framework.

But there are again other points to be taken into consideration, in order that the physical training of youth should be properly and uninjuriously carried out. We ought to take into consideration this fact, that the growth of the bones and the muscles is in regular and consistent relation to each other. From the age of twenty to twenty-five, the bones become gradually thicker, the joints stronger, the shoulders broader, and the muscles firmer and more thoroughly developed. This is to be seen not only in the progressive increase of the human form, but may be traced in the growth of young animals, and it is important to observe that the development and growth of the bones are in adaptation and fitness proportionate to the increasing power and actions of the muscle. "The bones of the limbs," says Dr. Aitken, "become larger and stronger at their muscular attachments as the muscles become stronger and more active. This is shown not only in relation to the growth of the bones adapting themselves to the growth of the muscles, but if the muscles are paralyzed, the bones waste as well as the muscles, by a progressive wasting, and no amount of passive motion will prevent the occurrence of this atrophy, or retard it."

Mr. James Forbes, formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, has shown by accurate experiments, that the muscles undergo a gradually steady and progressive development as to strength as the age of the individual increases, after puberty, up to thirty years. Quetelet also proves what daily experience has unscientifically taught us, that, by well-regulated exercises, a progressive amount of force can be got out of a man as his age increases, if his training be judiciously conducted, and his bodily condition maintained at the proper

standard. It required no ghost, the reader may say, to tell us this; and yet it is these very ordinary, every-day, common-place things which require to be constantly dinned into the ear to obtain for them a practical recognition. There is too much self-sacrifice required in the regularity and monotony of steady application, besides which it is much more agreeable, because much more exciting, to achieve great things by impulse than by maturing the faculties, physical or mental, of the body.

The experiments of Professor Forbes, however, are too curious and striking not to be noticed circumstantially. They were made upon students in the University of Edinburgh; the number experimented upon was upwards of eight hundred, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, and clearly illustrated the law of physical development with respect to age. The weights were expressed in pounds, including clothes; the height in inches, including shoes; strength was determined in pounds, by Regnier's dynamometer. Taken in connexion with Quetelet's observations, it is shown that the progress towards maturity in Britain seems greater in the earlier years—say from fourteen to seventeen—than in Belgium, and slower afterwards, though the superior physical development of Englishmen above the Belgians is very obviously marked. In strength it is the greatest, in height it is the least. So far as the experiments on the English as compared with the Irish can be regarded as correct, they indicate that the English are the least developed of the natives of Great Britain at a given age, while the Irish are the most developed,—the Scotch retaining an intermediate place. For instance, it has been ascertained that an Englishman, at the age of from twenty to twenty-five, possesses a tractile power of 366—384 lbs.; the Scotchman, at the same ages, of 366—384 lbs.; whilst the Irishman beats both, possessing a tractile power of 397—413 lbs.

This, it must be confessed, was a very good average of strength, though it hardly shows what the human muscle is capable of under peculiar circumstances. Milo, who was reported to have carried the ox which he once carried as a calf, is a classical illustration of what may be done by constant and careful training; millers have been known to take up a sack of flour under each arm, and coal-whippers to make very little of half a ton; whilst in the mountainous parts of South America, where human beings are the beasts of burden, owing to the impossibility of leading four-footed animals up the precipitous pathways of the Andes, the native porters have been known, not only to carry enormous loads, but to carry them long distances and at great speed. Still, these are exceptional cases, and developed under peculiar circumstances. We may go a step further, and say that they are not good, inasmuch as longevity is not known amongst this race of athletes. The early fate of acrobats is proof how injudicious it is to over-work the muscular system, and how essential it is that the physical training of youth should be regular and progressive.

We will now adduce another fact which ought to be taken into consideration whilst we are investigating the physical condition of the human

frame ; we mean that regular proportion which in the healthy person is known to exist between age, height, and weight. The artist knows the fine proportions of the Apollo Belvidere, and the recruiting sergeant should be equally acquainted with the proportions of a Hercules ; for age, weight, development, and strength are closely co-associated, and their due proportions are absolutely essential to constitute a powerful, and what the ladies would call a "fine, handsome" man.

In the *Statistical Society's Journal* of March last, a very interesting table is given, showing the growth of the human body from eighteen up to thirty years of age, indicated by weight and height. The averages were taken from upwards of four thousand eight hundred observations at all ages. Thus, a lad of eighteen, if he be 5 feet 4 inches in height, speaking in round numbers, ought also to weigh somewhere about 8 stone 10 lbs. Given the age of twenty-one, and the height 5 feet 5 inches, he should weigh 9 stone 5 lbs. Ascending still further, and assuming the age to be twenty-five, and the height 5 feet 6 inches, the weight would be 10 stone 5 lbs. ; and at thirty years of age, with a height of 5 feet 6 inches, we ought to have the result 10 stone 1 lb. In fact, so clear and demonstrable is this "law of increase in the growth of man," as determined by very extensive measurements taken at different times by scientific gentlemen, that we can almost work, as it were, in a rule of three sum any one condition we like. Taking the converse of what we have already exhibited, we may say that if a lad of nineteen weighs 9 stone 4 lbs., he ought to measure in height 5 feet 4 inches, and a little more ; if at twenty-two, 9 stone 12 lbs., he should be 5 feet 6 inches in height, and so on.

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon these tables, because our purpose will have been answered in showing that there is a regular and just proportion which constitutes the perfection of a healthy and well-developed person. If these conditions be disregarded in athletic exercises, mischief will be sure to result. It will easily be understood that we do not deprecate the idea of healthy regular exercise or athletic sports ; our object has been to show that the brutal spectacle of the prize ring, and the almost equally demoralizing spectacle of the trapèze, are not conducive to health.

THE STORM.

THEY come, with many a sob and sigh,
Like spirit voices from the sky,
Or mortals in their agony,—

Those wailing winds.

The storm-king, rising in his majesty
From the vex'd sea,

A tempest troop unbinds :

Even as the falcon, from her jesses free,
Soars, hovering in the air, her prey to mark ;
So the black storm, now gathering o'er the sea,
Threatens yon frail, frail bark.

See ! the red sun, through dark clouds riven,
Glow's lurid.

Hark ! the wild waves, 'gainst bleak cliffs driven,
Rush, tempest-led ;

And, thundering there in hollow tone,
Claim earth's high bulwarks for their own,
To throne the deep sea bed !

See the white foam, caught up on high,
Pass, writhing madly o'er the sky,
Flitting like shrouded spectres by,
Upraised from ocean's dead !

Mighty and mightier still they swell,—
Those giant waves,—

Bellowing deep their sullen knell
O'er ocean graves.

Ere sun go down upon this day,
Full many a life shall pass away !

With groans and shrieks deep laden, still they come,—
Those wild, wild winds,—

The timbers shivering rend :—all, all are gone.

The crew a haven finds

Where shells lie deep.

Fierce, withering blast ! that voice was not thine own.

ROYAL FAVOURITES.

PART I.

It is highly creditable to the tone of morals and manners prevalent throughout Europe in this latter half of the nineteenth century, that its "reigning families" are wholly exempt from the pernicious influences of favouritism. The "royal favourite" and the "court minion" are now, we trust, thoroughly types of the past.

In estimating the amount of mischief that has accrued to States at different periods of history from the sinister influence of royal favourites, it would be difficult, perhaps, to decide whether male or female sway can boast the preponderance of evil. In England, in the days of the Plantagenets, the career of Piers Gaveston and the "gentle" Mortimer brought woe and ignominy upon the imbecile and vicious Edward and his heartless and profligate consort Isabella, over whom those favourites had gained a disgraceful ascendancy. Weak, bigoted, and effeminate, Edward II. united, as might be expected, the presumption that such a complication of qualities is sure to produce in a man of his position, with the reliance on flatterers and parasites which is sure to terminate in disgrace. Swayed first by one sycophant, whom the nobles expelled from England, and finally put to death near Warwick; and then by another family, who heaped all the riches of the kingdom on themselves, till vengeance overtook them also on the scaffold; then opposed by his wife, the "she-wolf of France," and deprived of all his adherents, he yielded himself a prisoner, one of the worst and most dishonoured of our kings, and closed an ignominious life by a dark and doubtful death in the dungeon at Berkeley Castle; and certainly a dungeon more adapted for a deed of violence can hardly be conceived. It is still shown; and in looking down into it, seeing nothing at first but a heavy darkness, till the eye gets used to the gloom, and discovers the rugged walls and rough floor, it is easy to conjure up the image of the agonized king, and to fancy all the terrors that must have appalled him.

More fickle than the feeble Edward, that other Plantagenet, whom favouritism and tyrannic abuse of power deprived of a throne,—the mean yet ambitious Richard II., the unworthy son of the illustrious Black Prince.

The influence of women over the government in France, whatsoever may have been their relation towards its kings, has almost always been exercised with sinister results to the monarchy; for when even by their quarrelsome activity they have not overthrown the executive, they have by their intrigues almost always discredited royalty. Whilst Germany, Russia, and England can reckon amongst the number of their sovereigns such women as the Empress Maria Theresa, the Empress Catherine, Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Anne, the page of history shows us that from Frédégonde down to Madame du Barry each century has had more or less to deplore the participation of female influence in France in affairs of State. The mysterious supremacy, however, which the "gentle" Agnes Sorel exercised over the indolent Charles VII., when through the conquests of our gallant Harry of England and the Regent Duke of Bedford the fortunes of France were at their lowest ebb, forms certainly a notable exception. One of the most beautiful women of her time, and perhaps, with the exception of Joan d'Arc, the most remarkable, the advantages of a careful education had greatly enhanced those personal gifts with which nature had so liberally endowed her. A native of Fromenteau, in Touraine, where she was born about 1409, Agnes was daughter of the Seigneur de Saint-Gerand, a gentleman attached to the household of the Count of Clermont. At the age of fifteen Agnes was placed in the quality of maid of honour to Isabeau de Lorraine, Duchess of Anjou, and when that princess went to the French Court in 1431 to solicit the liberation of her husband, taken prisoner in the fight of Bullegneville, Agnes, whom they called the *demoiselle de Fromenteau*, was then in all the brilliancy of her charms. The playfulness, and at the same time the delicacy of her mind, were unequalled, and her conversation, says a writer of that period, so far excelled that of other women as to cause her to be regarded as a prodigy of intelligence. Qualities far less attractive than these would have sufficed to subjugate the youthful King. So Charles, who was more devoted to pleasure than business, became passionately enamoured of Agnes, and in order to retain her at Court he placed her on an equal footing, as attendant upon the Queen, as the Duchess of Anjou. Agnes resisted long and strenuously the King's overtures, and the most profound secrecy seems to have attended their intercourse. But the numerous favours lavished upon the *demoiselle's* relations, and her extraordinarily extravagant expenditure at the French Court—then the poorest in Europe—at last opened the eyes of the courtiers. At this time the English were in possession of half of the realm of France, and Charles, although naturally brave—as shown at the siege of Montereau, where he scaled the wall sword in hand, and performed prodigies of valour—had suffered himself to be cast down by the tide of adversity. The Queen had vainly tried to kindle in his breast his former ardour for military glory, and it was solely due to the influence of her beautiful attendant that Charles at length threw off his lethargy, became aroused to a sense of his position, and showed himself equal to

retrieve it. This remarkable change in the King's conduct is ascribed by Brantome and others entirely to the influence of Agnes Sorel, and the way of bringing it about is told as follows:—An astrologer being admitted one day to Court, the King consulted him in the presence of Agnes, when she also desired to learn her future fate. The man, no doubt to flatter her, predicted that she would be possessed for a length of time of the heart of the greatest king living. Agnes seized the opportunity of this augury to rouse Charles from his apathy. Rising from her seat, the high-spirited favourite made a profound obeisance, and asked the King's permission to retire from the Court of France to that of England, in order that she might there fulfil her destiny. "Sire," added she, "it is to the King of England that the prediction points, for you are about to lose your crown, and Henry of Windsor will add it to his." "These words," says Brantome, "touched the King so forcibly that he burst into tears, and from that hour he resumed his former courage, forsook his hunting-grounds and flower-gardens, and *fit si bien par son bonheur et vaillance*, that he drove the English out of his realm." Whatever may be thought of this anecdote, it is certain that Agnes used the power she had over the King's mind to recall him to a sense of what he owed both to his people and to himself. Little fearing that the cares and dangers of war would diminish the affection of her royal lover, she resolved to arouse him from his debasing inactivity, and it seems probable that the counsels of this energetic and intelligent woman eventually caused the English to lose the fruits of their victories of Poitiers and Agincourt. That such was the general opinion of the French in the time of Francis I., the verses written in praise of Agnes by that gallant prince, under a portrait of her by Mademoiselle de Brissi, bear strong testimony:—

"Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérites
La cause étant de France recouvrir
Que ce que peut dedans une cloître ouvrir
Close nonnain ou bien dévot hermite."

The King's success greatly increased the favour in which Agnes had been held previously; but although her fidelity and loyalty towards Charles were unbounded, this only caused the gloomy Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., to hate her all the more. "*Ce jeune prince mal conseillé*," says a contemporary, "*se laissa aller à des promptitudes contre la belle Agnes*." These "promptitudes" were, however, very promptly answered by a smart box on the ears, which the patriotic lady gave that ungracious prince one day when he was indulging his surly mood, in the castle of Chinon. In 1445 Agnes retired to Loches, where Charles VII. had caused a handsome chateau to be built for her, besides bestowing upon her numerous manors in Berri and Brittany, and subsequently the Chateau de Beauté, situate on the banks of the Marne, from which she took the name of *Dame de Beauté*. Here she lived for five years in tranquillity, without being once seen at Court, but still maintaining the most intimate relation with the King, who

made several journeys into Touraine to see her. Towards the end of 1449, the Queen, who had never forgotten the noble advice Agnes had given the King, invited her to return to Court, and she reappeared there in obedience to the royal wish. After the fall of Rouen, and the entire expulsion of the English from Normandy, Charles passed the winter months at the Abbey of Jumièges, and thither, undeterred by rigour of weather or other perils of the road, Agnes hurriedly wended her way early in 1450. Ever anxious for the safety and welfare of the King, the object of her sudden journey was to warn him of a conspiracy against his person. This last act of devotedness to Charles in all probability cost the *Dame de Beauté* her life. For there at Jumièges a brief illness of some six hours put an end to her good offices and eventful existence on the 9th February, 1450. Some of her contemporaries believed that she had been poisoned by command of the Dauphin; others, through the agency of Jacques Cœur, the King's treasurer, whom Agnes had named executor to her will. Historians differ in their opinions as to the character of this royal favourite. While some accuse her of having wasted the public finances in scandalous expenditure, others attribute to her the glory of having saved her country. This, however, may be safely affirmed of the "gentle" Agnes, that she never abused her power, that she was sincerely attached to the King, and that she so conducted herself, whilst in a very invidious position, as to preserve until her death the friendship and affection of the Queen. And lastly, though the *Dame de Beauté* died suddenly in the prime of life, she had lived to see the dream of Anglo-Saxon domination in France finally dispelled, and to know that through her patriotic advice and prompting her royal lover had fairly earned the epithet of Charles "*le Victorieux*," and had, in spite of almost unexampled reverses, become one of the most powerful sovereigns in Europe.

The characters of the two rival monarchs, Francis I. of France and Henry VIII. of England, though bearing close resemblance in many points, were strongly dissimilar in others. Both were high-spirited, fond of show and magnificence, of passionate and licentious temperament; yet female influence exerted itself in a widely different manner over the conduct of the two princes. While Henry enacted the royal Blue-beard to his wives, and the remorseless doomster to the male favourites who incurred his savage wrath, the besetting fault of the reign of Francis, and that which led to his most serious reverses, was that of allowing himself to be controlled, even in the most important affairs, by petticoat government, and by shallow-minded and incapable favourites. His mother, Louisa of Savoy, in the earlier part of the reign, ruled the State at her pleasure; and to her must be attributed the treason of Bourbon and the loss of the Milanese. Madame de Chateaubriand, the talented and fascinating mistress of the young King, established a shameful traffic in appointments of all kinds—military, political, and civil—by which the public service became miserably corrupt; while the Duchess of Etampes, her successor,

leagued with the Duke of Orleans against his father and the Dauphin, and was base enough to reveal the King's secrets to the Emperor at the most critical period of the war. The elevation of such men as Bonnavet and Montmorency to posts for which they were manifestly unfit, betrayed a similar weakness, and produced equally pernicious results.

The female Court of Francis I. presented a curious picture when, two years after the dominating sway of Louisa of Savoy having ceased by her death, a new power arose in Catherine de' Medici, the Italian wife of his son Henry, Duke of Orleans. Of all the female members of the King's family, his wives alone had failed to influence either his affections or his actions. Alike gentle and unambitious, Claude and Eleonora shrank before his coldness, and trembled at his frown; while women of meaner rank, and of less than questionable virtue, braved his displeasure, and moulded him to their will. Of the influence of Françoise de Foix, Countess of Chateaubriand, many baneful effects remained; although, when the opportunities of evil which she once possessed are taken into consideration, even her career may be deemed comparatively harmless: but at the period of Catherine's advent to France the full-blown vices of the Duchess of Etampes were the marvel and the anathema of the nation.

The minor influences must, for obvious reasons, be passed over—each, perhaps, insignificant in itself, but in the aggregate fearfully mischievous—which were exercised by the fair and frail maids of honour, each, or nearly each, being in her turn the "Cynthia of the minute," and more than one of whom owed her temporary favour to the Duchess of Etampes herself, whose secret intrigues and undisguised ambition absorbed more of her time than could have been left at her disposal, had she not provided the inconstant but exacting monarch with some new object of interest; and the tact with which she selected the facile beauties was not one of the least of her talents. Never upon any occasion did she direct the attention of the King to a woman whose intellect might have secured his conquest after the spell of her beauty had ceased to thrall him; the young and the lovely were her victims only when their youth and their loveliness were their sole attractions. She was ever ready to supply her royal lover with a new mistress, but never with a friend, a companion, or a counsellor; and thus, as she had rightly foreseen, the Gallic Sardanapalus soon became sated by the mere prettiness of his youthful houris, and returned to his allegiance to herself, wearied, and more her slave than ever.

Such was the state of the Court in which the Duchess of Orleans was called to assume her station as a princess of the blood; and, mere girl as she was, she at once appreciated alike the difficulties and the advantages

such were the elements out of which she had to construct her future; and Catherine de Medici did not fail to prove herself worthy of the name she bore.

Although a girl in years, Catherine was already old in heart, and her unexpected elevation, instead of satisfying, had merely served to excite the love of power and domination which her after career so fatally developed. Thus constituted, the young princess could not but prove a dangerous rival, even to the astute and experienced Duchess of Etampes; but this was not the only peril to which her favour was at that moment exposed. On the decease of Louis de Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, his young and lovely widow, Diana of Poitiers, had taken up her residence at the Court, where she was warmly welcomed by the King, who treated her upon all occasions with a marked distinction well calculated to arouse the apprehensions of the jealous Duchess. The impression produced upon the heart, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the fancy of Francis, by the extraordinary personal attractions of *La Grande Sénéchale* on her first appearance before him, had long been matter of notoriety; and as the twelve years which had since elapsed had only tended to change the lovely and graceful girl into a dignified and dazzling woman, not a few among the courtiers began to indulge themselves in a spirit of prophecy, little calculated to flatter the vanity of the reigning favourite. Meanwhile Catherine de Medici became ere long the fast friend of the beautiful young widow, and thus the position of the Duchess of Etampes was apparently rendered tenfold more precarious.

Such was the circle in which Francis I. passed his leisure moments, and they indeed comprised no small portion of his entire existence; while the manner in which his household was constituted tended rather to increase than to diminish the pernicious effects of such an association.

And in the midst of this vain, and eager, and voluptuous throng of sycophantic courtiers, who acknowledged no law but the will of the monarch, and no religion save his pleasure, were congregated the most noble and the most beautiful women of whom France could boast. The circle of the Queen had been formed from that of Louisa of Savoy; the Court of Marguerite of Navarre, during her frequent visits to her royal brother, was composed of wit, fascination, and gallantry; Catherine de Medici had been followed to France by a train of ladies equally attractive and equally facile, and thus it will cease to be a subject of surprise, that ere long purity and virtue were not only disregarded, but even made the common theme of sarcasm and contempt.

We dare not venture to comment on this frightful feature of the reign of Francis I., though truth compels the fact to be recorded.

We have spoken of Diana of Poitiers as the formidable rival to the Duchess of Etampes. The daughter of St. Vallier had, in her fifteenth year, been given in marriage to Louis de Brézé, Count de Maulevrier, Grand Seneschal of Normandy. The marriage took place in 1514, when

the bridegroom had already attained the age of fifty-five, and bore about him many honourable scars, which, however they might tend to enhance his glory as a soldier, were by no means calculated to increase his personal attractions in the eyes of a young and beautiful girl. Nor was the home to which he conveyed the new-made Countess more consistent with her age and habits than its master. The gloomy Castle of Anet (pompously designated the Palace of the Kings of Navarre, because the domain had originally formed a portion of the territories appertaining to the two sovereigns), admirably as it was situated in a fertile valley, watered by the rival rivers of the Eure and the Vesgre, and backed by the magnificent forest of Dreux, was in itself dark, melancholy, and isolated. It consisted of a heavy square mass of masonry, pierced on each of its sides by two rows of lancet windows deeply sunk in the stonework, and was flanked at either corner by strong and lofty towers; the whole of the edifice surrounded by a battlemented wall, and encircled by a moat, and the only mode of access a drawbridge, which communicated with a single entrance-gate, opening upon the court within. The interior of Anet was consistent with its outward appearance—dark oaken panellings, grim-touched portraits of departed worthies, long and chill galleries, where the lightest footfall awoke mysterious echoes. These were the unattractive features of the bridal house of the mere girl whom the Grand Seneschal had won from her smiling birthplace in Dauphiny.

Diana, who was destined to play so prominent a part during two successive reigns, was, as we have said, the daughter of the Count de St. Vallier, representative of one of the most ancient families of Dauphiny, and of Jeanne de Batarnay, and was born on the 3rd September, 1499; while her husband, Louis de Brézé, was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Charles VII. and Agnes Sorel—a circumstance which, at that period, was considered greatly to enhance his personal dignity, whatever prejudice might be attached to it in our own times. At the period of her father's condemnation, as an accomplice in the defection of the constable Bourbon, Diana had consequently passed her twenty-third year, but she had spent her early life in an unbroken calm, which still invested her with all the charms that enslave. Nature had endowed her alike with beauty and with intellect, and as she moved through the sombre saloons of Anet like a spirit of light, the gloomy Seneschal blessed the day upon which he had secured such a vision of loveliness to gladden the close of his monotonous existence. The aged and uxorious husband terminated his existence in 1531, but before that period Diana had had to tremble for the fate of her father, who lay under sentence of death for treason. Violently reproaching the Seneschal for having been the cause of betraying the Count to the scaffold, in spite of every remonstrance, she resolutely set out from Anet for the Court of Francis, and at the feet of that gallant and impressive monarch, pleaded in tears for her parent's pardon. What passed during this memorable interview is not even matter of history. But this

much is certain,—the powerful intercession of Diana saved her father's life. The writers of the time put different interpretations upon the clemency of the King. Suffice it that the Count de St. Vallier was reprieved upon the very scaffold,* and that Madame de Brézé remained at Court, where she became the inspiring theme of the muse of Marot, who has succeeded, by the various poems which he wrote in her honour, and of which the sense is far from equivocal, in creating a suspicion that it was not long ere she became reconciled, not only to the manners, but also to the vices of the licentious Court in which, thereafter, she made herself so unfortunately conspicuous. Some historians acquit her of having paid, by the forfeiture of her innocence, for the life of her father, from the fact that, in the patent by which his sentence was remitted, no mention is made of her personal intercession, and that his pardon was attributed to that of the Grand Seneschal himself, and others of his relatives and friends; but it appears scarcely probable that Francis would, under any circumstances, have been guilty of the indelicacy of involving her in public disgrace, aware, as he necessarily must have been, of the suspicion which was attached to every young and beautiful woman to whom he accorded any marked favour or protection. Had her life, moreover, been pure and exemplary, and had she, after obtaining the pardon of her father, withdrawn once more into retirement, posterity would have been at no loss to form a correct and worthy judgment of her conduct; but the vain and willing idol of a depraved poet, and the voluntary seductress of a prince who had scarcely reached half her own age, must be content to leave her memory at least clouded by doubt, and darkened by suspicion.

Diana, pleading at the feet of the King for the life of a parent, succeeding in her sublime mission, and subsequently dedicating her youth to the solace of that parent's sufferings, would have ranked among the noblest of examples of female virtue and heroism; but Diana of Poitiers, the frivolous votary of courtly pleasures, and the mature mistress of a boy-prince, excites only disgust, distrust, and contempt; and as we trace her downward course step by step, we scarcely care to ascertain by whom she was first led into the path of evil.

In 1536, whilst the Court was at Amboise, a grand tournament was provided for the amusement of the King's sister Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, and held in the great court of the castle. Not only the princes, but even the King himself, had in turn taken their places in the lists, and the Duke of Angoulême, the younger son, had particularly distinguished himself by his prowess. The fatigues that he had undergone in the lists, and his consequent exhaustion, induced the young prince to swallow a large

goblet of spiced wine a few moments before the King rose from the supper-table; and the insidious draught acted the more potently upon him, from the fact that he had previously pledged the flatterers, by whom he was surrounded, with more than sufficient vigour. In this state of excitement, he no sooner ascertained from one of the chamberlains that the King had retired to his apartments, than he rose abruptly from his seat, exclaiming to a group of wild young courtiers, who were in attendance upon him, "Now then, gentlemen, his Majesty is safe for the night, and we are the lords of Amboise. Let us go and take the air upon the bridge, and see if we cannot thrash some of the rascally lackeys, who amuse themselves by stopping up the thoroughfare, and striking those who thrust them aside."

The proposal met with unanimous applause; and the hot-headed prince and his equally wild companions at once sallied from the castle, and rushed upon the lounging group on the bridge, who, being in the service of the Court, and many among them even in that of the King himself, all carried arms. The darkness of the night rendered it impossible to recognize their assailants, and consequently, when the Duke d'Angoulême, at the head of his little party, fell upon them sword in hand, they defended themselves vigorously; while, as he persisted in retaining his position, he soon became the principal object of attack; until at length a stroke was aimed at him with so sure a hand, that M. de Castelnau, a Gascon noble, and one of his favourite minions, had only time to throw himself between the Duke and his antagonist, and to receive the blow intended for his master, at whose feet he fell dead upon the instant. At once sobered and horror-stricken at the result of his imprudence, the young prince shouted imperiously, "Put up your swords, gentlemen; I am the Duke d'Angoulême!"

In order to dissipate the annoyance which he felt at this disgraceful adventure, and, if possible, to overcome the gloom which the fate of a friend to whom he had been greatly attached had shed over the spirits of the young prince, the King, after having severely reprimanded his son, removed with the Court to Chambord; and it was probably the dread which he felt lest the hitherto lively youth should belie the promise of his boyhood, that led him to observe, even more closely than ever, the demeanour of his other sons. On one occasion, as he was leaning over the balcony of the great hall, watching the three princes, who were engaged at tennis in the court below, he turned suddenly towards the Grande Seneschale, who was standing near him, and motioning her to advance, he directed her attention to the listlessness with which the Duke d'Angoulême was pursuing the game.

"Doubtless you are right, Madame," acquiesced the King: "at least you are an admirable consoler, and I dare not doubt your words. He is young; and we know that time cures all evils."

"Not all, sire."

Francis looked at her steadfastly.

"You are right again, Madame: not all. There are certain evils which time and memory can only canker, and others for which it affords no hope. You see the Dauphin? Time fails to make a Frenchman of the Spaniard."

"Monseigneur is grave beyond his years, assuredly, sire," said Madame de Brézé; "but his mind is all nobleness."

"And Henry, Madame? what will you say of Henry?" asked the King, almost peevishly. "For my own part, I despair of him. Since his marriage he has become more unsocial and impracticable than ever."

"Surely your Majesty did not anticipate that a wife would render him more frank and joyous?" said Diana, with a slight accent of sarcasm. "For the Duke of Orleans there was no cure but love."

"Aha! is it so, fair Diana?" asked Francis, suddenly roused into excitement; "then we have committed a fatal error, for I fear that love and marriage are almost incompatible."

The beautiful widow was silent.

"Catherine is, however, handsome enough to animate a statue," pursued the King; "it can scarcely be difficult to love her."

"True," said Madame de Brézé, with an arch look, "but love cannot be compelled; make it a duty, and it turns to loathing."

"He is, then, irreclaimable?"

"By no means. A sincere and ardent passion would arouse him from his present apathy; for none love more deeply than those who resist moral coercion."

"On the faith of a gentleman, you possess more wisdom, Madame, handsome as you are," exclaimed Francis, energetically, "than all the doctors of the Sorbonne. I only wish that some one as fair and as fascinating as yourself would undertake his conversion. I should be her debtor beyond requital."

"The experiment might at least be tried," murmured Diana, twisting her pearl chatelaine about her taper fingers.

"But by whom?" asked the King. "For such an undertaking it would require a miracle to insure success. If, indeed, *you* could be prevailed upon to sacrifice yourself—"

"Your Majesty does not possess a more devoted servant than Diana of Poitiers."

"I know it, Madame, I know it," said Francis, as a strange expression passed over his face; "and I am equally aware that you, at least, could not fail: but perhaps the past—"

"Do you fear, sire," asked the Grande Seneschale, with an ironical smile, "that the memory of M. de Brézé—?"

The King forced an uneasy laugh as he hastily replied, notwithstanding the conclusion of her inquiry, "I have no such apprehension, fair lady; therefore let the old Seneschal rest in peace. We will revert no more to bygone years,—nothing is so idle as retrospection; while as regards the future, I do not for a moment doubt your power, and only wish that it could be successfully exerted."

"Your wishes are my law, sire," was the rejoinder of the fair widow, as her rich lips parted in affected merriment; "but Madame d'Etampes is approaching, and I will no longer intrude upon your Majesty."

"The Duchess is jealous," said the royal libertine, as he acknowledged her parting curtsy, "and we must not violate the proprieties at Chambord. I will not detain you, Madame la Grande Seneschale." And as Diana moved away, the favourite advanced to the balcony,—a liberty upon which the neglected Queen would have feared to venture.

At this period the widow of Louis de Brézé had already attained her thirty-seventh year, while the Prince Henry was only in his seventeenth; and at the first glance it would appear as though so formidable a disparity of age must have rendered any attempt on her part to engage the affections of so mere a youth alike abortive and ridiculous; but so perfectly had she preserved even the youthful bloom which had added so much to her attractions on her first appearance at Court, that she appeared ten years younger than she actually was. Her features were regular and classical, her complexion faultless; her hair of a rich purple black, which took a golden tint in the sunshine; while her teeth, her ankle, her hands and arms, and her bust, were each in their turn the theme of the Court poets. That the extraordinary and almost fabulous duration of her beauty was in a great degree due to the precautions which she adopted, there can be little doubt, for she spared no effort to secure it. She was jealously careful of her health, and in the most severe weather bathed in cold water; she suffered no cosmetic to approach her, denouncing every compound of the kind as worthy only of those to whom nature had been so niggard as to compel them to complete her imperfect work; she rose every morning at six o'clock, and had no sooner left her chamber than she sprang into the saddle, and after having galloped a league or two, returned to her bed, where she remained until mid-day engaged in reading. Her system appears a singular one, but in her case it undoubtedly proved successful, as, after

himself. She did not believe that the Duchess of Etampes could long conceal from him the extent of her profligacy; and well aware that, should the favourite be disgraced, her successor would soon be determined, she contented herself by exerting all her fascinations against the frail heart of the monarch, and watching for the hour of her own triumph.

The few sentences which had passed in the balcony, however, had sufficed to open up a new career before her. That the King had spoken rather in a bitter mirth than in sober seriousness she was well aware, but this conviction failed to shake her purpose. The saturnine and forbidding nature of the Duke of Orleans, moreover, rendered the task which she was about to undertake one of no common difficulty; but this very consciousness piqued her vanity, and determined her to persevere.

The prince was at first annoyed, and even abashed, at the undisguised preference exhibited towards him by the most beautiful woman at Court; but Diana soon succeeded in subjugating his heart through his vanity. Conscious that he possessed neither the dignity of the Dauphin, nor the frank gracefulness of his younger brother Charles, Henry of Orleans had hitherto carefully avoided the society of the opposite sex, and had even received the hand of his wife with a marked repugnance, which had drawn upon him the displeasure of the King; but he soon found that there was no resisting the seductions of the syren, who, while she looked into his face with the brightest smile and the most brilliant eyes in the world, discovered in himself a thousand estimable qualities and personal attractions to which he had never dreamt he could advance any claim.

What effect the triumph of Madame de Brézé over the heart of the prince produced upon the mind of the King, the old chronicler who dilates complaisantly upon all the preceding details does not inform us, but the impression which it made upon the Duchess of Etampes soon became apparent, and was destined to exert a most unhappy influence over the fortunes of the nation. The first weapon which the haughty favourite wielded against the mature mistress of the young Duke was that of ridicule. She affected to discredit the report that Henry of Orleans could be enthralled by the antiquated charms of a "wrinkled old woman;" and in support of her arguments amused herself by asserting that she was born the same year in which the daughter of St. Vallier had espoused the Grand Seneschal of Normandy. Of course she found many and attentive auditors, not one of whom attempted to disprove her words, although all were aware that Madame de Brézé was the senior of the Duchess only by seven years. She next attacked the person of her victim, forewarning those who were bold enough to uphold her claims to admiration, that the beauty of which she was so vain was known to be the result of sorcery, and that they would ere long see it vanish as mysteriously as it had been bestowed. Diana, however, was not to be conquered by means so puerile as these; and, secure of the affections and support of the prince, she treated the calumnies of her persecutor with disdain.

The nature of the Duchess of Etampes was ill calculated to brook this tacit assumption of superiority ; and foiled in her efforts to rid herself of the intrusive beauty by her own agency, she carried her vindictiveness so far as to demand of the King that he should exile Madame de Brézé from the Court ; but Francis, who had already begun to congratulate himself upon the altered deportment of the Duke, which he attributed entirely to the influence exerted over him by Diana, refused to accede to her wishes ; reminding her that while the Duchess of Orleans uttered no complaint, and continued to exhibit towards the Grande Seneschale the same consideration and regard as ever, it was impossible that he could interfere to prevent the progress of the *liaison*. Not even this declaration could, however, discourage the pertinacious favourite, who thenceforward studiously avoided all reference to Diana herself, but strenuously endeavoured to disparage the Duke in the eyes of his royal father, drawing invidious comparisons between that prince and the Dauphin, and seeking by every means in her power to crush his rapidly increasing favour.

It must not, nevertheless, be supposed that, although Madame de Brézé preserved sufficient self-command to exhibit nothing save contempt towards the vindictive Duchess, she did not acutely feel and bitterly resent the sarcasms of which she had been made the subject. Jealous of the superior power of the royal mistress, and exasperated by her insults, even while she displayed worldly wisdom enough patiently to abide her time of vengeance, her heart was to the full as much agitated by hatred as that of Anne de Pisselieu herself ; and a conviction that such must in reality be the case once more divided the Court into two separate factions, which the doubtful aspect of public affairs alone tended to render for a time innoxious.

But the sway of the imperious favourite was destined to come to a close in 1547, by the somewhat sudden death of her royal protector. Francis, soured and morose, his intellect clouded and debased by a painful malady, the result of his licentious habits, and which had undermined his constitution, breathed his last at the Chateau of Rambouillet, in the spring of that year. With all his failings—and they were many—Francis, when we consider the state in which he left his kingdom—augmented in territory, resources, and renown—must undoubtedly be ranked amongst the greatest of the French monarchs. The title of “The Father of Letters and the Arts,” by which this prince is popularly known in history, points to another and a nobler sphere of action, in which he signally merited the admiration and gratitude of France, and of the civilized world. Francis was an energetic and munificent promoter of that great intellectual revival, which was one of the most memorable characteristics of his age. He was a friend, protector, and patron of the learned Budé, or Budæus, the first Greek scholar of his day ; of Scaliger, and of the famous printer, Robert Stephens ; of the satirist, Rabelais, and the Calvinist poet, Clement Marot ; of the painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Salviati, and Primaticcio ; of the sculptors, Benvenuto Cellini, and Jean Goujon. The

public edifices of the reign are so many splendid monuments of the glories of the Renaissance. We owe to the liberality of Francis, and the skill and taste of his artists, the sumptuous palaces of Fontainebleau, St. Germain, and Chambord; and the smaller but exquisitely elegant chateaux of Chenonceaux, Azay-le-Rideaux, Villers-Cotterets, and Anet.

Diana of Poitiers, who during the reign of Francis had only played a secondary part in the French Court, now saw its courtiers, of whatever faction, flock eagerly round her, for her undivided influence not only equalled, but overbalanced all the rest. Henry II., her lover, then in his twenty-ninth year, was a prince of dull understanding and feeble character. His sole accomplishment consisted in a remarkable expertness in bodily exercises, and over him Madame de Brézé, arrived at the mature age of forty-eight, but who had wonderfully preserved her distinguished beauty, now exercised an almost absolute ascendant. In fact, from this time the royal favourite reigned in France under Henry's name. The first use she made of her power was to exile the Duchess of Etampes, whom, however, she generously allowed to retain all her possessions, contenting herself with depriving of their appointments those who owed them to the favour of her rival. Diana, indeed, soon wrought a sweeping change in every department—in the Council, Ministry, and Parliament. The Constable himself even could not preserve his power and dignity, save by paying submissive court to the potent favourite. In 1548, the King having bestowed upon her for life the Duchy of Valentinois, she thenceforward took the title of Duchess of Valentinois. She obtained also from Henry the gift of the "right of confirmation." This was a lucrative privilege, which, before the establishment of the *pauvette*, compelled all those who held posts in France to pay a fine, to be confirmed in their tenure on the accession of each king to the throne. This last favour, which Francis I. had only granted to his mother, caused the people to murmur. Diana employed the funds which this liberality brought her upon the embellishment of the Chateau of Anet, which the rhymesters of the day henceforward nicknamed *Dianet*. Philibert Delorme superintended the architectural details, and after the lapse of three centuries, Anet still retains, at the present day, the reputation for exquisite design then accorded to it.

The age of Diana, which made her empire over the heart of Henry appear so extraordinary, led some of her contemporaries to believe that she had recourse to sorcery to enthrall him; and the old story of the enchanted ring of Charlemagne was revived for the occasion by her traducers. Certain grave writers, such as Theodore de Beze and Pasquier, have not scrupled to adopt this vulgar superstition; and the latter even sought to prove the fact by adducing instances of its practice. The actual magic of Diana was the fascination of a superior mind, versatile talents, and brilliant personal graces. The praises of the *beaux esprits* whom she patronized prove that she was alive to the charms of poetry and elegant literature; for the Muses deign to offer their incense to those only who can appreciate its odour;

and it is clear that it was not gratitude solely which inspired the verses of Du Bellay, De Ronsard, and De Pelletier. In art also she evinced an exquisite taste and judgment; and that she liberally fostered some of its peculiar developments we have an opportunity of observing in the rare specimens of the famous pottery known as "*Faïence de Henri Deux*," or of "*Diane de Poitiers*," now exhibiting among the *Collection of Objects on Loan* at the South Kensington Museum. This was apparently the pottery *de luxe* of the brilliant Courts of Francis I. and Henry II., as evidenced by the ciphers, armorial bearings, &c., which occur on so many specimens. Not only is the style of ornamentation precisely that of the prevalent and most beautiful French Renaissance of that period, but the period is confirmed by the fact that a considerable proportion of the specimens were actually made for Henry II. and Diana; inasmuch as that king's well-known monogram, the H and the ambiguous double D (or H interlaced with crescents), may be seen on so much of the ware. There are fifty-five pieces of this curious and exquisite pottery known to be extant,—in England twenty-five, in France twenty-nine, and one in Russia,—all apparently from the hand of the original artist, with the exception of two or three specimens, the work of perhaps a relative or pupil, whose labours, from their marked inferiority, had no success. It has excited the keenest interest and curiosity amongst amateurs and collectors for twenty or thirty years past, and, in consequence, its pecuniary value has attained a fabulous ratio, very far beyond that of any other variety of decorated pottery; but nothing is known with certainty respecting either the producer or the place of its origin.

Neither the youth nor beauty of Catherine could withdraw her consort from the fascinations of Diana, notwithstanding her advanced age: the Queen remained throughout their union neglected and without authority. For twenty-two years the sway of the dominant and only favourite lasted, unassailed and unbroken, until the catastrophe occurred which deprived France of a king and Diana of a faithful lover. At the celebration of the nuptials of Henry's sister, the Princess Marguerite, with the Duke of Savoy, in 1559, the King, whilst tilting with Montgomery, captain of the Scottish guards, was struck in the eye by a fragment of that stout knight's lance, which, penetrating the brain, ultimately caused death after eleven days of intense suffering. Diana never quitted the King while life remained; but immediately after his decease she retired to Anet, where she died some six years afterwards, having retained her singular beauty and vigour of frame to the latest period of her existence.

SECRETS OF MY OFFICE.

BY A BILL-BROKER.

PART I.—MY FIRST STEP IN LIFE.

I, ANDREW LOVEGOLD, as I choose to re-name and re-baptize myself, have in my time been a singularly successful gold-gatherer. Solid city men regarded the financial eminence to which I attained with quite reverential admiration, habitually quoting me as a shining example of an incontrovertible fact, that any one in this great country, possessed of a clear business brain, may—industry and integrity helping—though starting from the lowest social level, reach the loftiest monetary position, and die worth a million—possibly two or three. When I retired from active life, about nine years since, the partners, chief clerks, customers, and friends of the establishment presented me with a magnificent silver dinner-service. Upon that occasion a very worthy and very wealthy alderman, not long since deceased, dwelt with unctuous emphasis upon my great but well-merited good fortune, in being able, at the comparatively early age of seventy, to retire with a princely income to the tranquil repose and serenity of rural life, to which nothing that helps to swell the sum of human happiness would be wanting; concluding his harangue by exclaiming, with especial reference to the younger portion of his auditory, “Go ye and do likewise.”

Now I, as emphatically, and speaking from experience, would tell them never—should they have the chance—to go and do likewise. Of course, I don't mean they shouldn't accumulate a princely fortune if they are able to do so; that would be absurd: but what I do say is, Don't—having got the princely fortune—don't go in to enjoy it as a great county mansion and park proprietor, county magistrate, and the rest of it. Such tranquil serenity wouldn't agree with you, mentally or morally. At least, it doesn't with me. Having in that tranquil serenity of solitude nothing else to think of, long since dead and buried insolvents, bankrupts, suicides, and such like disreputable people surge strangely up from the depths of memory, gabbling dark hints of tremendous consequences incurred for not having dealt with them, when in the flesh, according to their own altogether uncommercial standard of right and wrong. All fudge, no doubt of that;—the coinage of tranquil and serene enjoyment's rusting brain. Admirably kept books are there to prove that every transaction of mine was legitimately closed. Still it is unpleasant. Such preposterous fancies never disturbed me in Lombard Street; and I positively declare that, but for a ridiculous false shame, I would let Lovegold House and Park dog-cheap, go back to the City, and, since the disagreeable debt to nature *must*—more's the pity—be one day paid, die in the dear old dingy private counting-house.

In fact, I do, in thought, live there a great part of my time. Were it not so, I should long since have expired of *otium cum dignitate*. Only

those who are, or have been, money-lenders and bill-discounters upon a large scale can realize the fascination which such pursuits exert upon the mind. The sense of power, of superiority, the consciousness, always bubbling in the brain,—simmering, glowing at the heart,—that the happiness, peace, well-being, the weal or woe of suppliants of both sexes, of all ranks and degrees, depend upon your fiat, excite a partly sensuous, partly intellectual, demure delight, compared with which all others—except, it may be, the exercise of absolute imperial or royal authority—are tame and insipid. One need not be a harsh, cruel man—not, at all events, harsh or cruel beyond the average of mankind—to feel the keenest pleasure in the exercise of such a vocation. Is it not Rochefoucauld who says the misfortunes of our dearest friends afford us a secret pleasure?—a feeling, I apprehend, akin to that with which a man, safely sheltered in a building overlooking a tempestuous sea, witnesses, with self-hugging congratulation, the struggling of storm-tost mariners with the winds and waves. Not that he really exults in their danger; very far from that. He would even save them, if he could without peril to himself. It is simply the contrast between his own security and their peril that gives the secret pleasure he would not care to own. This is the instinctive sentiment—are we not all born in sin?—this is the instinctive sentiment, intensified, hardened, often depraved, which sparkles in the brain, and thrills through the veins of the great money-lender, as he contemplates the crowd of would-be borrowers, struggling for dear life in a sea of difficulties, and humbly imploring him, perched high up, rock-seated, to cast them, at whatever charge, a line by which they may at least drag themselves to a place of temporary refuge, and have leisure to look around them. A propensity—a morbid propensity, if you will—to live over again the more exciting of those scenes grows upon one, I have found, in the stagnant serenity of rural retirement. One wishes to talk them over, as it were, with the public; at all events, I confess to feeling such a wish. These revelations, therefore, as far as they go, will be found to contain the faithful record of a career which, though crowned with opulence, civic honours, and the yet more gratifying envy of less successful competitors for the great money prizes in the lottery of life, I would not, were my youth renewed, enter upon again for the world's worth.

The apologetic prologue done, I come at once to My First Step in Life—a not precisely accurate phrase, by-the-bye, my first step proper having been a ludicrous stumble. That, however, will not detain us long. My first *business* step in life is the main subject of this, the preliminary chapter of my experiences as a bill-broker. A brief retrospect is, moreover, necessary to show how irresistibly my destiny has been shaped by the strong god, Circumstance; how far more than ordinarily it has been in my case true that the child is father of the man.

Tempus fugit. It is now about seventy-nine years ago that I was born, in a populous and prospering English county town. My age, con-

sequently, is about that of the United States, the dissolution of which, it seems likely enough—seeing that I am tolerably hale for fourscore,—*your mis-
will precede my own. I mention this circumstance forasmuch that, enable any
by a curious coincidence, if I may so call it, the last important military banded to
event of the American War of Independence, the surrender at Yorktown impalpable
of the small force commanded by Cornwallis to the combined French and dust will
American armies, grievously damaged my prospects; whilst, as will be be scattered
seen, the last great military event of the French war, the battle of Waterloo, to the four
gave me the first really potent push onwards in the way to wealth. winds of
Heaven
before that
event will
occur!*

My father, Timothy Lovegold, was the principal bookseller and stationer in that midland county town. He was also sole agent for the sale of London lottery tickets: a good sort of man, of somewhat crotchety notions, and wholly dominated by anxiety to get on in the world,—a natural proclivity, inherited in abundant measure by his son,—the vital difference being that it brought the father to grief, the son to fortune. Being extremely parsimonious, a widower, myself his only surviving child, the house expenses were comparatively nothing; his business was profitable, in a modest sense, and he had twice or thrice speculated successfully in lottery tickets. The result was, that at my birth he possessed in cash, beyond the requirements of his actual business, about £2,600. That important event—my birth—occurred, as I have said, at about the time the news of Cornwallis's surrender reached England. My father, an eager politician of the pessimist genus, believed, with the great Earl of Chatham and other State Solomons, that the loss of the revolted colonies would be England's swift, utter ruin. An event, therefore, which tended to accelerate that ruin, ought, in the eternal fitness of things, my father argued, to send and keep down the price of the English funds to a very low figure indeed. Acting upon that belief, in the quite justifiable hope of getting something for himself out of the country's inevitable wreck, he, through the medium of a London stock-broker, speculated heavily for a fall. That is to say, he bargained to deliver on the next settling day—distant less than a month—a given amount of stock, at 2 per cent. less than the market price when the time-bargain was struck. Confidently believing, with the renowned Earl of Chatham, that the sun of England had set for ever; that long before settling day that melancholy and, as we may now say, perennial fact would be recognized by the meanest capacity, he had no doubt of being able to buy consols scrip for a mere song; and as the purchaser for time would be compelled to accept said scrip at the agreed price, Timothy Lovegold would in such case have made, for so small a capitalist, a tremendous hit. Unfortunately for him, the stock buyers and stock sellers generally were a stiff-necked race; obstinate disbelievers in England's decline and fall insisting, on the contrary, that the fast-anchored isle would ride more securely in stormy seas when she had finally cut adrift colonies that perversely preferred to be governed by themselves rather, than by Downing Street. Thus it

happened that up, up went the funds, and down, down went my poor father, so that when settling day did come, his £2,600 did not suffice to liquidate "the differences," and he was compelled to make use of moneys in hand that substantially belonged to his creditors.

I err in saying he was *compelled* to do so. Time-bargains in the funds could not then, any more than now, be legally enforced. My father, under the circumstances, should have fallen back upon his legal rights. Not to have done so certainly betrayed a great deficiency of commercial character. Still, he should not be too harshly blamed for yielding to an amiable weakness, which, however, I am thoroughly convinced his son would, painful as the effort might have been, have resolutely refrained from indulging in.

It hardly need be said that I never swallowed that story of the young Spartan thief, who, we are told, silently endured to have his entrails torn out and devoured by the concealed fox, rather than confess to having stolen it; but supposing that outrageous cram to have been simple verity, and that torture may be estimated by duration of suffering, the boy's stubborn fortitude would hardly parallel that of my father, who for full five-and-twenty years concealed beneath a smiling, jocund aspect the to him terrible, unintermittent agony of feeling that he had, by his own rash act, been cast down from commercial eminence, locally viewed, into the black gulf of insolvency, and that, spite of persistent efforts during those long dreadful years to recover himself—often by speculating in lotteries—he was constantly sinking, slowly, surely, into absolute pauperism, whilst all the while the people of the town of —— imagined close-fisted, brisk, cheerful Timothy Lovegold to be about the richest tradesman there. Such a determined keeping up of appearances would be simply insanity in these days, but we must not forget that seventy years ago a vindictive creditor could practically keep his debtor in prison as long as he pleased; and as Timothy Lovegold knew perfectly well that whenever the true state of his affairs came to be disclosed, there would not be sixpence in the pound for his troops of creditors,—almost an army before he died, it being absolutely necessary to open new credits to provide for old ones,—he felt convinced he should be caged for the term of his natural life; and jail—jail being *really* jail in those good old days—he had an invincible horror of. He was barely saved from one by an accident. Passing beneath a scaffolding erected in front of some old houses, which John Westbrook, a speculating builder, was pulling down, with the intention to erect fine, showy ones in their place, a jagged coping-stone fell, not directly upon my poor father, but in such a way that a corner of it struck his right hip, inflicting, as it proved, a mortal hurt.

Towards evening on the third subsequent day the intolerable agony he had been suffering ceased almost suddenly, and he was as gently as possible informed by the medical gentlemen present, that, mortification having, as anticipated, supervened, his time on earth was very, very brief. He

heard the announcement with remarkable firmness, remained silent for a while, then said, in a low, steady voice, "It is as well. I would be alone with my son. Afterwards I will see the Reverend Mr. —, to whom a message should be sent, requesting his immediate presence."

Left with me, my father's terse, pungent counsel was curtly expressed. After needlessly reminding me that he should die hopelessly insolvent, only escaping jail by the gate of the grave, iterating for the thousandth time that poverty—the early chill of which in my young bones, he said, I should probably retain a shuddering recollection of for many and many a year, how prosperous soever those years might be—comprised almost every evil under the sun, he solemnly enjoined me to exert all my efforts to the acquirement of riches. One false step on the threshold of life, which I should really only enter upon after he had quitted it, might, he reminded me, have lasting, fatal results. "Be wary, therefore, from the first. You have one chance of making a good start,—only one. I have appointed you," he continued, with sardonic bitterness—"I have appointed you sole executor of my duly signed, sealed, witnessed, last will and testament, which instrument entitles you to all the property of every kind which I may die possessed of, with the exception of a sum of two hundred pounds bequeathed to your aunt Matilda, which sham bequest supplies the only excuse for making a will in favour of an only son. You need not be in a hurry to swear to the amount of the personals,—not what sum they will be under, you know. The law gives an executor time. No claim can be enforced against the *estate* till the expiration of one year and a day after my decease. That delay may afford the chance I spoke of,—the chance of marrying Dinah Saunders. You have, I believe, long since exchanged vows of mutual affection, constancy, and so forth?"

I said we had, and I expressed a confident opinion that, were Dinah informed I was not worth a penny, her promise to be my wife would be faithfully fulfilled.

"Did I not know thee," said my father, feebly, for life in him was ebbing fast—"did I not know thee to be a clear-seeing, hard-headed, sensible youth, that silly remark of thine would trouble me. Marry Dinah first; there will be plenty of time afterwards to candidly—"

He was interrupted by a gentle tap at the door, followed by the entrance of the Rev. Mr. —. A gesture of my father's bade me leave; I obeyed, and saw him no more in life.

I tried hard to carry out my father's injunction to keep dark as to the state in which he had left his affairs, till, at all events, Dinah Saunders and I were man and wife, but ultimately found it impossible to do so. My very great skill in figures, for which I had always been remarked, my arithmetical, "accountant" brain, helped to render the task impossible. My father could not have known the real state of his affairs. That he had been for a quarter of a century insolvent, of course he knew; but the extent

of the insolvency in the latter days thereof, the grave questions which certain liabilities involved, he had not dared to face, scarcely to think of. It required a month's incessant labour on my part to evolve a clear, intelligible balance-sheet from out the bound-up leaves of ruled paper, scribbled over with miscellaneous entries, confused and to me confusing memoranda, blotted with erasures, upon which were inscribed, "Day Book," "Cash Book," "Stock Book," "Bill Book," "Ledger," &c., &c. The result finally arrived at was, a deficiency of a trifle under ten thousand pounds. To account for such an enormous deficit, I need only mention that my father had greatly increased—I mean, *pushed*—his trade; that his business premises had been gradually enlarged to thrice their original dimensions, and decorated in the first style of shop upholstery. He had, too, obtained the agency of the Sun Fire and Life Assurance Office, the debt to which, and the large sum he owed the lottery contractors for moneys received, worried and alarmed me most of all.

It could, however, avail nothing to whimper over spilled milk, and I resolutely addressed myself to the pressing question of what was to be *done*. That perplexing query naturally brought Michael Saunders and his daughter Dinah into the foreground of my mental survey, the perspective of which, even when illumined by the light of their friendly faces, was not very brilliant. "Michael Saunders"—it was thus I meditated the chief factors in the calculation to be worked out—"Michael Saunders,—I am afraid, though they deny it, judging by the two Old Testament baptismal names, his hooked nose, and Dinah's dark eyes, there must be Jewish blood in their veins,—Michael Saunders, I say, came here about ten years ago, whence, no one knew, attracted by the large building speculations going on. He advances money upon skeletons of houses, as they rise from one story to another; takes a bill on demand, bearing interest for money advanced, gets a thundering commission, of course, and a warrant of attorney authorizing him to sign judgment, should default be made. As a rule, default *is* made, whereupon that pettifogging rascal of an attorney, Jacobs (to whom I suspect Saunders pays a small annual salary, himself pocketing costs), issues out a writ, and signs judgment forthwith. Fresh terms, of course, to be made with the creditor, and precious profitable terms for old Mike I happen to know they were. A winning game. that. He must have made a mint of

delving in that mine, eh? How much up to this time do you make the sum total to be?—five figures at least, I'll answer for it. You are a fortunate fellow, Andrew—a real merry Andrew, eh? Dinah, silly wench, is afraid you are killing yourself—bringing her sweetheart into a consumption, with poring over those nasty books. Just, I say, Andrew, as if counting one's money ain't the most delightful, bracing exercise a man can take. Well, her portion is to match your inheritance—that's agreed. I shall be able to stand word, never fear. Mike Saunders wasn't born yesterday!' And away he goes, to return again, perhaps the same day, and rattle on as before. Is"—I again ask myself—"is such a man likely, if I frankly spread out before him a balance-sheet, showing ten thousand pounds balance on the wrong side of the account, to give me Dinah, and, say, five thousand? Upon reflection I say he is not—decidedly not! Then, as regards Dinah herself. A very nice girl is Dinah—a simple-minded, tender-hearted damsel; not, perhaps, exactly handsome, though she has those Jewess eyes, but having wonderfully fascinating ways with her; remarkably fond of me—that is a reliable fact, and my sheet anchor. Only yester evening, when we were out together for a walk, and I, as broadly as I could find courage to put it, hinted at the dear delight of a stolen, private wedding, in comparison with a vulgar, humdrum one; dear Dinah said,—her dark eyes, as she smiled with a saucy tenderness, as I may say, in my face, flashing with brightest lustre,—‘Andrew dear, I am content to be married as you please, privately or publicly. I almost wish,’ she added, with a fond, melting sigh—‘I almost wish, to prove my sincerity, that what old Jacobs is setting about were true. He hints—more than hints, indeed—that your father died a pauper!’ Didn't my heart leap into my mouth? Ah! I was about to utter—I know not what, a malediction, probably, upon Jacobs, but was checked by Dinah's merry laugh. ‘Why, Andrew, you silly goose, what can such a thing as an old curmudgeon has said signify, even supposing he spoke the truth?’ At that moment the father and Jacobs himself joined us. Of course no more was said upon the subject; I bade Dinah good night, and came home, a good deal excited—very foolishly so, as I now perceive. Dear, ingenuous Dinah! Is it not clear, by her own spontaneous avowal, that she lives for me—for myself alone? The ice is broken—my painful task half accomplished. To hesitate any longer would be suicidal folly. In a few days, at farthest, I make a clean breast of it. The dear girl, who with such warmth of sincerity has declared that even should what that old villain Jacobs has set about prove true, it would work no change in her, is an only child, the very apple of her father's eye. What, then, have I to fear? Nothing—nothing whatever. The game is won. I have only to claim the precious prize.”

The foregoing is, I think, a pretty accurate summary of my mental maunderings, whilst chewing the cud of sweet and bitter meditation, the latter flavour, it will be observed, greatly preponderating anent my chances

of success with Dinah Saunders, except the last few phrases, which were simply simulated braggadocio. I felt confoundedly afraid, spite of dear Dinah's pretty protestations, of the result of an *éclaircissement*, and I should probably have long postponed making it, but that the very next morning two post letters arrived from London,—one from the Sun Fire Office, the other from Mr. Bish, the great lottery contractor. The confidential agents of the two establishments would arrive the next day, to verify the accounts transmitted by the deceased Mr. Timothy Lovegold, and arrange for a settlement of the same.

Folly to attempt further concealment. Before the confidential agents had been three hours in —, the state in which my father left his affairs would be as well known as if proclamation thereof had been made by the town crier. It behoved me to write to Mr. Michael Saunders immediately. I did so, concluding with reference to Miss Saunders in the rhapsodically heroic, self-sacrificing style. The more fool I! though it would have come to the same thing in whatever epistolary form I had dealt with the dread fact, that I, having nothing, vehemently desired to obtain the divine Dinah and her dowry.

About two hours had passed when Mr. Saunders made his appearance. His manner was grave, but he shook hands with me in, I faintly tried to believe, quite a fatherly manner. After a few solemn condolent common-places, he came at once and briskly to the point.

"Your letter is a very proper one, Andrew," said he; "sensible, well expressed,—very. It does you credit; Dinah was greatly pleased. It has, if possible, increased her previous good opinion of you—"

"Then, dear Dinah——" Lord! how my back seemed to open and shut! and I now flushed to red heat, now shivered with cold. "Then, dear Dinah——" I could get no further.

"Yes; Dinah thinks as I do, that, finding yourself placed in so painful, so trying a position, you have behaved very properly indeed, considering what has passed. As you remark, you are young, able, industrious; the world is all before you, and as fortune seldom fails to smile upon the bold and skilful, there is no reason to doubt that, after a few years—seven or eight, perhaps, not to be too sanguine—you may have attained a position which would justify a renewal of your addresses to Miss Saunders, should you be so minded, and Dinah had not got married in the interim. As you rightly observe, my dear Andrew," continued the mocking old villain, bringing his eye-glass to bear upon a part of my letter, held open in his hand—"as you rightly observe, my dear Andrew, 'love, to be really love, must be free, unfettered, bound by no conventional ties, ruled solely by its own sweet constraint.' Very pretty indeed; Dinah was so pleased that she has underlined the passage in pencil,—look."

If the effort to keep down my tears—tears of rage, of bitterest mortification—had left me the power, and I could have cleared my choking throat, unquestionably I should have roared out, "Confusion upon Dinah,

and you too !” As it was, I bowed down my head, covering my face with my outspread palms, and answering not a word.

“You are not quite yourself, Andrew, and no wonder,” I presently, as if in a dream, heard Michael Saunders say. “Don’t be cast down ; I will leave you now. Three or four hours hence I may return, as I have an important proposal to make—a business proposal.”

The violence of my emotion quickly subsided,—rage was rebuked by indignation. Dinah—I could not really have been in love, as it is called ; in fact, I don’t believe mine is the sort of clay of which lovers are framed, and I thank my lucky stars for it,—Dinah—mercenary, deceitful Dinah—might go to the devil. The wise king’s injunction, slightly altered,—“Get riches, my son, and with all thy getting get riches,” should be, in future, the one aim of my life, the constant task of my brain, from which I would for ever banish all sentimental stuff, all trivial *fond* foolery. I have well kept the vow made at that, the turning point of my life.

It is remarkable how quickly one sensible resolve begets others. They breed as fast as bad habits. I had foolishly thought to have taken out probate of my father’s will, to have administered the “estate.” I would do no such thing. On the morrow I would deliver up the keys of the premises to the confidential agents, if they would accept the same ; if not, to the landlord, and wash my hands of the business. They might have the stock, book debts, furniture—everything they could lay their hands upon, and welcome for me, except the plate and ready money in hand, which, being a son and heir’s undoubted perquisites under such circumstances, they should *not* lay hands upon—certainly not. I had settled that and other trifling incidental matters, when Michael Saunders returned. He appeared not a little surprised to find me in such a gay humour. Instead of a great baby, snivelling and sighing about the lost Dinah—who, by-the-bye, had, in my private opinion, acted with great good sense,—he met with a man of business, ready to do valiant battle with the world, and confident to win, if he should have half a chance. Yes, *man* of business. I was half a dozen years at least older in virile resolution, hard, hardening common sense, than when he left me with a finger in my eye, refusing to be comforted, because Dinah and her dowry had slipped through my eager fingers.

“Now, if you please, Mr. Saunders, what is the proposal, the business proposal you spoke of?”

“I am in want of a skilful accountant. You are a heaven-born accountant.”

“May be so ;—heaven or the other place. Salary ? Hours of attendance ?”

“Two pounds per week ; from ten till four.”

“Agreed : I will be at your office at ten to-morrow.”

“You need not be apprehensive, Andrew,” said Michael Saunders,

turning back as he was about to pass forth, and speaking with some hesitation—"you need not be apprehensive, Andrew, of meeting with Dinah; my daughter starts this very evening on a long visit to John Westbrook, the eminent builder, at his country place."

"Change of scene, eh, to bind up the broken spirit?—blunt the arrows of disappointment? Ah, dear! the course of true love never *did* run smooth; and I know how tender of heart Dinah is; how sensitive, how everything of that sort, in fact. It will comfort Miss Saunders to know how soon and completely I have recovered from the dreadful shock."

"That's enough—that's enough," said the old man, with a laugh. "There's a pair of you. It's almost a pity you can't team together; you'd have been well matched. Good-bye."

"Good evening.—May I ask Miss Saunders the favour of presenting my congratulatory compliments to Lieutenant Westbrook, the eminent builder's son? He and I, if you remember, were schoolfellows. I hear he is recovering from the wound he received at the battle of Corunna."

Michael Saunders shook his head and his cane at me with laughing good humour, and went his way. Here ends the history of My First Stumble, precursor of My First Step in Life.

No special skill was required to set Mr. Michael Saunders's books in order; mere patient drudgery, nothing more. His floating capital I found to be something over twenty-five thousand pounds, quite double the sum he possessed when he came to seek whom he might devour in my native town. He must have turned over his money smartly to have accomplished so much in so short a time, and my respect for him, my regret for having missed Miss Dinah, greatly increased in fervency. A safe business, too. About thirteen thousand pounds, more than half his capital, were represented by bills at three months, accepted by John Westbrook, the understanding being that they were to be constantly renewed so long as Westbrook chose, Michael Saunders holding as substantive, collateral security, mortgages upon the houses, thirty-eight in number, built by the eminent Westbrook, and all let to respectable tenants at an average yearly rental of thirty pounds. There could be no risk in such transactions as these. As I had suspected, Emanuel Jacobs contracted to do all Mr. Saunders's law business for a small annual salary; and as all the mortgages upon Westbrook's properties had been drawn up by Jacobs, and he and Westbrook were remarkably close friends, I concluded that the lawyer found the builder to be a much more liberal paymaster than Mr. Michael Saunders. The rest of Mr. Saunders's capital—over twelve thousand pounds—was invested in ground leases, and loaned out in varying sums to the smaller fry of builders, which loans were profitably worked by that lender in the manner previously described.

I had not been three days in Mr. Saunders's office before I discovered

that my presence there greatly annoyed Westbrook and Jacobs ; the former pretended to fear that I should blab of his affairs, whisper about the town that Michael Saunders had all his sheepskins under lock and key. The lawyer, being of the same opinion, was alarmed for his friend's credit, which such a report or statement would grievously damage. Michael Saunders spoke to me on the subject. I was indignant that any one should suspect I could be guilty of such a breach of confidence, and freely expressed my indignation. Mr. Saunders was perfectly satisfied, and as I, from my knowledge of the town, and in very many instances of the circumstances of the inhabitants, was of essential service to him, and, moreover, kept his books in apple-pie order, he would not hear of dismissing me. Finding that to be the case, both builder and lawyer veered round at once to the opposite side of the compass. They were both civility itself,—sometimes oppressively so ; and one day, after I had been about a month with Michael Saunders, Mr. Westbrook positively forced a twenty-pound Bank of England note upon my acceptance. Not that much forcing was required ; the slow closing of my hand upon the piece of paper, the crisp feel of which is so pleasant, having been solely caused by astonishment at the liberality of the giver. Afterwards, when I had recovered myself, queer doubts and suspicions arose in my mind. What the deuce could that superfine civility to a common clerk, and that twenty-pound Bank of England note, mean ? Had that tremendously long account of John Westbrook, Dr. to Michael Saunders, been in some way cooked, garbled, falsified ? No : I went over it again and again—examined the vouchers. Perfectly correct ; not the shadow of a blot could I hit. I had misjudged a worthy, liberal, singularly liberal man. Or might it not be that my father, having met his death through, as some believed, the carelessness of Mr. Westbrook's men, he—influenced by a feeling which, at a time when Lord Campbell's now much lauded act would have been scouted as a monstrous absurdity, could only be looked upon as a fantastic, puerile tenderness of conscience—intended by his gift to make me some slight compensation for that great loss ? It might just possibly be so.

About a week after the bank note incident, a new and yet greater surprise awaited me. I was alone in the office when Mr. Westbrook called, and with much warmth of expression invited me to pay him, Mrs. and Miss Westbrook, and my old schoolfellow, Lieutenant Westbrook, a visit at his country place, Holly Lodge.

"There is to be a general holiday," said he, "on Monday"—(I rather think that general holiday was Jubilee day, when George III. had reigned fifty years)—"there is to be a general holiday on Monday, so you had better come over on Saturday evening, that we may have the pleasure of your company for two whole days."

Before I could get out a word, in walked Michael Saunders.

"I have been inviting Lovegold," said Mr. Westbrook, turning to the

governor, "to come over to Holly Lodge on Saturday, and remain with us till Tuesday morning."

"Do, Andrew," said Michael Saunders. "Lieutenant Westbrook wishes particularly to see you; and," continued the old fellow, his black eyes twinkling merrily—"and Dinah insists upon your acceptance of the invitation. Bless me! how the youth blushes and stares!" he added, with a loud laugh. "But come; let you and me, Westbrook, be off, or we shall be late. Andrew will be your guest, never fear."

No doubt I did blush—redden, more properly—and stare. What, in the name of Beelzebub, was in the wind? Miss Dinah, too, insisted! I didn't care a button for her civility, nor for herself either. At least—Well, since the inviters could have no sinister design, either upon my plethoric purse or precious self, it might be as well to go and ascertain, if I could, what new game was on the cards! I might even find it worth while to take a hand myself. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, says a great authority, yields a careful man work. *A fortiori*, why not, then, a friendly party of borrowers and lenders, misers and spenders, old men and youths, marriageable maids and unappropriated bachelors?

Holly Lodge was a very nice place, and the company assembled there very nice company, with the exception of Emanuel Jacobs—(how I hated that fellow! I wonder whether I unconsciously recognized in him a villainously exaggerated caricature likeness of myself?)—with the exception of Emanuel Jacobs, who seemed incapable, even for once in a way, of casting off the slimy slough of avaricious greed and low cunning with which a natural baseness of nature, diligently cultivated, had encrusted him. Mr. Michael Saunders was boisterously gleesome; but that should be the normal condition of a hale man worth £25,000, and free from gout and stone. The corrugated line of painful thought across Mr. Westbrook's ample brow, his nervous, starting manner—which had more than once set me thinking, notwithstanding the account was so correctly clear—had disappeared; he was the calm, cheerful, *suave* host. I was greatly taken with Mrs. Westbrook, whom I had never before seen. A charming woman, nobly planned. Such a matronly, gentle, star-lit face; such mild courteousness of manner; so sweet, so sadly sweet, a smile! And what a contrast to her daughter, Clara Westbrook! a damsel full—running over—with animal spirits; gay, chirrupy as a lark, and saucy as Youth conscious of remarkable comeliness. Had I not already made an idiot of myself in that line, and had I not been aware that Mr. Westbrook's thirty-eight fine houses were, or finally would be, swallowed up in the devil's exchequer, I might—the young lady being wonderfully gracious—have gone in for the glittering prize. As it was, I could without the slightest danger permit myself to admire and be amused by the pretty, sprightly damsel. But to finish with my *catalogue raisonné* of the company assembled upon that momentous occasion at Holly Lodge. Lieutenant Westbrook, who welcomed me kindly, was grown into a fine, soldierly-looking young man,—soldierly not only in

his aspect and bearing, but in spooney simplicity,—though I need not talk about that, goodness knows! where damselkind are concerned, equal in station,—and the soldier is a raw lover. Dinah, demure—yes, demure Dinah—had entangled him; and if he didn't soon bolt to the far less dangerous wars, he would to a certainty be brought into hopeless captivity and—laughed at. The mischievous baggage of course knew where the young hero's father's sheepskins were, and would as soon marry her father's clerk as a man rejoicing in the full pay of eight-and-six per diem, merely because he wore a scarlet coat. (Which just shows how much I knew about it.) Didn't the artful hussy play him nicely!—sun his sorrows when he was relating some distressful stroke of battle by which he had lost a dear friend—an attached comrade, in the languishing light of those daughter-of-Judah's eyes of hers! And didn't the delicate, semi-transparent lace tucker rise and fall with sympathizing emotion when he discoursed—which was quite often enough—of the sufferings, privations, perils he himself had gone through during General Moore's midwinter retreat! It's really wonderful how easily and completely *l'esprit vient aux filles*.

The newly-fledged warrior was not, however, so securely netted but that he might at any moment break through and escape—a catastrophe for the prevention of which I had been especially invited to Holly Lodge. True as I live; and preciously mystified was I at first by a game in which I was made to figure as trump card whether I would or not. It was a conspiracy to play me off against the hesitating, shilly-shally lieutenant. Mr. Westbrook, naturally anxious that his son should marry the rich and only daughter of his chief and very heavy creditor; Mrs. Westbrook, who, however, I was quite sure, acted *bona fide*, did really believe—bless the woman's five senses!—that, should her son neglect the opportunity, Dinah, partly out of pique, partly to reward a devoted, faithful lover, would marry me; Miss Clara, whose sharp eyes must have more than once caught a glimpse of the sandy foundation upon which their house was built, and thoroughly impressed with the truth of the axiom that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; were eagerly solicitous that there should be no delay. As to Dinah, she of course was simply desirous of triumphing over another fool; and her father, for whom the jade's capricious will was law, merely lent himself to the farce to please her. Even that detestable old Jacobs helped, in his awkward way, to carry out the plot, though why he should concern himself with such nonsense was a puzzler.

The thing was managed capitally,—so capitally, that I had not been many hours in the place before I began to have some doubts whether I might not be, unknown to myself, a half-hopeful, half-despairing, wholly devoted, nearly broken-hearted lover! Miss Dinah—confound her!—would at times, when she *felt* the lieutenant was observing us, favour me with a sunny yet sorrowful smile, tenderly commiserative of my bitter griefs; then, suddenly recollecting how cruel it was to add fuel to the already consuming flame, snatch herself back into a cold stateliness of

reserve. Miss Clara's part was to come considerably to my relief, whenever her brother and Dinah were sitting side by side and talking to each other in low, familiar, confidential tones. She would draw me immediately away to view a picture, or she would volunteer to sing a song, take a stroll with me through the grounds, and so on. There were many other such like tricks, which, foolery as it all was, had the manifest effect of exciting the lieutenant's jealousy; and but for a scrap of dialogue between him and his sister which I happened to overhear, I, who was fast getting tired of being made to cut such a ridiculous figure, should have made bold to open his eyes to the real meaning of what was going on. Very fortunate for him, for his sister, mother, father, that I did not. That, however, was no merit of mine.

I was in the conservatory, stooping over some flowers, and completely concealed by large shrubs from any one who should pass along the centre passage, when I heard voices approaching—those of Lieutenant and Clara Westbrook. My own name was mentioned, and I kept still and silent, to find out what the brother and sister had to say of my worthy self. They stopped to examine some plants but a few yards from where I crouched—listening. Presently Clara said, in an entreative tone,—

“Do, Arthur dear, propose to Miss Saunders at once. A day's delay may cause you a life's regret.”

“My dear Clara,” replied the somewhat irritated young soldier, “I tell you again that I have reported myself fit for immediate service, and expect hourly an order to join my regiment in Portugal, the behaviour of which at the passage of the Douro is in everybody's mouth. What would people say of me—what should I think of myself—if I resigned my commission at the very crisis of such a tremendous struggle as that in which England is engaged?”

“What people might say would signify very little, my dear Arthur. Besides, you need not resign your commission immediately. Indulge yourself in another pleasant campaign, like the last, if you will; only *marry Dinah Saunders first*. Espouse her privately; she will consent, never fear. We girls know each other pretty well; and so well, Arthur, do I know Dinah, that if you should leave without marrying her, I am positive she will, if only to show her spirit, give her hand to that money-grubbing Lovegold, who, you *must* see, so dotes upon—worships her.”

“Tush! If Lovegold is at all in love, it is, I suspect, with Miss Saunders' money. And as for Dinah condescending to marry such a mahogany-faced, hump-backed beggar as he, the idea is absurd.”

think that under any circumstances Dinah Saunders would throw herself away upon Andrew Lovegold. Besides—”

Here the voices died away into indistinctness.

“Mahogany-faced, hump-backed beggar, eh?” I exclaimed, emerging very hot and angry into the open space, as soon as the coast was quite clear. “Mahogany-faced, hump-backed beggar, eh, my worthy lieutenant? Take care the person whose portrait you draw in such flattering colours does not enable Dinah Saunders to make an egregious ass of your noble, handsome self, that’s all.”

I went at it with a will, playing the part of a devoted, submissive, temporarily-rebuked, but far from hopeless, despairing lover, to such perfection, that Dinah, and perhaps Clara Westbrook, believed it was serious earnest; while it greatly disturbed the lieutenant, whom I finally polished off by seizing an opportunity, as Dinah left and Arthur Westbrook entered a room where she and I had been conversing for a few minutes, by exclaiming, with rapturously clasped, uplifted hands, looking after her, and affecting not to be aware of the lieutenant’s entrance,—

“Dear, beauteous, compassionate angel! You will be mine—you will be mine at last, and before long! I feel a blissful assurance that you will! But a few days, and that conceited puppy of a lieutenant will be gone; then—then! . . . The rapturous anticipation makes me faint, giddy; I must go out into the air. Beauteous, blessed Dinah!”

And without turning round I made my exit by the way she had gone, with outstretched arms, and gazing upon nothing with intense earnestness, after the fashion I had observed in stage lovers.

“There, my gay lieutenant,” chuckled I, “if the mahogany-faced, hump-backed beggar has not been too many guns for you, I am very much mistaken.”

Monday evening arrived; and about three hours after the scene just described, Mr. Westbrook, his wife, daughter, Dinah Saunders, and the lieutenant entered the dining-room, where I had been sitting *solus* for some time. Michael Saunders left early in the day. Emanuel Jacobs, not at all the better for the wine he had taken, had been gone about an hour. I fully intended stopping, pursuant to invitation, till the next morning, hoping that by that time our little play would be played out; but thought it only decorous, as soon as the company were seated, to intimate that it was full time I was jogging, not doubting that Mr. Westbrook would refuse to hear of such a thing.

“Many thanks, sir—madam, for your friendly hospitality. My visit to Holly Lodge has been a most pleasant one; I shall often think of it. But I must be going now that evening is drawing on.”

“True,” said Mr. Westbrook, “evening is fast drawing on; but it will be fine and clear. If you step out briskly you will reach home before dark.”

Cursed cool, that, at all events! Quite clear that I was a sucked

orange, and might be flung out of door or window without ceremony. I became in a moment extremely warm and uncomfortable,—made not so much so by Mr. Westbrook's curt consent to my going, as by the excited, mutually intelligent glances exchanged, fast as one's pulse beats, by Mrs. W., Miss W., Dinah, and that insolent puppy of a lieutenant. And Mr. Westbrook looked, it seemed to me, ten years younger at least than he did three hours before. Was it possible that, thanks to me, Arthur Westbrook had proposed, been seriously accepted, and was going to marry old Saunders' heiress? By Jove! it looked very much like it.

"If ever you, Andrew Lovegold," exclaimed I aloud, as I passed out of the grounds with my carpet bag into the high road—"if ever you, Andrew Lovegold, meddle or make again in feminine matters, you ought to be dragged through a horse-pond, and then set in the stocks to dry. Well, if Dinah dupes me a *third* time, I'll forgive her."

I remember that my angry, inflamed musings—I had made tolerably free with the wine—were abruptly cut short by the sight of a black leather pocket-book lying directly in the middle of the bridle-path upon which I had just entered. I took it in my hand; found it tied round with black tape: there was no other fastening; and how should I know where to find the owner unless, by opening it, I could ascertain his or her address? It was all very well to affect that excuse, but the truth is, I felt pretty sure that the pocket-book belonged to Emanuel Jacobs, who being, as previously hinted, more than half-seas-over, had probably pulled it out of his pocket with his handkerchief, without perceiving he had done so.

I felt a strong desire to see the contents of that pocket-book. They would, I felt persuaded, solve some harassing doubts which, as the reader is aware, had perplexed me not a little. After all, where would be the moral harm? I should not steal any bank notes or other valuable security it might contain. Finally I loosened the black tape, and withdrawing a little on one side of the path to the covert of an adjoining coppice, I glanced over the papers,—very few in number, and of no significance, except two scraps, the writing upon which was apparently in a disguised hand, and bore no signature, and a receipt in favour of Emanuel Jacobs for twenty pounds, being payment for a passage from Liverpool to New York in the good ship *Bremen*, to sail on the 4th of the next month. Without a

hension, not drink. He could not fail to see the pocket-book; and when he did so, while still distant therefrom some twenty yards, he rushed towards it as if about to save a human life from destruction. Quickly, with hands trembling with but as yet half-assured joy, he undid the tape, opened the book, caught up, counted, examined the papers.

"All right! all right! Thank God! thank God!" he gasped, and again tottering resumed his way homeward.

I followed, after a sufficient interval; and having reached my lodgings, read, re-read, pondered the unsigned papers I had copied,—pondered long thereupon; finally determined to take calm counsel of the silent night before acting or determining how to act; lay down, and, my course of action in all imaginable contingencies lying at last plain before me, fell sound asleep.

The next morning, directly Mr. Michael Saunders appeared in the office, I requested a week's leave of absence. I had important business of my own to transact in London, which could not be delayed. Mr. Saunders could offer no objection, and I left by that night's mail.

I was absent just one week. On my return, I found Michael Saunders in the office, impatiently transacting some trifling but indispensable business, and otherwise in hilarious glee. His face was rosy with wine; and from the first floor overhead came bursts of merriment, joined in by both male and female voices. I guessed the cause, and heartily hoped I might not be mistaken.

"Andrew," said Saunders, with chuckling glee, as soon as the matter he had been engaged in was despatched—"Andrew, my boy, such a surprise! Didn't know it myself till about two this afternoon. That jade Dinah is married!—has been married about a week,—private, you know, fearing cross old dad wouldn't consent. Ha! ha! Did you ever? Ain't she a spirit? Ain't Dinah a wonder? But, bless me! I forgot, I should have broken the news to you more gently."

"Never mind about that, Mr. Saunders; your daughter is positively Lieutenant Westbrook's wife?"

"To be sure she is; has been, I tell you, nearly a week."

"I am very glad to hear it,—very glad."

"Well, now, that's handsome, that's generous. By-the-bye, Andrew, Di. says it was your wheedling tongue that first put the notion of a private, secret marriage in her head. But come, let us go up-stairs; they will all be glad to see you."

"Not to-night, thank you; I am too fatigued. I suppose you give the bride a rich dowry?"

"To be sure I do; who else have I worked, who else am I now working for? I shall give her half I possess down on the nail: seven thousand pounds in cash, six thousand in father-in-law's mortgages; that is settled already. Bless her! if I live another twenty years, the remaining thirteen thousand shall be doubled for her at least."

"Lieutenant Westbrook is a lucky man. Good night, sir; I shall not be very early at the office to-morrow."

"All right. Don't fret, Andrew; Di. couldn't marry everybody, you know. Good night."

"You express in this note," said Mr. Westbrook, addressing me as soon as I had seated myself in his private counting-house—"you express a wish, Mr. Lovegold, in this note, to see me alone,—strictly alone,—upon important business affecting myself and family. What may that very important business be?"

"I am just returned from London, where I have seen and conversed with Mr. Philip Burbage, of Coleman Street.—It is quite needless, Mr. Westbrook, to start up and cry out as if a tiger were about to spring at your throat. I am a considerate young man, desirous of getting on in the world, and of reconciling, if possible, your interests with mine. Your daughter's marriage, upon which I heartily congratulate you, and for which piece of good fortune you have in some degree to thank me, may wonderfully facilitate matters."

"What is it you mean?—what do you propose? Good God! I shall lose my senses. What is it you say? What right have you to pry into my affairs? What do you *know*?" he added, with badly assumed fierceness.

"As to what right, Mr. Westbrook, I had to acquaint myself with your affairs, that would lead to an ethical discussion in which we might both lose our tempers, which would be a misfortune. What I *know* of them may be briefly stated. I know—'tis no matter *how* I came to know, but I *do* know—that Mr. Philip Burbage fancies, believes, at this moment,—at this moment, clearly understand,—Mr. Philip Burbage has not the slightest doubt at this moment, that he holds eleven *bona fide* available mortgage deeds of yours, upon Nos. 1 to 6, inclusive, of the houses in Claremont Terrace; upon Nos. 3 to 6, inclusive, of the houses in Spring Gardens; gross amount with interest up to this date, three thousand nine hundred and twenty-three pounds nine shillings and sixpence. Here is the memorandum in his own handwriting."

"Which amount," gasped poor Westbrook, letting the piece of paper fall from his nerveless grasp on the floor—"which amount he would have received this week. Oh, God!"

"Which amount, Mr. Westbrook, he *will* receive this week. I have promised he shall on your behalf, if, upon examination, I found the amount correctly stated."

"You—you—"

"I—I. You have not been in the faintest degree compromised by me as yet. But Number One, you know—who should know better?—*will* put in his claim. Now I, Mr. Westbrook, of course know, as you know, that the true mortgage deeds of those houses—deeds of which your

friend Emanuel Jacobs has made fictitious copies (to put it mildly)—are safe in Mr. Michael Saunders'—your son's father-in-law's, that's better—iron chest."

Mr. Westbrook groaned; interpreting which to mean,—“Go on; I have nothing myself to say at present,” I continued,—

“In your son's father-in-law's iron chest. Good, very good. Approaching the unpleasant aspect of the situation, I have to remind you of Mr. Philip Burbage's well-earned reputation as an inexorable upholder of the law, however harsh that law. Why, it is not, as you must remember, more than six months ago that, finding himself in possession of a forged acceptance for, I think, a paltry fifty pounds, he positively refused to give it up, though ten times the amount was said to have been offered for it, and that, as a necessary consequence, the wretched offender was—*them!*—hanged.”

Mr. Westbrook trembled very much, but said nothing, remaining with his head bowed down upon the office table for several minutes. At last, without looking up, he inquired how I could have ascertained the particulars of the mortgages held by Mr. Burbage without directly or indirectly compromising him (Mr. Westbrook). I hastened to reassure him upon that very important point, and was delighted to have it in my power to do so; a feeling for which, I am sure, those of my readers who are themselves of a merciful, considerate disposition, will give me credit.

“My dear Mr. Westbrook, make yourself perfectly easy as to that—perfectly easy. The truth is, a scrap of paper happened—no matter by what means—to fall into my hands, which contained a list of the mortgages held by Mr. Burbage; armed with which knowledge, I boldly presented myself to that gentleman, deputed by you—”

“Deputed by me?”

“Yes, to be sure; deputed by you: who else? I am young in years, but, God bless you! I can walk amidst burning ploughshares as warily as men who have had ten times my experience: always excepting when there are young women concerned; *then* I am as weak as my fellow-mortals.”

“Burbage gave you the account supposing you to be my clerk?”

“No, no! oh dear no! I was Mr. Saunders' clerk; which Mr. Saunders, having already heavy mortgages on your property, was about agreeing with you to pay off those held by Mr. Burbage, with the intention, it might be—but in that respect I was not in my employer's confidence—of giving you a round sum in addition for the freehold. Nothing could be more satisfactory, especially as it happens that Mr. Burbage has need of the money, and intended to foreclose immediately.”

“I know he did—have known it these six weeks past, and have scarcely closed my eyes since. Oh misery! oh sin! oh shame!”

“The unpleasant affair,” continued I, “can be settled as easily as one puts on a glove. All the money required can be, of course, easily obtained out of the bride's fortune, upon some neat pretext or other.”

"Yes, yes; that is arranged—settled."

"Then what on earth is there to fret, to grieve, to be alarmed about? I start with the money to-morrow evening, accompanied by you if it be thought desirable. We pay principal and interest, obtain possession of the mortgage deeds, and then Burbage may, if he likes, go and hang *himself* instead of other people, by way of variety."

"You have not breathed a word of this to Mr. Saunders?"

"Not half a word,—not a syllable,—not a letter. Never shall to any human being; that is, of course, supposing that you and I—but of course we shall."

"I comprehend your drift, Mr. Lovegold. Tell me in a word, what is it you want?—how much for yourself?"

"You must really excuse me, Mr. Westbrook; I really can have nothing to say for myself upon the subject. Hitherto I have done all the talking; it is your turn now. Stop one moment, sir; there are one or two items of consequence which you should not lose sight of. Jacobs sails for New York on the 4th proximo. I will undertake to see that worthy safe on board, and bring to you every scrap of paper which it may be undesirable to leave in his possession. Of course, the rascal has covenanted for a good round sum?"

"Yes; five hundred pounds."

"Moderate, very moderate. To be sure he is *particeps*—Ahem! The next consideration to be duly taken into account is this: it is often extremely unpleasant to meet with certain persons—though in themselves they may be agreeable individuals enough—in consequence of certain associations connected with them. The same with places. Now this town is a pleasant enough town; one may say it is a charming town; and yet I have taken such a dislike to it—from association, my father's downfall for example—that if I have the means of remaining away—though I have a good berth with Mr. Saunders—I shall certainly not return here, if I go with or without you, Mr. Westbrook, to London, for many and many a year,—if ever—if ever!"

Mr. Westbrook drew a sheet of paper towards him, seized a pen, wrote something (he was not half a minute about it), and then pushed the paper towards me.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Well, yes; you might be sure I should not be unreasonable. What time to-morrow shall I see you?"

"At eleven. I shall not go with you to London. Better not. You can take the money, and transmit the mortgage deeds through my bankers."

"Just so. And settle with that scoundrel Emanuel Jacobs?"

"If you please."

As soon as I was again in the street, and had again glanced over the few words on the sheet of paper, I sincerely congratulated myself upon having had to do with one of the lords instead of one of the ladies

of creation. Quite certainly, Dinah or Clara would have felt perfectly sure that I could never have dishonoured Mr. Westbrook, my only patron's daughter's father-in-law. Absurd! What, moreover, would it have profited me to do so? In which case, the compensating figure offered would have been comparatively a very tiny one; no doubt about that!

Mr. Burbage received his money, and I received the mortgage deeds, which I immediately despatched to John Westbrook, per favour of Messrs. Lubbock and Co., bankers. That transaction was satisfactorily closed.

I had next to see Emanuel Jacobs; next to see him off. The fellow tried to fight shy of me, but finding that would not answer, a meeting was appointed. Now it greatly shocked my moral sense, that such a person should receive the immense sum of five hundred pounds as the reward of villany, in addition to former plunder. I therefore conceived it to be a duty on my part to get rid of and silence him for a much less sum. I did not find the task so difficult as I feared it would be. Having first frightened him almost into fits, he readily surrendered all the papers I required,—every scrap, in fact, he had about him, or with his scanty luggage, went on board the *Bremen* like a lamb, and when, just before stepping into a shore-boat off Gravesend, I placed a bag containing fifty sovereigns in his hand, his gratitude was unbounded, obstreperous. Thus was finally accomplished My First Step in Life, which, all things considered, may be said to have been a fairly successful one.

BEETHOVEN.

WE rejoice to find that a reaction has commenced, from what may be called the Sensualistic school in music, to that which we may term the Idealistic, and which claims Beethoven as one of its ablest masters. And so it is that of late years the works of the illustrious German have had, both in public and private, that prominence assigned to them which hitherto was monopolized by a species of composition originating in Italy, and framed to pander to the passions of a depraved popular taste. There was no one who held this school in deeper abhorrence than Beethoven. He could scarcely be reconciled to even its most brilliant triumphs,—for instance, the “Don Giovanni” of Mozart. It seems evident, then, that one aim Beethoven had in view was to create a revulsion of feeling in favour of what he deemed a more exalted realization of the province of music. To this cause—his desire to revolutionize—may, no doubt, be attributed the cold reception which his works encountered at the hands of those who were resolved to adhere to old notions.

But genius is hardly ever acknowledged by the age on which it flashes. A few of the satellites, in the shape of intimate friends, which revolve around the luminary and reflect its light, are alone cognizant of the radiance. Any perception, however, of its splendour, beyond the orbit of these satellites, is, perhaps, never found existing; whether it be that the blaze of true genius dazzles the vision of ordinary mortals, or that envy at superiority leads men to ignore or even deny its palpable lustre. To prove this by instances would be to write the history of those scientific discoverers who, from time to time, have been enabling the human race to mount higher and higher towards that perfection to which we are now tending with increasing velocity. But an abundant exemplification of the comparative neglect that may be evinced towards a great man by his contemporaries, is to be learned in the case of Beethoven, who was by nature endowed with a mind gifted almost beyond a parallel. Yet this man—with an intellect of singular grasp—was made the object of hatred and scorn by those of his generation, many of whom enjoyed a high reputation for musical learning. Of such, one would allow him a moderate skill in performing on the piano; another ridiculed his capacity for composition; another would consign him to a prison; another would immure him in a lunatic asylum; indeed, this last was the most general expression of opinion, for the majority agreed in pronouncing him mad!

Yet, after all, is this so much a matter of surprise? Beethoven, we must remember, has written in advance of the age in which he lived, and so he must be content to endure the obloquy, the misrepresentation, the outcry which his works have elicited from critics, whose contracted minds bound them in abject bondage to existing prejudices. Such is ever the lot of that genius which supplies its possessor with original thought. This obloquy, this misrepresentation, this outcry, is the very best evidence

of his powers ; it is the cloud of dust which his chariot-wheels uprear in their sweep round the arena of scientific knowledge.

Ludwig Van Beethoven, the son of Johann Van Beethoven, who was tenor singer at the Electoral Chapel, was born December 17th, 1770, at Bonn. His grandfather, Ludwig, was likewise a musician, and the author of several operas. A malicious rumour was at one time circulated, that the great composer was the natural son of Frederick William II. of Prussia ;—an imputation on the honour of his parents which caused Beethoven considerable vexation, but was annihilated by conclusive evidence, furnished, by his direction, through his friend, Dr. Wegeler. Thus, sprung from a musical family, it was to be supposed that especial care would be extended towards this department of his education. His father, accordingly, took him early in hand, and found him a most tractable pupil, for he had, actually from infancy, evinced a strong appreciation of the varieties of harmonic sounds. Beethoven—like the famous Lord Bacon, and others who have risen to eminence in the world—gave, in his childish years, early indications of future greatness, so that at the age of five, his father discerned him to be far beyond himself, and was obliged to entrust him to teachers of larger capacity and more extensive erudition. This led to his being placed under Pfeiffer, Van der Eden, Christian Neeff, Haydn, and Albrechtsberger, consecutively. There is some diversity of opinion as to the exact share which each of these professors had in the formation of Beethoven's musical powers. Without pausing to decide this point, it may be observed that the result of their joint labours was to give him a command over the piano and organ, and to initiate him into the more advanced mysteries of the science. His proficiency under these tutors may be estimated from the fact that, at nine years old, he was able to play Sebastian Bach's collection of Fugues and Preludes, in the keys major and minor (German title, *Das Wohltemperirte Klavier*), in a manner to elicit the praise of some of the most fastidious critics of the day. Of far more importance, however, as regards his coming fame, was the advance which he achieved in grasping the principles of the theory of composition. This it was which qualified him for the production of works more in accordance—he never entirely conformed to such—with the established system of harmony and counterpoint than his juvenile compositions, which were executed, if not in defiance, at least in ignorance, of both. This progress was accomplished after he had settled at Vienna, when about 22 years of age, and received instruction from Haydn and Albrechtsberger. An unhappy misunderstanding arising between the former and Beethoven, caused the severance of the tie of friendship between them. It is to be hoped that such did not lead Beethoven to speak in slighting terms of Haydn, as one from whom he had learned literally nothing. If this be true, the whole merit of putting the crowning stroke to the great composer's education rests with the celebrated Albrechtsberger.

At Vienna Beethoven attracted the attention of Prince Liehnowsky, who is represented as one of the most accomplished of the Austrian nobles. He was, further, a musician of no mean order, and had been a pupil of Mozart's. The kindness lavished upon Beethoven by this aristocratic patron, as well as by the Countess of Thun, the Prince's wife, was, of course, of the utmost moment to one ambitious of success in a strange city. Here, in the enjoyment of the shelter and the comforts of a well-appointed mansion, Beethoven's application to study was not distracted—as otherwise it would have been, if depending on his own pecuniary resources—by the necessity of providing himself with lodging, food, and raiment. Nay, this was not all; he was placed beyond the possibility of want through the munificence of the Prince, who assigned to him an annual stipend of six hundred florins, till some post with a permanent salary should offer itself for his acceptance. Here, moreover, congregated the most refined spirits that Vienna harboured within her walls; amongst whom the Prince himself, a person of consummate taste and judgment in music, shone conspicuous. Such an atmosphere as this was one well fitted to foster the seeds of genius in our young aspirant to fame; and so we find that some of Beethoven's happiest compositions were finished at this period. The applause which his works received at the musical *réunions*, so frequent at the Prince's residence, had the effect of further developing the powers of Beethoven, who in after life declared that at no portion of his earthly career was he more highly appreciated than during the time of his sojourn with the Liehnowsky family.

These were happy hours with Beethoven. Whatever draughts of felicity he drank on this side of the grave, were quaffed then. But these halcyon days soon came to a close, and sorrow laid its paralyzing grasp upon him. It would exceed our limits to indicate precisely the causes of the anguish that now began to tear and rend his mighty soul, for such a theme is too intricate and tangled to be despatched in a few words. Suffice it to say, that the troop of troubles which sprang upon him were partly domestic and partly the result of that, to him, agonizing malady which now effectually baffled the physicians' skill; we mean his deafness. Added to this was the envy excited by his worth and fame, which exposed Beethoven to the almost daily attacks of malevolent foes. How would not all this tell upon a headstrong and impetuous temperament like his! Here we have the secret of that want of polish in his social demeanour, as well as of the throes of suspicion which continually undermined, temporarily at least, his confidence and affection towards many of his warmest friends.

The cloud of anguish which hung around him, and obscured the really bright and genial aspect of his character, communicated a deep tinge of melancholy to his whole disposition. His condition may be conceived from a perusal of his will, which was penned at the age of twenty-two, having but recently recovered from a serious illness, which he appears to have apprehended would yet terminate fatally. Nothing can be more

affecting than the whole tenor of this document. His aim seems to be rather to set himself right with his fellow-creatures, than to furnish the necessary directions for the settlement of his property. These are not named till the end, and are communicated in one short paragraph. Immediately preceding this, Beethoven apostrophizes thus:—"O God, thine eye is upon my anguish. Thou perceivest that anguish to be united with philanthropy and benevolence. O mankind, when ye shall peruse this, ponder o'er the injury you have inflicted upon me!" His state of mind attains its culminating point of wretchedness when—as he does twice in his will—he broaches, as a remedy for his misery, the act of suicide, reminding one of the wail of Hamlet,—

"O that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

As in the case of Hamlet, it was the solemn injunction uttered by his father's spirit that arrested the arm of the frenzied prince, as it was raised to snap in sunder the thread of a loathed and bewildering life,—so with Beethoven was it alone—as he himself informs us—the divine art of music that stayed the deadly stroke that would have terminated an existence well-nigh intolerable to him.

Sad indeed would have been the loss which humanity would have sustained had Beethoven laid suicidal hands on himself; for although some of his most popular and agreeable compositions had, prior to this, been finished, yet those works which evince the colossal dimensions of his inventive powers had not yet been fully executed, or, in some cases, begun. Had the mighty composer sunk into so early a grave, we should thus have been deprived of those streams of melody, those torrents of harmony, that subsequently to this period gushed from the creative powers of his genius. Without even these, his prior compositions are sufficiently numerous and valuable to have secured for him a lasting reputation. But when both are united, they constitute an enormous mass, which can only be adequately understood by a formal catalogue of his works. To estimate, therefore, the powers of his prolific pen, let us take a hasty glance at his extensive publications. Beethoven has left us 35 sonatas, and 13 miscellaneous pieces—such as bagatelles and preludes—for the pianoforte alone; 42 variations, some for the pianoforte alone, and some with accompaniments for flute or violin. Duets, trios, quartetts, and quintetts (about 17 in number), some for two performers on the piano, and others for the piano with violin, alto, and violoncello, or four wind instruments. Seven concertos with orchestral accompaniments. Violin music; 19 pieces for violin, alto, and violoncello, including trios, quartetts, quintetts, sestetts, septetts, and concertos: 48 pieces of vocal music, together with two masses, a cantata, an opera, and a fragment. Added to these are 10 symphonies, 10 overtures, 6 dancing pieces, and 5 for

wind instruments. Thus it may be seen that the aggregate may be classed under the following heads, namely : as music for (i.) pianoforte ; (ii.) violin ; (iii.) voice ; (iv.) orchestra ; numbering about 245 compositions in all, which, however, cannot be said strictly to comprehend the entire sum.

Beethoven's earliest compositions were indicative of extraordinary talent, considering that they were the result of powers as yet undisciplined in the school of severe musical training. After undergoing instruction, however, in harmony and counterpoint, his capacity for composition became indisputable on the publication of his quartets for stringed instruments. Yet it is in his symphonies that one encounters the full blaze of genius. The symphony in C minor is, perhaps, unrivalled ; and the "Pastoral Symphony" constitutes the most perfect instance of descriptive music in existence. The sylvan scenery of nature, now bathed in light, now shrouded in the tempest's gloom, and anon re-illuminated by the returning sun, rises up before us in perfect imagery, evoked by the marvellous symbolism of sound : of similarly descriptive power is the "Sinfonia Eroica," in which are portrayed the pomp and glory of war, the daring exploits of military ambition. In this gigantic composition occurs the celebrated funeral march, not to be confounded with that occurring in the grand sonata, op. 26, in A flat minor, which, if inferior to the march in "Saul" as regards that simple grandeur in which Handel eclipses all the members of his fraternity, yields in no respect the palm to that composition as regards the quality of its strains ; so touching, so penetrating, so perfect in pathos, and so exquisitely expressive of those solemn and humiliating ideas that hover round the conqueror's grave.

Beethoven's sonatas, likewise, are wonderful efforts of genius ; witness the three, op. 2, dedicated to Haydn, and which on their performance excited profound sensation. These are becoming, thanks to the discrimination of certain eminent artists in London, every day more widely diffused amongst the votaries of music ; and the more they are known, the more are they prized and admired. In his vocal music there appears to be a diminution of power ; the wings of invention do not here waft the soul of the mighty composer to the heights he has touched in his other efforts, yet it is not difficult to fix on the cause—the stimulus to soar is absent in themes so short and limited, which is present in those larger works where the elaboration of some refined group of ideas, the predominance of some divine conception, has hurried the composer's soul, burning with enthusiasm, into regions far beyond the track of ordinary mortals, and unto which only inspiration could attain.

As regards Beethoven's operatic music, he has left but one composition of this class in a finished state (a second opera, "Melusina," he had entered upon, but it never came to maturity), namely, that first performed under the name of "Leonore." This opera, on its *début* in Vienna, was met with coldness. A different reception, however, awaited it on its reappearance, after certain improvements, under the title of "Fidelio." Although, however, its

merits have been discerned by those of advanced musical knowledge, yet it has not obtained anything like the favour extended towards works of this description by inferior masters. Indeed, we never need expect to find it win the popularity of "Norma" or "Traviata," because its beauties are indiscernible to those who constitute the greatest portion of the audience in an opera-house. Besides, the immense complexity of the orchestral movements, the difficulty of the vocal parts, which frequently go beyond the capacity of the human voice, forbid that frequency of representation which, by familiarizing the people with the music, might in time admit the multitude into a recognition of its artistic excellence. Along with "Fidelio" may be mentioned "The Glorious Moment" (*Der Glorreiche Augenblick*), a cantata, which indeed was the first of the four overtures written for this opera, but laid aside after a rehearsal, and not submitted to the public till after the composer's death.

Lastly remain the two masses and the oratorio of "Christ on the Mount of Olives." In all Beethoven's sacred music there is too bold an intrusion of the secular element, and as regards the oratorio, it is much too dramatic, and deficient in ecclesiastical tone. The author felt this, and in the last year of his life gave utterance to a strong desire to correct this imperfection. At the same time it is right to add that this criticism is not by any means applicable to the opening symphony, or the closing chorus of "Hallelujah to the Father;" these are everything that can be desired. Of the two masses, that in C is characterized by extreme originality, and may be pronounced flawless; not a note is there astray from first to last. It may be compared to a building of the utmost purity of design; where effect is not sacrificed to symmetry, where every pillar is in due proportion, all the tracery chaste, the chiselling elegant, and not a single stone in the entire structure misplaced. The posthumous mass in D stands in contrast to this by presenting formidable obstacles to its production, and is as a whole at present to us impenetrably obscure. For aught, however, that we can tell, this obscurity is the result of our own undeveloped faculties; and future progress in the science may be the means of drawing aside the curtain that now veils from the gaze of mankind the beauties of this and several other of the more recent works of Beethoven.

These majestic compositions, the splendour of which dazzled Europe, had now elevated Beethoven to the topmost pinnacle of greatness, when death snatched him from the scene of his sublunary triumphs, only, it may be hoped, to wreath with an immortal crown that brow which had already been fully decked with earthly, and therefore transitory, laurels. The angel of mortality did not experience much difficulty in quenching the lamp of life within the breast of the mighty composer, for his body, after all, was but a weak citadel; since, though naturally of a robust constitution, it had been wasted by misery and domestic ingratitude, not to mention the decay insinuated into his physical frame by the herculean exertions of an overwrought brain. His illness attacked him about the first week in December,

1826, and after lingering in a state in which he suffered racking torture for about three months, he breathed his last on the 26th of March, 1827. Nature seemed to express her sympathy towards expiring genius, for during Beethoven's struggle with the pangs of dissolution, a frightful storm of hail and thunder burst with unexampled violence over the city. This commotion of the elements was a foreshadowing of the consternation and grief which convulsed Vienna to its centre on the intelligence of the great composer's demise being circulated through the metropolis. All classes hurried to pay the parting tribute of respect at his grave, and it is computed that not less than 30,000 people attended his funeral obsequies. The prayer in the Roman office for the dead, which supplicates the Divine mercy on behalf of the deceased, the "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam,*" was chanted in strains of Beethoven's composition. Thus the master spirit, on whose fleshly tabernacle the ponderous and marble jaws of the tomb were about to close, was consigned to his everlasting repose amidst the creations of his own incomparable genius.

Though Beethoven's great powers were, of course, mainly discernible in his music, yet we are not to suppose that music comprehended the sum total of his acquirements. The care bestowed on his education, exclusive of his art, was not very superabundant indeed, yet he contrived in after life to make considerable progress in departments neglected by his parents. He thus acquired a knowledge of French, Italian, and English, and of the rudiments of the Latin tongue. He had no acquaintance with Greek, but still studied writings in that language by translations, amongst which may be particularized Plutarch, with whose works he was thoroughly familiar. He likewise was attached to Sir Walter Scott as an agreeable novelist, and to Shakspeare, for whom he entertained the most profound admiration.

The amenities of literature did not exercise a very softening influence over his character, for he was occasionally boisterous, and invariably discourteous. Yet we should not pass too hasty or too severe a judgment upon him, for we must make allowance for original temperament, and for the daily irritation arising from those petty quarrels with his best friends, into which he was betrayed by his distrust of others, or through the unfounded slanders of some worthless informant. His impetuous and

instantly the first page, upon which the name of Napoleon was inscribed, and flung the symphony itself to the earth in a paroxysm of wrath.

His habitual intolerance, however, did not render him obtuse to the merits of fellow-artists, and he was ever willing to give honour to whom honour was due. He was not fond of volunteering his opinion on the performances of others, but was often heard to express himself eulogistically respecting Cherubini, Weber, Mozart, and Handel. As regards the last, he perfectly worshipped him, and would exclaim, "Handel is the unequalled master of all masters." To this adoration of the author of the "Messiah" we may probably attribute the parallelism that has been justly instituted between the music of Handel and Beethoven. The compositions of both are characterized by width and grandeur in design, simplicity in the evolution of the different conceptions, and something unutterably sublime in the reverberating billows of sound that roll in rapid impetuosity from their harmonies. But Beethoven's music is permeated by a wildness of grief and a depth of despair that are essentially his own. Handel, on the other hand, is addicted to cheerful movements, and even his mournful passages are not complete strangers to the possibility of joy,—his darkest clouds are margined with light. Beethoven, likewise, can occasionally indulge in a sprightly vein, that speedily mounts up into a gaiety which, passing due bounds in waywardness and caprice, at last casts off all restraint, and sweeps the composer on into a regular vortex of outrageous mirth. Frequently, too, there is a transition from the lively, but in quite an opposite direction, when, starting in his own peculiar *scherzo* style, he becomes unable to support the vivacity of the measure, and gradually sinks into that sadness of tone which hardly ever is absent from his strains.

The distinguishing feature, however, of Beethoven's music, and that which enshrines it in the hearts of all endued with pure taste, is the intense feeling which pervades his compositions, and the exuberance of refined fancy which they display. This arises from the author's temperament partaking strongly of the poetic. His avowed object in many of his writings, *e. g.*, the sonatas, was to generate images and emotions through the medium of harmony, as the poet does through the medium of verse. This he held attainable to a much greater extent than is generally admitted by musicians. As regards his success, different minds may take different views, yet it appears impossible not to recognize the fact that upon the whole he has compassed the end designed. At all events, it seems certain that this would be less strongly dissented from, had Beethoven carried into operation the purpose cherished at one period of his life, of prefixing a sort of analysis of the poetic ideas forming the bases of his compositions.

As the case at present stands, we are left for this to the mere conjectures of his editors, who have sought—often ineffectually—to supply us with the required information : the loss of which is further to be deplored, because

it deprives us of the clue which would have rendered performers, through their comprehension of the author's meaning, more competent to realize his style. This would exclude that coldness and mechanism which are the predominant qualities in performers of, at least, his piano pieces. Such exclusion would tend to bring about a more widely disseminated revulsion of taste in favour of Beethoven's music, which, being of the highest order, is therefore an emanation of the most exalted feeling, without a strong infusion of which into the performer's interpretation, the music seems as frigid as it is meaningless and confused. And so it was that Beethoven's extemporizing at the piano was such as to fill his audience with bewilderment and admiration; because, giving full rein to his deep feeling and vivid imagination, he was enabled to achieve results so wonderful as sometimes to create a suspicion—which he instantly dissipated by an *impromptu* on a theme chosen by one of the company—that the performance was the result of previous meditation. It was, indeed, by no means easy to prevail upon Beethoven to perform in society, as he had an intense aversion to being converted into a spectacle for the curious. When, however, by perhaps some clever stratagem, he was persuaded to lay his fingers on the notes, and after striking the keys in an incoherent manner, he at length entered on a definite subject, and, so to speak, warmed to his work, his execution, rising above its wonted facility, culminated in a sweet and touching melody, enveloped in gushes of entrancing harmony.

Beethoven was not—as might be supposed from his uncouth demeanour in company—averse to joining in the pleasures of the domestic circle, being by nature of a social disposition, but was forced to withdraw almost entirely from public through the infirmity of deafness. This malady was, as already mentioned, the source of profound anguish to Beethoven; and yet, had he not been thereby afflicted, his tendencies, which were certainly jovial, would probably have betrayed him into such an habitual career of amusement, as would materially have interfered with his genius for composition. Where would have been that continued abstraction, secured to him by his isolation from society, and which constitutes a prime source of the magnitude and system of many of his works? Similarly, we hear lamentations uttered respecting the blindness of Milton, though indirectly it became the efficient cause in producing one of the finest epic poems in existence. To what, it may be asked, are we indebted for the grand soliloquy on light in the "Paradise Lost"? Manifestly to the author's powerful appreciation of the blessing of light, springing from his loss of the capacity of vision. Again, nothing is more melancholy to contemplate than Mozart's

particular combinations of sound, which he did not and never could have heard.

But not merely Beethoven's deafness, but his having never entered married life, has been regarded as one of his misfortunes; and yet it admits of little doubt but that the cares, and turmoils, and vexations incidental to matrimony would have modified for the worse his capacity for composition. "Certainly," says Lord Bacon, "the best works and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public." No man, we conceive, is there to whom the aphorism of the Verulamian sage is more applicable than Ludwig Van Beethoven. Yet his single state did not dry the springs of his family or benevolent affections, being ever remarkable for the love and tenderness which he lavished upon his brothers and nephew, all three exceedingly unworthy of kindness from any one. The ingratitude of these and others whom he benefited it was which partly served to abridge his valuable existence on earth. Of what grand compositions—witness his projected work of setting Goethe's "Faust" to music—may his premature (for so it may be called) demise have deprived us!—what gorgeous creations of his musical genius, and in how great profusion, might otherwise have astonished the world! Perhaps, had Beethoven been spared amongst us, he might have revealed to us more of the secrets of the heavenly science than is compatible with our present progress, and, therefore, God took him from us to place him amongst His own heavenly choir. Even as it is, the works of his latter years are considerably beyond us, and have hitherto presented insurmountable obstacles to their performance. This is not to be set down to inherent and ineradicable obscurity, as some would have us believe, but to the fact that these writings are far in advance of the age in which he lived, and may be destined, in all likelihood, to inaugurate some hitherto undreamt-of improvement in the art. Music, surely, is not exempt from that progress which is the law of the other sciences. Much, up to this, has been accomplished by Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; yet something, surely, remains to be achieved. There is an ever-growing accumulation of musical knowledge from age to age; so that each generation avails itself of the approximations towards perfection reached by the one preceding it. Thus the mighty science steals slowly onwards in the path of progress, and will not completely assume its divine proportions till humanity has shuffled off its mortal coil, and we are summoned to that higher sphere from whence all melody emanates, to have our souls bathed in the outpourings of eternal harmony, and ourselves enrolled in the ranks of the celestial choir.

A REVOLUTIONARY BREAKFAST IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

BY THE HERMIT OF BELGRAVIA.

I HAD received a message directing me to call on my guardian, Lord —, at an early hour the following morning, at the family mansion in London. By 10 o'clock, therefore, I was standing on the step of the well-known residence, flanked on each side by its inverted iron funnels, which served as extinguishers to the links that lighted the members of the family home after dark, through the dim streets, wherein a few oil lamps, at very uncertain intervals, burnt without affording the slightest assistance to any one but the footpads.

The square in which the house was situated was, like May Fair at the same period, the head quarters of rank and fashion. Loitering by the railings, groups of servants, in gorgeous livery, were lounging idly, or gossiping with the tradesmen coming for orders; while on the steps a stout hall porter or rubicund butler would linger, as though to inhale the fresh air, opening his clean-shaven jaws, or stretching out his lusty arms, as involuntary testimony of the late hours he had been obliged to keep, and the insufficient rest that had succeeded them.

A few quietly-clad nursery-maids were taking their juvenile charges across the road into the enclosed plantation, that looked verdant, almost rural, before them; while one or two still more sedate-looking females, in a better style of dress, were chaperoning young ladies for a morning's walk in the neighbouring park.

After bestowing a passing glance on the prim governesses and their shy pupils, I lifted the brass knocker, and the door was, after a considerable interval, opened by the hall porter, whose eyes kept blinking in the light, and whose limbs moved stiffly and sluggishly, as though he had only just shaken himself out of the colossal black leather chair, placed in a corner of the spacious hall, which served him for dormitory.

On seeing me the old man stared a little and gaped a little; then, nodding, apparently either by way of recognition or approval of my visit, pointed with his thumb to the green baize doors. I pushed through them as he closed the street door and shuffled back to his chair, where, however, he could scarcely have ensconced himself, before a vigorous application at the knocker started him up again.

I made my way into the morning-room—a large parlour, hung round with dingy portraits of my guardian's ancestors: terrible prigs and frights I thought them, though the majority had been painted by Kneller and Hudson,—and was engaged in the examination of two I had not seen there before—masterpieces of Reynolds and Gainsborough,—when there entered the apartment a slim young man of delicate features, clad in a long-tailed coat, of a fashion that had been generally adopted by the

heroes of the French Revolution, a high muslin cravat with a large bow, knee-breeches, and top-boots. He wore buff leather gloves, and carried a French hat with a sugarloaf crown—a head-covering for gentlemen that was beginning to supersede the three-cornered cocked hat in morning costume. The *chapeau bras*, or ordinary cocked hat, however, was still used at Court, and with evening or full dress.

His hair was cut close, in the style known as a Brutus crop—a style very much affected by what might have been called “the young England” party of politicians. This also was in imitation of the republican celebrities of the French capital.

He saluted me courteously on entering the room, which I immediately acknowledged in the ordinary way.

“Ha! Sir Joshua!” he cried, glancing at the picture before which I stood, and playing with the bunch of seals dangling from his fob. “A charming production, doubtless; but then he was such a horrible aristocrat, only fit to paint courtiers, and boroughmongers, and pensioners—vultures, who fatten on the labours of the people. Did you ever see the works of David, the French painter—for instance, ‘The Return of Brutus’?”

I answered that I had never beheld the painting, though I had heard of the artist.

“You should go to Paris,” he replied. “There the arts flourish, and, what is better still, there *liberty*”—a word on which he laid strong emphasis—“is properly understood and appreciated. There, too, you will behold the greatest man of his age—the truly illustrious General Buonaparte, the First Consul——”

He stopped on the entrance of a man of sedate appearance, dressed in a suit that seemed to be worn as a compromise between the costume of the clergyman and the layman. The powdered wig on his head, the bands round his neck, the three-cornered hat and silver-mounted stick, the black silk stockings, and shoes tied with ribbon, contrasting with the green long-tailed coat, cut away at the skirts, the striped waistcoat, and the buckskin breeches, buttoned above as well as below the knee.

The two interchanged salutations as old friends.

“Have you any news?” inquired my first acquaintance.

“News!” repeated the other, throwing himself into the nearest chair; “indeed I have, Sir Francis. News that will startle all the friends of liberty on this side the Channel.”

“What is it, Mr. Tooke?”

Sir Francis drew a chair, and, with an air of mingled interest and anxiety, seated himself close to his friend.

“Has this wretched Government dared to forge new chains to fetter the free will of the sovereign people?”

Both appeared to have ignored my presence, but as I was now aware that they were two of the most remarkable public men of the day—Sir

Francis Burdett, and the Rev. Horne Tooke, I very naturally listened to their conversation with all a boy's curiosity.

"Not to my knowledge, Sir Francis, though I have no doubt that the ministerial smithy is at work for some such unconstitutional purpose. But the news I bring has just arrived from France, and is to the purport that Consul Buonaparte has assumed the title of Emperor; consequently, that the great French Republic is at an end."

"And liberty, fraternity, and equality—that glorious triumvirate——"

"The merest moonshine!"

The baronet looked aghast. The other produced from his coat pocket a silver box, and applied a pinch of snuff to his nostrils with as much solemnity as if he had been about to read the funeral service. He had, however, turned his back upon his profession some years before, and had so earnestly devoted himself to politics, as to be recognized by the extreme party as one of its ablest leaders.

Two persons now entered, apparently respectable men engaged in business, clothed in quiet suits of a citizen cut, with cocked hats and shoe-buckles of the expiring fashion. They were of middle stature, and rather wide across the chest. The senior of the two wore his hair long and powdered, which gave to his fresh-coloured complexion and benevolent cast of features a prepossessing appearance. The other possessed a large sallow face, closely shaved, and wore his hair short, without either powder or *queue*; but the broad forehead gave a character of intelligence to the head, which the somewhat sensual mouth and jaws, and the severe gravity of his aspect, did not materially affect.

The expression of their countenances formed a striking contrast. They had evidently been having an animated discussion, and the playful smile upon the face of the elder denoted which of the two had had the best of the argument.

Both were hailed with the heartiest demonstrations of welcome by the gentlemen who had preceded them. They simultaneously sprung from their seats at their approach, and I quickly learnt that the elder was Mr. Jeremy Bentham, a celebrated writer on jurisprudence; and his friend was Mr. William Godwin, an author of at least equal celebrity. The one was regarded by political reformers as the founder of a new school of politics; the other as the creator of a new school of philosophy.

All four were standing together on the hearth-rug, with considerable vehemence discussing the recent intelligence from France, when once more the door opened, and there entered the tall, stiff figure of my guardian, in the latest French fashion, accompanied by a burly, clumsy, shabbily clad fellow, in a costume that seemed dirty and greasy enough for that of a tallow-chandler; nevertheless there was something so hearty and thoroughly English about his manner, that his coarse features and mean appearance were forgotten almost as soon as noticed.

The politicians left the hearth-rug as my guardian advanced towards

them languidly, with outstretched hand, to accord them individually the host's welcome; and they bowed to his companion—which civility he acknowledged by a familiar nod. After the usual greetings had been interchanged, he caught sight of me, and did me the honour to recognize my person by addressing me by my christian name, in the middle of a sentence he was delivering in a studied oratorical manner to his guests. This sufficed to bring all eyes upon me, generally with a stare of surprise, or a glance of speculation; but this observation was soon over, for as the master of the house did not think it necessary to notice me any further, his guests evidently considered that they were not called upon to regard me with more attention.

I, however, was infinitely more regardful, observing them individually with as much care as if bent on studying their characteristics. The appearance of my guardian in particular made a powerful impression on my mind. Holding the rank of a viscount, and being next heir to an earl, it might have been supposed that he was a thorough aristocrat. Yet, so far from this being the case, only a year or two since, letters had been sent to his lordship through the post-office, addressed to "Citizen ———." The fact was, that though the * * * * family were earnest supporters of the Government, for certain considerations it is not here necessary to specify, the heir of its honours and emoluments, on entering Parliament, had solely—it was suspected from a desire for notoriety—joined a small but energetic party in the House, sometimes called "The Mountain," from their professing republican principles of the French revolutionary type; and so completely had the young viscount identified himself with such doctrines, that it was observable in his dress, this being an exact copy of what had become familiar to the *Sans-culottes* on the person of Maximilian Robespierre.

I could not help noticing a singular inconsistency, that no doubt had struck more experienced observers. It was the obvious effeminacy of his manners and general demeanour, which was not at all in accordance with the rudeness and sternness on which republicans had always prided themselves. Whether this was the result of education and association, or assumed in compliment to his French model, who affected a taste as opposite as possible to his ferocious instincts, I cannot state with certainty. All I know is that he had connected himself with every person, in or out of Parliament, notoriously hostile to the monarchy, and it appeared as if he had invited the most distinguished of them to a conference, either forgetful or regardless of having sent me an invitation for the same hour.

"Citizens," he exclaimed, solemnly, as soon as a pause occurred in the conversation, which had become general almost immediately after his entrance, "I did not do myself the honour to invite you to witness the death of a tyrant. I hope, however, that you will show at least very nearly as much enjoyment in making a good breakfast."

He strode towards a double door at the end of the apartment, accom-

panied by a loud burst of laughter and hilarious exclamations, and throwing it open, another room became visible, having a central table laid out for the morning meal as if for a large party, and a sideboard well furnished with cold joints, as well as covered dishes.

"For my part," observed the person who had entered with him, "I cannot say what kind of relish I should find in looking on, or assisting at, the feast of reason first named by our estimable host, for I am almost ashamed to acknowledge in such good company"—here he made a rude attempt at a bow to the other guests, who were seating themselves round the table—"I have never tasted it. I have enjoyed lots of bull-baiting, fox-hunting, badger-drawing, cock-fighting, and dog-fighting. I may say, and I do say, damme, as much as any man in England; but I never was present at the killing of a tyrant."

"Allow me to say, my Lord Duke," observed Mr. Horne Tooke, deliberately tucking a napkin under his chin with one hand, as he held out the other in an impressively demonstrative manner, "a gratification is in store for you, far above any within your experience, extensive as that may be. My opinion is that no vermin afford so much sport in the hunting as tyrants, including, of course, tax-gatherers, boroughmongers, pensioners, and—KINGS!"

The reverend orator stopped before he uttered the last word, and then said it with peculiar intensity of expression. Having done so, he seized a carving-knife and fork, and, making a significant flourish with the former, dexterously chopped off the head of a roast fowl lying in a dish before him, afterwards tossing it contemptuously into the slop-basin.

The person whom he had addressed as my Lord Duke—as I then firmly believed, by way of a joke—laughed heartily.

"When they made you a parson they spoiled a good headsman," said he, with a tinge of sarcasm: "indeed, I wonder you didn't set up in a trade for which you are so well fitted. What say you to opening shop now, and putting over your door, '*Executioner to His Majesty*'? While you are about it, it may be as well to add, '*And the rest of the Royal Family*.'"

The joke appeared to tickle everybody; even the amateur regicide could not help joining in the general mirth. I believe, however, that I was the heartiest of the laughers, and as I sat opposite to the very strange-looking man by whom it had been spoken, I attracted his attention. He at once became exceedingly civil, though with so rude and uncouth a manner, that my first impression that he was a plebeian, following some low trade, was confirmed.

"For my own part," here in a mild voice began Mr. Jeremy Bentham, "I do not acknowledge the necessity of killing even tyrants, except as a last resort, when all remedial measures for bad government have failed. While there is an opening for reform there can be no necessity for destruction."

He looked at his neighbour as if for approval of his sentiment, but the author of "Political Justice" was apparently so deeply absorbed in the enjoyment of some pigeon pie, to which he had largely helped himself, that the appeal remained unanswered. Indeed, Mr. Godwin, to the best of my recollection, took very little part in the discussion of that morning.

"The fact is, citizens," observed my guardian, as he was pouring out the coffee, "tyrants are sometimes, I am afraid, necessary evils. In such cases as Nero and Caligula they may have been unnecessary evils; I won't be positive, but I rather think they were: that is to say, all true friends of liberty could very well have done without them,—at least, such is my opinion. But I am afraid that the institution of Kings is very much behind the present age,—very much indeed."

"Hear, hear!" loudly exclaimed Mr. Horne Tooke, with his mouth full of buttered toast.

"I cannot see why we should not reform kings as well as laws," said Sir Francis Burdett, from the side table, as he was helping himself from the cold sirloin. "What is wanted is a *radical* reform. Corruption is so deeply seated in the constitution as by law established, that before we can expect to make a healthy plant of it, we must have it up by the roots."

"Hear, hear!" repeated Mr. Horne Tooke, as he emptied his tea-cup.

"The greater includes the less, remember, Sir Francis," cried my opposite neighbour in the shabby coat. "If you reform kings, I do not see how you can escape reforming baronets."

Sir Francis was deeply engaged listening to some theory on prison discipline, which Mr. Bentham was explaining to Mr. Godwin, and either did not hear, or pretended not to hear, the remark. I, perhaps inconsiderately, showed my ready appreciation of it by a hearty laugh, which again attracted the attention of my very strange-looking companion. His broad features became bright under the influence of a good-natured smile as he winked at me. This at once established a perfect understanding between us. Plebeian though he looked, he was evidently a droll fellow. The idea now came into my head that he was a comic actor. He handed a cup of coffee to me across the table, nodding familiarly, and the attention improved the good feeling he had already created.

"I can tell you a good joke," he said, addressing my guardian, as he was diligently plying his knife and fork. "I was in the cock-pit yesterday, just as I am now. You know I am quite a man of the people, and therefore I attend all popular sports. I mix in the crowd, and take my chance of amusement with the humblest vagabond there. No one ever took me for an aristocrat; damme, I think I have taken good care of that."

The general laugh that followed this declaration showed that its truth was thoroughly understood.

"A main was being fought," he added, "and one bird particularly excited my admiration. 'A hundred guineas to five,' I cried, 'on that

cock.' There were several fellows betting—rich citizens' sons and sporting publicans, mostly. They eyed me superciliously from head to foot, but damme if one of them took the slightest notice of my bet. 'A hundred guineas to five, gentlemen,' I repeated. A sneer from one, a suppressed laugh from another, and a stare from the rest, appeared to be all the reply I seemed likely to get.

" 'A hundred guineas to five on that cock,' I cried once more, in a louder tone, for I was getting rather nettled.

"Suddenly up steps to me a drysalter's apprentice, in a fashionable suit, and, slapping me on the back, said, in a particularly patronizing tone, 'I'll take your bet, my honest butcher.' "

There was a general burst of mirth, in which I joined, but rather from the force of example than from anything like a proper understanding of the jest. I was not long left in the dark.

"I won the five guineas," continued the speaker, "but by the merest accident in the world my patron had not so much money about him, and begged to be favoured with my name and address, taking out a greasy pocket-book to write it down. 'My name is Howard,' I replied, 'and my general address is Arundal Castle, but pray don't put yourself to any inconvenience. The honest butcher can very well afford to wait.'

"I turned on my heel, leaving my debtor the picture of intense amazement and thorough mortification, for one of his companions, recognizing me, whispered in his ear, 'It's the Dook of Norfolk—blowed if it ain't!'"

I was quite as much surprised at this discovery as the drysalter's apprentice could have been, though I contributed my share to the hilarity the anecdote elicited. I had heard of the eccentricity of the hereditary Earl Marshal of England, but the idea had never entered my mind that a person of his rank could have exhibited such complete disregard of appearances as the Duke displayed in his present costume.

At this moment a loud coughing was heard in the hall, accompanied by a clear, cheery voice, addressing words of encouragement to a companion.

"It is Cobbett," said Sir Francis.

"And the Greek professor," added Horne Tooke.

"We shall have snort," cried the Duke, rubbing his hands, and

men. The first was singularly clean in his dress, and looked the picture of health and intelligence; the clothes of the other were soiled and disordered, and though they bore the unmistakable clerical cut, the battered hat, half over his eyes, the rumpled shirt, the torn ruffle, the muddy small-clothes, untied at the knees, and the soiled silk stockings hanging about his legs, were far from the respectability apparent in the outward man of his companion. His complexion, too, was conspicuously unhealthy, and the severe cough which announced his approach gave still more striking evidence of existing disease.

"Your servant, gentlemen," cried the former, as the company rose from their seats, and responded generally, with a strong effort to suppress their laughter, to his salutation. "I just now came upon the professor, addressing the pump in Piccadilly in a Greek oration, surrounded by a select audience of butchers from St. James's market. He appears to have been out all night, and as he said he was coming here, I took charge of him."

If I looked with curiosity on the first Grecian of modern scholarship, it was mingled with a powerful sense of the ridiculous, as I noticed the pickle in which he had presented himself, and the ludicrous expression in his features as his conductor, assisted by the Duke, with a farcical affectation of mingled tenderness and solemnity, placed him in the nearest arm-chair. Mr. Horne Tooke regarded the scene with an assumption of outraged dignity. Jeremy Bentham turned away from it as unworthy the observation of a practical philanthropist, and commenced a furious invective on the immorality of the excise laws, addressed to Sir Francis Burdett and Godwin, neither of whom seemed disposed to take the opposite side of the argument. My guardian, though he looked annoyed at the intrusion of a guest in such a state, answered a highly dramatic appeal which the latter addressed to him from a chorus in one of the plays of *Æschylus*, by asking him, in his customary high-bred manner, if he would take coffee or tea.

"Let the worthy man rest where he is," said his Grace of Norfolk, his broad face radiant with his enjoyment of the absurd spectacle. "Probably he still fancies that he is addressing the Piccadilly pump. There can be no harm in humouring such a delusion. We may as well finish our breakfast. Here, Cobbett, sit by me. We shall all be glad to hear your opinion of the strange doings on the other side of the Channel."

The party resumed their seats and their meal, scarcely paying attention to the inebriated professor, who continued to pour out a flood of classical fragments—odes, elegies, orations—indeed, almost every species of composition his profound scholarship had made him familiar with.

aside his plate and emptied his last coffee-cup, he had given the company as lucid a statement of facts as had ever appeared in the *Political Register*. This was not accomplished without a running fire of questions from Horne Tooke, Sir Francis Burdett, Jeremy Bentham, and less frequently by the rest of the company.

With the exception of myself, only one person refrained from taking part in the animated discussion. This was the Greek professor, whose loud snoring told how completely his mind had emancipated itself from his scholastic recollections.

Suddenly there rushed into the room a middle-aged gentleman, dressed something like a physician, with his features expressing the most intense alarm. There was a general move of the company: my guardian stood up, and gazed upon the new comer with evident anxiety.

"Fly!" he cried, in a suppressed voice: "there's a Government spy close to the door; there are a posse of constables at the corner of the street, and there's a file of the Foot Guards marching along Piccadilly. They will all be here in less than five minutes, to arrest you as traitors."

Every one rose from his chair with more or less consternation expressed in his features at the astounding intelligence. For a few seconds there was a dead silence, which ended in an uproarious burst of laughter between the stranger and the Duke of Norfolk.

"A bite! a bite!" exclaimed the former, laying his finger by the side of his nose, with an expression of comicality I found it very difficult to resist.

"By George! I was nearly taken in myself," added the Duke.

"Dr. Walcot," cried Mr. Horne Tooke, in a tone of severe reproof, "I think you might employ your time better than in playing these senseless tricks on your friends."

I gazed on the offender with interest as well as amazement. I knew that I beheld the "Peter Pindar" whose humorous poems had so often diverted me. He seemed indifferent to the reproof he had received, hailing every one in turn with a jocular good-will, that very shortly removed the unpleasant feeling his false alarm had created. My guardian seemed to think it prudent to accept the jest for what it was worth, or probably knew the jester too well to appear offended with him.

In a few minutes harmony was completely restored, and a most animated discussion on politics was proceeding, in which every one seemed thoroughly absorbed, when a concussion which shook the room made every one start from his seat. The cause was quickly ascertained. The Greek professor, waking up from his sleep, had noticed on the sideboard a large silver tankard, which was full of ale, a beverage often resorted to at a breakfast in those days, and, unobserved by the company, he had taken a couple of eager steps, which had brought the vessel within his reach. As, however, he lifted it with both hands to his lips, the ground slid from under his unsteady feet, and the force with which he came in a

sitting posture on the carpet, jerked the whole contents of the tankard into his face.

This involuntary bath refreshed him, or the shock he had received stirred up his faculties; for as he was promptly assisted to his feet with an abundance of facetious consolations by Dr. Walcot and the Duke, he recognized the persons by whom he was surrounded. Taking a napkin from the table, he wiped his face, as he gravely saluted each of the company in turn, and then, deliberately helping himself to the wing of a fowl and a slice of ham, drew a chair to the table, and began to eat, evidently as indifferent to the unpleasant circumstances of his position as to the joose comments of some of his associates, and the solemn looks of the rest. The former, having taken care to provide him plentifully with hot tea, left him to himself, and joined the rest in the discussion that had been resumed at the other end of the table by the more ardent politicians.

"The extent to which taxation is enforced in this tax-ridden country is monstrous," observed Horne Tooke, who, as far as I was able to judge, was looked up to by his present associates, not only as a leader, but as an oracle.

"It is an intolerable oppression," exclaimed Cobbett.

"It cannot be any longer endured," said Sir Francis Burdett.

"The public revenue is a very large one, according to reliable authorities," added Jeremy Bentham; "and if a proper economy were pursued in all the public offices—"

"We must get rid of unnecessary expenses," interrupted Mr. Tooke, in a more determined tone of voice and expression of countenance.

"Wipe off the long list of hungry pensioners and corrupt placemen, who are devouring the substance of the country like rats in a granary," cried the editor of the *Register*, looking very much in earnest.

"Of course," said my guardian, placidly.

"The Tories have certainly mismanaged the affairs of the kingdom," here put in the Duke of Norfolk, "and a change in the Government is, I must own, very desirable."

"I propose myself as Prime Minister," exclaimed Dr. Walcot; "I don't mind undertaking with it the regal office at the same salary. Moreover, I am quite ready to bind myself to withhold everybody's pension but my own. Take my word for it, gentlemen, you will not be able to do the thing cheaper. It is easy for me to add, or better; but I suffer under an excess of modesty."

"What would then become of the royal satirist?" inquired Godwin, shily.

"D—— the royal satirist!" replied the humorist, with a fervour that excited a general laugh.

"In my opinion there is but one course that offers a remedy for the evil," resumed Horne Tooke, with increased severity. "There is one man who has studiously systematized misgovernment. Supported by a rascally

crowd of pauper lords and greedy boroughmongers, who are maintained by him out of the enormous funds gathered by the swarm of tax-gatherers that infest the length and breadth of the land, he is enabled to laugh at the idea of reform."

"He may not be quite so safe as he thinks himself," cried Cobbett, significantly. "The indignation of an outraged people has, before now, trampled down the barriers of tyranny, and made a terrible example of the tyrant."

"All that is required is a proper spirit in the leaders of the people," added Mr. Tooke, in a sternly impressive manner.

"Decidedly," mildly responded my guardian, as he was picking his teeth.

"All that Brutus was prepared to do for the commonwealth, I am prepared to do for the commonwealth," observed Sir Francis Burdett, sententiously.

"I don't care much what becomes of the commonwealth," muttered Dr. Walcot; "it's the uncommon wealth for which *I* should be most solicitous."

"There must be union amongst us," cried Horne Tooke.

"And determination of purpose," added Cobbett.

"We must be of one mind, and have but one object," insisted the reverend politician.

"We must stand up for our rights as Englishmen," sternly added his more plain-spoken colleague.

"Of course we must stand up for our rights," said their host, trying to suppress a yawn.

"We are all Englishmen here," Sir Francis reminded his friends, with a voice and look worthy of a patriot ready to die for his country; "and all that Englishmen can dare, we will dare!"

"*Then down with the Minister!*" exclaimed Mr. Horne Tooke, in low tones, but with concentrated emphasis. As an oratorical climax, he snatched up a table knife, and held it forward with the point downwards.

"Down with the Minister!" simultaneously echoed his two political pupils, imitating his action with exaggerated fervour.

"Down with the Minister!" cried the editor of the *Political Register*, as though to evince his readiness to support his friend's suggestion, and catching up another knife in the same manner.

follow their example; and presently the entire company—except myself and the Greek professor, who remained at the table satisfying his hunger, entirely oblivious of the excitement around him—stood in a cluster, with arms extended and blades pointing downwards, the more serious of them, at any rate, looking like a band of conspirators meditating some sanguinary deed.

“Down with the Minister!” they all repeated, with one voice.

“MR. PITT!” shouted the footman, in tones that showed his recognition of the importance of his master’s visitor; and almost as soon as the door opened, the Minister stood within a few feet of the amazed revolutionists.

The astonishment, the fear, the horror that spoke so eloquently in the faces of the surprised group, it is impossible to describe. At once the weapons were thrown aside or dropped on the carpet, and those who had held them most firmly looked with a stupid stare of painful embarrassment on the object of their hostility. I have not the slightest doubt that he took in the purport of the demonstration at the first glance; but his cordial manner and beaming countenance, as he entered, indicated anything rather than a sense of alarm.

There stood the well-known form, in the well-known blue coat and gilt buttons, and the familiar, pleasant, confident look of the “pilot that weathered the storm;”—stood only a moment; for the next he advanced with extended hand to his host, who, with a sickly smile, eagerly started forward, and welcomed him with a bewildered extravagance of cordiality.

“My dear Mr. Pitt—’pon my life, this is extremely kind—quite an unexpected pleasure, positively. I’m particularly glad to see you. You haven’t breakfasted, I hope, Mr. Pitt? Will you take coffee or tea? or shall my fellow make you a cup of chocolate?”

“I’ll take coffee, thank you, my dear lord,” replied the smiling statesman, passing his intelligent glance rapidly over the guests of his attentive host. “The fact is, I have only just arrived in town from your father’s. The Earl, I am happy to say, is in excellent health; indeed, I never saw his lordship looking better. He asked me to deliver a message, that he wished to consult with you on family matters as soon as you could make it convenient to travel.”

“How very good of you, Mr. Pitt! Will you have some pigeon pie?”

“None, thank you. But I hope I am not disturbing your friends.” And as he stood upright on the hearth-rug, stirring his cup of coffee with perfect self-possession, his eyes rested with an amusing expression on the Greek professor. The latter’s stained cravat, shirt, and waistcoat, his hair roughly plastered down, and his face of a strange mixture of tints, gave him the strangest aspect possible; but when, with his mouth full, he turned a pair of lack-lustre eyes with an owl-like gravity upward in the direction of his host, and then towards his distinguished guest, nothing but a very strong command over his feelings could have enabled the Minister to maintain a becoming seriousness.

Oh, not in the least, Mr. Pitt. Of course they are all delighted to see you," answered my guardian.

Horne Tooke, Cobbett, and Sir Francis Burdett had by this time drawn off to the further end of the room, each with an expression in his features very far from pleasant. Godwin and Bentham, looking shy rather than embarrassed, were on the other side of the table. Not far off, the Duke of Norfolk appeared to be absorbed in directing the attention of Dr. Walcot to one of the family portraits.

"Ah, Duke!" exclaimed the Minister, as if for the first time aware of his Grace's presence, "I am rejoiced to meet you in such good company."

"I keep what company I please, sir," replied the Duke, turning round somewhat fiercely. It was well known that, though his Grace in his pursuit of amusement seemed sometimes entirely to lose sight of his position, he was exceedingly tenacious of his personal dignity, and notwithstanding his affectation of a homely—in truth, vulgar—appearance, when he chose he could be as well-bred a nobleman as any member of the peerage.

"Of course, my Lord Duke," answered the other, apparently with the most perfect courtesy, as he continued to stir his coffee; "no one would venture to doubt either the self-respect or the discrimination of the representative of the illustrious house of Howard."

His Grace of Norfolk did not condescend to take any further notice of the head of the Government.

"By all that's pleasant, there's Dr. Walcot!" he cried, in his most cordial tones, as he sipped the beverage he had been stirring. "My friend, Lord Grenville, and I were last night discussing your merits as a humorist in a very animated manner, I assure you, for it is impossible to exaggerate the gratification people like ourselves, engaged in the wearying round of public business, feel in your amusing productions."

"Both yourself and my Lord Grenville do me infinite honour," replied the poet, evidently well pleased.

"But, highly as we appreciate your merits," added the statesman, still deliberately sipping from his coffee-cup, with his keen glance resting upon the satirist, "there is one person in this kingdom who I feel assured exceeds us in the heartiness of his delight in those inimitable compositions—a person whose taste is as elevated as his rank."

The doctor's expression of gratification could not be mistaken.

"You would, perhaps, hardly believe it, my dear Dr. Walcot, the pleasure he takes in certain passages. For instance, the description of the visit of an illustrious personage to a woman engaged in the manufacture of an apple dumpling. By George, doctor, he has the whole poem by heart."

"Is it possible, Mr. Pitt?" exclaimed the delighted author.

"And there's another with an unpronounceable name—about the royal cooks, you know; uncommonly droll. I assure you that he is never tired of repeating the most laughable passages."

"You surprise me, Mr. Pitt," cried the satirical Peter, with a dawning sense of shame at the recollection of the liberties he had taken.

"He particularly relishes these admirable lines."

Here the Minister, with abundance of humorous emphasis, recited some of the most disloyal portions of that amusing burlesque, evidently to the immense enjoyment of all the company within hearing.

"Mr. Godwin, I hope I see you well," he suddenly exclaimed, as he noticed that gentleman laughing heartily at his recitations. "When will your numerous admirers—amongst whom I cannot help classing myself—have their minds enthralled by a second 'Caleb Williams'? Is it unreasonable to expect such a thing?"

The author of the great sensation novel of that day, made a modest reply.

The Minister then in equally cordial terms addressed the great authority on jurisprudence, referring to a lately published work on prison discipline in terms of high commendation, and begging him to explain his views further, as in his opinion they seemed worthy of the best consideration the Government could give them. This elicited from the well-pleased author of "The Panopticon" a brief elucidation of his principal theories, to which the Minister listened with the deepest interest, every now and then sending his scrutinizing glance in the direction of the three individuals who doggedly maintained their distance and their reserve at the further end of the room.

Having had sufficient of Mr. Jeremy Bentham's ideas, he imperceptibly led the conversation to the derivation of words, and for a few minutes assisted in carrying on an animated discussion in a loud voice with Dr. Walcot, Godwin, and Bentham on this subject. Mr. Horne Tooke could not avoid hearing part of it, and began to draw nearer to the group—of course bringing his two friends with him.

"The fact is," said Mr. Pitt, "since the lamented death of Dr. Johnson we have but one authority on such questions, and he indisputably is the accomplished author of that admirable philological work, 'The Diversions of Purley.' Now, if he would kindly enlighten me by bringing his superior knowledge of this most interesting branch of human study to the point to which I have just referred, I should take it as a very great favour."

The appeal was responded to instantly, and Mr. Horne Tooke, forgetful of his strong prejudice against the Minister, engaged in an amicable controversy with him on the derivation of the words he had named, in which the sagacious statesman conducted his argument with such earnest cordiality, that he gradually won the kindly feelings, not only of his opponent, but of every one in the room.

His final triumph over the republican hostility of my guardian's guests was effected by the perusal of a letter he drew from his pocket, containing a narrative of a ludicrous adventure his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, had recently met with. He read this with so much humorous gusto as to

elicit continued shouts of laughter from all present, including the Greek professor, who joined in the general mirth, though apparently with rather a hazy idea of its object.

He now took his leave, and I was astonished at the demonstrations of respect and good-will with which his departure was accompanied, remembering how opposite had been his reception. There is but one statesman of our time who possesses the same pliant adaptability to circumstances, and thorough manliness of character. He was the pupil of Pitt, and has succeeded to the same exalted position in the direction of public affairs so long and so worthily maintained by his predecessor and master.

We must here add that the result of this *accidental* meeting was a more subdued opposition in the members of "the Mountain," and the revolutionary tendency of the chiefs of the party sensibly abated. My guardian ceased to dress *à la Robespierre*; and Sir Francis Burdett, though he continued to play out his rôle as a radical reformer, as every one knows, eventually subsided into his natural character as a zealous conservative. The royal satirist received a pension from the Crown; the Duke of Norfolk retained his Whig sentiments and predilections, as well as his independence of sartorial rule, but this was his Grace's way of showing his feelings for the penalty he had had to pay for venturing at a public dinner to toast "The Majesty of the People."

THE DISINHERITED:

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE HACIENDA DEL TORO.

WE will now leap over an interval of a fortnight, and return to the Hacienda del Toro; but before resuming our story we will cursorily describe the events that occurred during this fortnight, in order to make the reader thoroughly understand by what a strange concourse of events accident brought all our characters face to face, and produced a collision among them, from which an unforeseen *dénouement* issued.

Dona Marianna, persuaded by Dona Esperanza, or, perhaps, unconsciously attracted by the secret longings of her heart, had consented to remain a couple of days with her. These days were occupied with pleasant conversation, in which the maiden at length disclosed the secret which she imagined to be buried in the remotest nook of her heart. Dona Esperanza smiled with delight at this simple revelation of a love which she already suspected, and which everything led her to encourage.

Stronghand, for his part, had yielded to the magical fascination the maiden exercised over him. Feeling himself beloved, his restraint and coldness melted away to make room for an honest admiration. Carried away by the feelings that agitated him, he displayed all the true prudence and goodness contained in his character, which was, perhaps, rather savage, but it was that loyal and powerful savageness which pleases women, by creating in them a secret desire to conquer these rebellious natures, and dominate them by their delicious seductions. Women, as a general rule, owing to their very weakness, have always liked to subdue energetic men, and those who are reputed indomitable; for a woman is proud to be protected, and blushes when she is compelled to defend the man whose name she bears. Contempt kills love. A woman will never love a man except when she has the right to be proud of him, and can say to him, "Spare foes too weak for you, and unworthy of your anger."

During the two days the young couple did not once utter the word love, and yet they clearly explained it, and no longer entertained a doubt as to their mutual attachment.

Still it was time to think about returning to the hacienda. It was settled that Dona Marianna should inform her father about what she had learned from Dona Esperanza, that she should not positively refuse Don Rufino's hand, and quietly await events.

"Take care," the maiden said, as she held out her hand to the hunter; "my only hope is in you: if you fail in your plans I shall be left alone

defenceless, and death alone will remain to me, for I shall not survive the loss of all my hopes."

"Trust to me, Dona Marianna; I have staked my happiness and my life on the terrible game I am preparing to play, and I feel convinced that I shall win it."

"I will pray to Heaven for both you and myself with such fervour, that I feel confident my prayers will be granted."

These words, with which the young people parted, were equivalent to a mutual engagement. Dona Esperanza tenderly embraced the maiden.

"Remember the legend," she said to her, and Dona Marianna replied with a smile.

The tigrero held the horses by the bridle. Stronghand and ten hunters prepared to follow the travellers at a distance, in order to help them, should it be necessary. The journey was performed in silence. Dona Marianna was too much engaged in restoring some degree of order to her thoughts, which were upset by what had happened during the two days she spent among the hunters, to dream of saying a word to her companion; while he, for his part, confounded by the way in which he had been treated in camp, tried to explain the luxury and comfort which he had never before witnessed in the desert, and which plunged him into a state of amazement from which he could not recover.

As Dona Marianna had expressed a wish to reach their journey's end as quickly as possible, Marianno took a different road from that which he had previously followed, and which ran to El Toro without passing by the rancho.

At about 3 p.m. they came in sight of the rock, and began scaling the path, and then noticed the hunters, commanded by Stronghand, drawn up in good order on the skirt of the forest. When the young lady reached the first gate of the hacienda, the sound of a shot reached her ear, and a white puff of smoke floating over the horsemen made her guess who it was that had fired it. Dona Marianna waved her handkerchief in the air. A second shot was fired, as if to show her that the signal was seen, and then the hunters turned round and disappeared in the forest. Dona Marianna entered the hacienda, and the first person she met was Paredes.

"Don Hernando will be pleased at your return, nina; he is at this moment engaged with Don Ruiz in inspecting the walls on the side of the huerta, in order to make certain that they are in a sound condition; for we fear more and more an attack from the Indians."

"In that case do not disturb my father, and I will go and rest in the drawing-room, for I am exhausted with fatigue; and when my father has completed his inspection, you will inform him of my return. It is unnecessary to importune him now."

"Importune him!" exclaimed the honest Major-domo; "excuse me, senorita, if I am not of your opinion on that head. *Viva Dios!* the Marquis would not forgive me if I did not immediately inform him of your return."

"In that case act as you think proper, my worthy Paredes."

The Major-domo, who had probably only been waiting for this permission, ran off.

"My dear Marianno," the young lady then said, addressing her foster-brother, "it is not necessary to tell what we have been doing during our absence. Everybody must suppose that I have not quitted my nurse's rancho: you understand, and I count on your discretion. When the time arrives, I intend myself to inform my father of all that has occurred."

"Enough, nina; you know that your wishes are orders for me. I will not say a word—besides, it is no business of mine."

"Very well, Marianno: now receive my sincere thanks for the services you have rendered me."

"You know that I am devoted to you, nina; I have merely done my duty, and you have no occasion to thank me for that."

The young lady offered him her hand with a smile, and entered her apartments. The tigrero, when left alone, took the bridles of the two horses, and led them to the corral, through the crowd of rancheros who, by the Marquis's orders, had sought refuge in the hacienda, and had erected their jacals in all the courtyards. Dona Marianna was not sorry to be alone for a few minutes, in order to have time to prepare the conversation she intended to have with her father and brother, whose difficulties she did not at all conceal from herself.

The hacienda was very large, and hence, in spite of all his diligence, it was not till he had spent half an hour in sterile search, that the Major-domo succeeded in finding his master. Don Hernando heard, with a lively feeling of joy, of his daughter's return, and immediately gave up his inspection in order to hurry to her. The more heavily misfortune pressed upon the Marquis, the greater became the affection he entertained for his children: he felt a necessity for resting on them, and drawing more closely the family ties. When he entered, with Don Ruiz, the room in which Dona Marianna was awaiting him, he opened his arms and embraced her tenderly.

"Naughty girl!" he exclaimed; "what mortal anxiety you have

caused me! Why did you remain so long absent in these troublous times?"

"Forgive me, my dear father," the girl answered, as she returned his caresses; "I incurred no danger."

"Heaven be praised! But why did you stay away from us for three days?"

The young lady blushed.

"Father," she answered, as she lavished on her parent those tender blandishments of which girls so thoroughly possess the secret, "during my entire absence I was only thinking of you."

"Alas!" the Marquis murmured, with a choking sigh, "I know your heart, my poor child; unhappily my position is so desperate that nothing can save me."

"Perhaps you may be saved, father," she said, with a toss of her head.

"Do not attempt to lead me astray by false hopes, which, in the end, would render our frightful situation even more cruel than it is."

"I do not wish to do so, father," she said, earnestly, "but I bring you a certainty."

"A certainty, child! That is a very serious word in the mouth of a girl. Where do you suppose it possible to find the means to conjure ill fortune?"

"Not very far off, father; at this very place, if you like."

Don Hernando made no reply, but let his head drop on his chest mournfully.

"Listen to Marianna, father," Don Ruiz then said; "she is the angel of our home. I believe in her, for I am certain that she would not make a jest of our misfortunes."

"Thanks, Ruiz. Oh, you are right; I would sooner die than dream of increasing my father's grief."

"I know it, child," the Marquis answered, with sad impatience; "but you are young, inexperienced, and doubtless accept the wishes of your heart as certainties."

"Why not listen to what my sister has to say, father?" Don Ruiz said. "If she is deceiving herself—if what she wishes to tell us does not produce on you the effect which she expects from it, at any rate she will have given an undeniable proof of the lively interest she takes in your affairs; and were it only for that reason, both you and I owe her thanks."

"Of what good is it, children?"

"Good heavens father! in our fearful situation we should neglect

“speak without fear, for we shall listen—at least I shall—with the liveliest interest.”

Dona Marianna smiled sweetly, threw her arms round her father's neck, and laid her head on his shoulder with a charming gesture.

“How I love you, my dear father!” she said; “how I should like to see you happy! I have nothing to tell you, for you will not believe me; and what I might have to say is so strange and improbable, that you would not put faith in it.”

“You see, child, that I was right.”

“Wait a moment, father,” she continued; “if I have nothing to tell you, I have a favour to ask.”

“A favour!—yes, my dear.”

“Yes, father, a favour; but what I desire is so singular—coming from a girl—that I really do not know how to make my request, although the thought is perfectly clear in my mind.”

“Oh, oh, little maid,” the Marquis said, with a smile, though he was much affected, “what is this thing which requires such mighty preparations? It must be very terrible for you to hesitate so in revealing it to me.”

“No, father, it is not terrible; but I repeat, it will appear to you wild.”

“Oh, my child,” he continued, as he shrugged his shoulders with an air of resignation, “I have seen so many wild things for some time past, that I shall not attach any importance to one now; hence you can explain yourself fully, without fearing any blame from me.”

“Listen to me, father; the favour I have to ask of you is this—and, in the first place, you must promise to grant it to me.”

“Caramba!” he said, good-humouredly, “you are taking your precautions, *senorita*. And suppose that I refuse?”

“In that case, father, all would be at an end,” she replied, sorrowfully.

“Come, my child, reassure yourself: I pledge you my word, which you ask for so peremptorily. Are you satisfied now?”

“Oh, father, how kind you are! You really mean it, now? You pledge your word to grant me what I ask of you?”

“Yes, yes, little obstinate, I do pledge my word.”

The girl danced with delight, as she clapped her pretty little hands, and warmly embraced her father.

“On my word, this little girl is mad!” the Marquis said, with a smile.

play of her flexible face, on which the varied emotions that agitated her were reflected; "I believe, on the contrary, that Marianna is at this moment revolving in her mind some strange scheme, for carrying out which she requires full and entire liberty."

"You have read the truth, Ruiz. Yes, I have a great project in my head; but in order that it may be thoroughly successful, I must be mistress of my actions, without control or remarks, from eight o'clock this evening till midnight. Do you grant me this power, father?"

"I have promised it," Don Hernando replied, with a smile. "A gentleman has only his word; as you desire, from eight o'clock till midnight you will be sole mistress of the hacienda: no one, not even myself, will have the right to make a remark about your conduct. Must I announce this officially to our people?" he added, sportively.

"It is unnecessary, father; only two persons need be told."

"And who are these two privileged persons, if you please?"

"My foster-brother Marianno, the tigero, and José Paredes."

"Come, I see you know where to place your confidence. Those two men are entirely devoted to us, and this gives me trust in the future. Go on, my child; what must be done further?"

"These men must be provided with picks, spades, crow-bars, and lanterns."

"I see you are thinking about digging."

"Possibly," she said, with a smile.

"Stories about buried treasures are thoroughly worn out in this country, my child," he said, with a dubious shake of his head; "all those that have been buried were dug up long ago."

"I can offer you no explanation, father. You are ignorant of my plan, and hence cannot argue upon a matter you do not know: moreover, you must make no remarks, and be the first to obey me," she said, with an exquisite smile. "You ought not to give an example of rebellion to my new subjects."

"That is perfectly true, my dear child; I am in the wrong, and offer you an ample apology. Be good enough to go on with your instructions."

"I have only a word to add, father. You and Ruiz must also provide yourselves with tools; for I expect you all four to work."

"Oh, oh, that is rather hard,—not on me who am young," Don Ruiz exclaimed, laughingly, "but on our father. Come, little sister, do not expect such toil from him."

"I may have to lend a hand myself," Dona Marianna replied. "Believe me, Don Ruiz, you should not treat this affair lightly; it is far more serious than you suppose, and the consequences will be of incalculable importance for my father and the honour of our name. In my turn I will take an oath, since you refuse to believe my word."

"Not I, sister."

"Yes, Ruiz, you doubt it, although you do not like to allow it. Well, I swear to you and my father, by all I hold dearest in the world,—that is to say, you two,—that I am perfectly well aware of what I am doing, and am certain of success."

Such enthusiasm sparkled in the girl's brilliant eyes, there was such an expression of sincerity in her accent, that the two gentlemen at length confessed themselves vanquished; her conviction had entered their minds, and they were persuaded.

"What you desire shall be done, daughter," Don Hernando said; "and, whatever the result may be, I shall feel grateful to you for the efforts you are making."

Don Ruiz, by his father's orders, warned the Major-domo and the tigero, who was already preparing to return to his rancho. But so soon as the young man knew that his presence was necessary at the hacienda, he remained without the slightest remark, and delighted at having an opportunity to prove to his masters how greatly he was devoted to them. Then what always happens under similar circumstances occurred: while Dona Marianna was calmly awaiting the hour she had herself fixed for action, the Marquis and his son, on the other hand, suffered from a feverish curiosity, which did not allow them a moment's rest, and made them regard the delay as interminable. At length eight o'clock struck.

"It is time!" said Dona Marianna.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE HUERTA.

ALL southern nations are fond of shade, flowers, and birds; and as the heat of the climate compels them, so to speak, to live in the open air, they have arranged their gardens with a degree of comfort unknown among us. The Italians and Spaniards, whose houses, during the greater part of the year, are only inhabitable for a few hours a day, have striven to make their gardens veritable oases, where they can breathe the fresh evening air without being annoyed by those myriads of mosquitoes and gnats unknown in temperate climates, but which, in tropical latitudes, are a real plague. At mid-day they may be seen wheeling in countless myriads in every sun-beam. The Hispano-Americans, especially, have raised the gardening art to a science, being always engaged in trying to solve the problem of procuring fresh air during the hottest hours of the day,—that is to say, between mid-day and 3 p.m., during which time the earth, which has been heated since dawn by the burning beams of a torrid sun, exhales deadly effluvia, and so decomposes the air that it is impossible to breathe it.

The Spanish language, which is so rich in expressions of every description, has two words to signify a garden. There is the word *garden*, by

which is meant the *parterre* properly so called,—the garden in which flowers are cultivated that in those countries grow in the open air, but with us only in hothouses, where they are stunted and decrepit; and, secondly, the *huerta*, which means the kitchen-garden, the vineyard, and their clumps of trees, wide avenues, cascades, streams, and lakes,—in a word, all that we, very improperly in my opinion, have agreed to call a park. The Hacienda del Toro possessed a *huerta*, which the Marquis de Moguer had in turn sought to embellish. This *huerta*, which in Europe would have seemed very large—for life among us has been reduced to the conditions of a mean and shabby comfort,—was considered small in that country. It contained in all only thirty acres, that is to say, a surface of about twelve square miles; but this relative smallness was made up for by an admirable disposition of the ground, and an extent of shade, which had made a great reputation for the Huerta del Toro throughout Sonora.

At eight o'clock precisely the curfew was rung, as was the custom at the hacienda. At the sound of the chapel bell all the peons and *vaqueros* retired to their *jacals* in order to sleep. Paredes had placed sentinels at night on the walls ever since an attack from the Indians had been apprehended, and the precaution was the more necessary at this time, as there was no moon, and it is that period of the month which the red-skins always select to begin their invasions. When the Major-domo had assured himself that the sentries were at their posts, he made a general inspection of the whole hacienda to have the lights extinguished, and then proceeded, accompanied by the *tigrero*, to the blue-room, where Don Hernando and his son and daughter were assembled.

"All is in order, *mi amo*," he said; "everybody has retired to his *jacal*, the hacienda gates are closed, and the sentries placed on the walls."

"You are quite certain, Paredes, that no one is walking about the corrals or *huerta*?"

"No one; I made my rounds with the greatest strictness."

"Very good; now, daughter, you can give your orders, and we are ready to obey you."

Dona Marianna bowed to her father with a smile.

"Paredes," she said, "have you procured the tools my brother ordered you to provide?"

"Nina," he answered, "I have placed six picks, six crow-bars, and six

whither I am taking you. Although the night is dark, with your knowledge of localities we shall be able to guide ourselves without difficulty through the darkness. Our lights might be seen, arouse suspicions, and that is what we must avoid most of all."

"Excellently reasoned, daughter."

Dona Marianna rose, and the four men followed her in silence. They crossed the apartments instead of passing through the *patios*, which were thronged with sleepers, and ended the huerta by large double doors, from which the garden was reached by a flight of steps. On leaving the blue-room Dona Marianna took the precaution to blow out the candles, so that the hacienda was plunged into complete darkness, and all appeared asleep. The night was very dark; the sky, in which not a single star twinkled, seemed an immense pall; the breeze whistled hoarsely through the trees, whose branches rustled with an ill-omened murmur. In the distance could be heard the snapping bark of the coyotes, and at times the melancholy hoot of the owl rose in the night, and broke the mournful silence which brooded over nature. This night was excellently chosen for a mysterious expedition of such a nature as Dona Marianna was about to attempt.

After an instant—not of hesitation, for the maiden, although her heart was beating loudly, was firm and resolute,—but of reflection, Dona Marianna rapidly descended the steps and entered the garden, closely followed by the four men, who also experienced an internal emotion for which they could not account. They had gone but a few yards when they halted; they had reached the thicket in which the tools were concealed. The Major-domo and the tigrero took them on their shoulders, while the Marquis and his son carried the lanterns. In spite of the darkness, which was rendered even more intense by the dense shadow cast by the old trees in the huerta, the young lady rapidly advanced, scarce making the sand creak beneath her little feet, and following the winding walks with as much ease as if she were traversing them in the bright sunshine.

The Marquis and his son felt their curiosity increase from moment to moment; they saw the girl so gay and so sure of herself, that they involuntarily began to hope, although they found it impossible to explain the nature of their hopes to themselves. Paredes and Marianno were also greatly puzzled about the purpose of the expedition in which they were taking part; but their thoughts did not travel beyond this: they supposed that there was some work for them to do, and that was all.

The young lady still walked on, stopping at times and muttering a few words in a low voice, as if trying to remember the instructions she had previously received, but never hesitating, or taking one walk for another; in a word, she did not once retrace her steps when she had selected her course. Night, especially when it is dark, imparts to scenery a peculiar hue, which completely changes the appearance of the most familiar spots; it gives the smallest object a formidable aspect; all is confounded in one mass, without graduated tints, from which nothing stands out: a spot

which is very cheerful in the sunshine becomes gloomy and mournful when enveloped in darkness. The huerta, which was so pretty and bright by day, assumed on this night the gloomy and majestic proportions of a forest; the fall of a leaf, the accidental breaking of a branch, the dull murmur of invisible waters,—things so unimportant in themselves,—made these men start involuntarily, although they were endowed with great energy, and any real danger would not have made them blench.

But darkness possesses the fatal influence over the human organization of lessening its faculties, and rendering it small and paltry. A man who, in the midst of a battle, electrified by the sound of the cannon, intoxicated by the smell of powder, and excited by the example of his comrades, performs prodigies of valour, will tremble like a child on finding himself alone in the shadow of night, and in the presence of an unknown object, which causes him to apprehend a danger which frequently only exists in his sickly imagination. Hence our friends involuntarily underwent the formidable influence of darkness, and felt a certain uneasiness, which they tried in vain to combat, and which they could not succeed in entirely dispelling, in spite of all their efforts. They walked on silent and gloomy, pressing against each other, looking around them timidly, and in their hearts wishing to reach as speedily as possible the end of this long walk. At length Dona Marianna halted.

“Light the lanterns,” she said.

This was the first remark made since they left the blue-room. The lanterns were instantly lighted. Dona Marianna took one, and handed another to her brother.

“Show me a light, Ruiz,” she said to him.

The spot where they found themselves was situated at nearly the centre of the huerta; it was a species of grass-plot, on which only stubbly, stunted grass grew. In the centre rose a sort of tumulus, formed of several rocks piled on one another without any apparent symmetry, and which the owners of the hacienda had always respected in consequence of its barbarous singularity. An old tradition asserted that one of the old kings of Cibola, on the ruins of which town the hacienda was built, had been buried at the spot, which was called “The Tomb of the Cacique” after the tradition, whether it were true or false. The first Marquis de Moguer, who was a very pious man, like all the Spanish conquistadors, had to some extent authorized this belief, by having the mound blessed by a priest, under the pretext—a very plausible one at that time—that the tomb of a pagan attracted demons, who would at once retire when it was consecrated.

With the exception of the name it bore, this mound had never been held in bad repute, and no suspicious legend was attached to it. It was remote from the buildings of the hacienda, and surrounded on all sides by dense and almost impenetrable clumps of trees. Persons very rarely visited it, because, as it stood in the centre of an open patch of grass, it

offered no shelter against the sun ; hence the place was only known to the family and their oldest servants.

"Ah ! ah !" said the Marquis, "so you have brought us to the cacique's tomb, my girl?"

"Yes, father ; we can now begin operations without fear of being seen."

"I greatly fear that your hopes have led you astray."

"You promised, father, to make no remarks."

"That is true, and so I will hold my tongue."

"Very good, father," she said, with a smile ; "be assured that this exemplary docility will soon be duly rewarded."

And the young lady continued her investigations. She looked attentively at every stone, seeming to study its position carefully, while comparing it with a point of the compass.

"In which direction does the clump of old aloes lie?" she at length asked.

"That I cannot tell you," said Don Ruiz.

"With your permission I will do so," Paredes observed.

"Yes, yes," she said, eagerly.

The Major-domo looked about for a moment, and then, placing himself in a certain direction, said,—

"The aloes of Cibola, as we call them, are just facing me."

"Are you certain of it, Paredes?"

"Yes, nina, I am."

The young lady immediately placed herself by the Major-domo's side, and bending down over the stones, examined them with extreme care and attention. At length she drew herself up with a start of joy.

"My father," she said, with emotion, "the honour of dealing the first stroke belongs to you."

"Very good, my child ; where am I to strike?"

"There !" she said, pointing to a rather large gap between two stones.

Don Hernando drove in the pick, and, pressing on it forcibly, detached a stone which rolled on the grass.

"Very good," said the girl. "Now stop, father, and let these young men work ; you can join them presently, should it prove necessary.—Come, Ruiz—come, to-day—come, Paredes, to work, my friends ! Enlarge this hole, and make it large enough for us to pass through."

The three men set to work ardently, excited by Dona Marianna's words, and soon the stones, leaping from their bed of earth, began to show the ground around in large numbers. Not one of the three men suspected the nature of the task he was performing, and yet such is the attraction of a secret, that they drove in their picks with extraordinary ardour. Ruiz alone possibly foresaw an important discovery behind this task, but could not have explained what its nature was. The work, in

the mean while, progressed ; the hole became with every moment larger. The stones, which had been apparently thrown upon each other, were not bound by any mortar, and hence, so soon as the first was removed, the others came out with extreme facility. Now and then the labourers stopped to draw breath ; but this interruption lasted only a short time, so anxious were they to obtain the solution of the problem. All at once they stopped in discouragement, for an enormous mass of rock resisted their efforts. This rock, which was about six feet square, was exactly under the stones they had previously removed, and as no solution of continuity could be perceived, everything led to the supposition that this rock was really very much larger, and that only a portion of it was laid bare.

"Why are you stopping, brother?" Dona Marianna asked.

"Because we have reached the rock, and should break our picks, without getting any further."

"What! reached the rock? Impossible!"

The Marquis leant over the excavation.

"It would be madness to try and get any further," he said; "it is plain that we have reached the rock."

Dona Marianna gave an angry start.

"I tell you again that it is impossible," she continued.

"Look for yourself, sister."

The young lady took a lantern and looked; then, without answering her brother, she turned to Paredes and the tigrero.

"You," she said, "are old servants of the family, and I can order you without any fear of being contradicted; so obey me. Remove, as rapidly as possibly, all the stones round that supposed rock, and when that is done, I fancy I shall convince the most incredulous."

The two men resumed work; and Don Ruiz, piqued by his sister's remark, imitated them. The Marquis, with folded arms and head bowed on his chest, was overcome by such persistency, and began to hope again. Ere long the stones were removed, and the mass of rock stood solitary.

The young lady turned to the Marquis.

"Father," she said to him, "you dealt the first blow, and must deal the last: help these three men in removing this block."

Without replying, the Marquis seized a pick, and placed himself by the side of the workers. The four men dug their tools into the friable

The Marquis went in, and the rest followed him. After proceeding for about one hundred yards along a species of gallery, they perceived the body of a man, lying on a sort of clumsy dais, in a perfect state of preservation, and rather resembling a sleeping person than a corpse. Near the body the fleshless bones of another person were scattered on the ground.

"Look!" said the maiden.

"Yes," the Marquis answered, "it is the body interred under the tumulus."

"You are mistaken, father; it is the body of a miner, and the fancied tumulus is nothing but a very rich gold mine, which has remained for ages under the guard of this insensate body, and which it has pleased Heaven to make known to you, in order that you may recover the fortune which you were on the point of losing. Look around you," she said, raising the lantern.

The Marquis uttered a cry of delight and admiration; doubt was no longer possible. All around he saw enormous veins of gold, easy of extraction, almost without labour. The Marquis was dazzled; weaker in joy than in suffering, he fell unconscious on the floor of this mine, whose produce was about to restore him all that he had lost.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ASSAULT ON QUITOVAR.

WHILE these events were taking place at the Hacienda del Toro, others of an even more important nature were being carried out at the Real de Minas. Kidd, the adventurer, had scarce left Don Rufino Contreras, after the interesting conversations we have recorded, ere the senator made his preparations for departure, and at once set out for the Real de Minas, though careful to be accompanied by a respectable escort, which protected him from the insults of marauders. At 8 a.m. of the following day the senator entered the pueblo, and his first business was to present himself to the town commandant, Don Marcos de Niza. The captain not only received him coldly, but with a certain amount of constraint. This did not escape the senator's quick eye, but he was not at all affected by it.

"My dear captain," he said, after the usual compliments, "I am pleased at having been selected by the Presidential Government as its delegate to the military authorities of the State of Sonora for two reasons, apart from the honour I shall acquire by accomplishing this confidential duty."

The captain bowed, but said nothing.

"The first of these reasons," the senator continued, with his eternal smile, "is that I make the acquaintance of an excellent caballero in yourself; the second, that before being joined in the command with you, and desiring to make myself as agreeable to you as I could, I asked for the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel for you, a step which, between ourselves, you

have long deserved, and I was so fortunate as to obtain it for you. Permit me to hand you the commission with my own hands."

And drawing from his pocket-book a large folded paper, he laid it in the hand which the captain mechanically held out. The senator had justly counted on this skilfully managed surprise. The captain, confounded by the tardy justice done him, could not find a word to answer, but from this moment Don Rufino's cause was gained in his mind; and unless some unforeseen event occurred, the senator was convinced that he had nothing now to fear from this man, whom he had cleverly managed to lay under an obligation, without it costing him anything. The truth was, that a few days previously the captain's nomination had reached the Governor of Arispe, from Mexico; the senator accidentally heard of it, and offered to deliver it to the captain. As the Governor had no reason to refuse, he entrusted the nomination to the senator, and he turned it to the good purpose we have seen.

"And now," he continued, cutting short the thanks which the new colonel thought himself bound to offer him, "permit me to change the conversation, my dear colonel, and speak to you about things which interest me privately."

"I am listening to you, caballero," Don Marcos answered; "and if I can be of any service to you—"

"Oh, merely to give me some information," the senator interrupted him; "I will explain the matter in two words. I am, as you are probably aware, very intimate with a relative of yours, the Marquis de Moguer, and an alliance between us is being arranged at this moment."

Don Marcos gave a deep bow.

"Now," the senator continued, "the Marquis, as you of course know, has been seriously tried of late; in a word, between ourselves, he is almost ruined. Several times already I have been so fortunate as to render him important services; but, as you know, where misfortune is pressing a family, the best intentions often can only succeed in retarding an inevitable downfall. Being most desirous to save a man with whom I shall be probably closely connected within a few days, not merely by the ties of friendship, but also by the closer links of relationship, I have bought up all his debts; in a word, I have become his sole creditor, and that is as much as telling you that the Marquis does not owe a farthing now. The

man whose daughter you are about to marry, to say to him, 'You owed enormous sums; I have bought up your debts, here are the receipts; burn them, for you owe nothing now:' it would be looking so much like trying to impose conditions to act thus, in a word, to make a bargain, that I feel a repugnance from it; and if a common friend does not consent to come to my assistance in the matter, I confess to you that I am completely ignorant how I shall get out of the difficulty."

"What!" the colonel exclaimed, in admiration, "would you do that?"

"I never had any other thought," the senator replied, simply.

"Oh, it is a great and generous action, caballero."

"Not at all; on the contrary, it is quite natural. Don Hernando is my intimate friend; I am going to marry his daughter, and my line of duty is plain. I only did what any one else in my place would have done."

"No, no," Don Marcos said, shaking his head with an air of conviction; "no, senor, no one would have acted as you have done, I feel certain. Alas! hearts like yours are rare."

"All the worse, all the worse, and I feel sorry for humanity," Don Rufino said, as he raised his eyes piously to the ceiling.

"What is the service you expect from me, senor?"

"A very simple thing. I will give you in a few moments these unlucky receipts, which I will ask you to be kind enough to hand to the Marquis. You can make him understand better than I can the purity of my intentions in this affair; and, above all, pray assure him that I have not done it for the purpose of forcing him to give me his daughter's hand."

The senator went away, leaving the colonel completely under the charm. He proceeded hastily to the meson where Don Parfindo was lodged; he took the receipts from him, rewarded him handsomely, and did not leave him till he saw him and his bailiff out of the pueblo: then he walked slowly back to the colonel's house, rubbing his hands, and muttering, with an ironical smile,—

"I fancy that I shall soon have no cause to fear that worthy Senor Kidd's denunciations. By the bye, where can he be? his absence from Quitovar is not natural, and I must free myself from him at our next interview."

The senator's conversation with his agent had occupied some time, and when Don Rufino returned to the colonel's house, he found the latter busy in making known his new rank to his officers. The colonel eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to introduce the senator to them, and to tell them that Don Rufino was delegated by the Government to watch the operations of the army, and that hence they must obey him like himself. The officers bowed respectfully to the senator, made their vows, and retired. When the two gentlemen were alone again the ice was completely broken between them, and they were the best friends in the world.

"Well?" the colonel asked.

"All is settled," the senator replied, as he produced the vouchers.

"Caramba! you have lost no time."

"The best things are those done quickly. Take all these documents, and make what use of them you think proper. I am delighted at having got rid of them."

While saying this, Don Rufino threw the papers on the table with an excellent affectation of delight.

"With your leave, caballero," the colonel said, with a laugh, "I will take these papers, since you insist on it, but I will give you a receipt."

"Oh no," the senator exclaimed, "that would spoil the whole business."

"Still—"

"Not a word," he interrupted him, quickly; "I do not wish to have in my possession the shadow of a claim upon Don Hernando."

The colonel would have probably pressed the point had not a great noise been heard in the anteroom, and a man rushed into the colonel's sanctum, shouting at the top of his lungs, "The Indians! the Indians!"

The colonel and the senator rose. The man was Kidd; his clothes were torn and disordered; his face and hands were covered with blood and dust, and all apparently proved that he had just escaped from a sharp pursuit. A strange uproar outside the house, which soon assumed formidable proportions, corroborated his statement.

"Is that you, Kidd?" the colonel exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied; "but lose no time, captain; here are the pagans! they are at my heels, and I am scarce half an hour ahead of them."

Without waiting to hear anything more, the colonel dashed out of the room.

"Where have you come from?" Don Rufino asked the bandit, so soon as he was alone with him.

The latter gave a start of disappointment on recognizing the senator, whom he had not noticed at the first moment. This start did not escape Don Rufino.

"How does that concern you?" the adventurer answered, roughly.

"I want to know."

Kidd made a meaning grimace.

"Every man has his own business," he said.

"Some treachery you have been preparing, of course."

"That is possible," he replied, with a knowing grin.

"Against me, perhaps?"

"Who knows?"

"Will you speak?"

"What is the use of speaking, since you have guessed it?"

"Then you are still trying to deceive me?"

"I mean to take my precautions, that is all."

"Scoundrel!" the senator exclaimed, with a menacing gesture.

"Nonsense!" the other said, with a shrug of his shoulders; "I am not afraid of you, for you would not dare kill me."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, because it would cause a row, and because I do not think you such a friend of the captain that you venture to take such a liberty in his house."

"You are mistaken, villain, and you shall have a proof of it."

"Holloa!" the adventurer exclaimed, as he retired precipitately to the door.

But, with a gesture rapid as thought, Don Rufino seized one of Don Maroos's pistols, cocked it, and ere Kidd could effect the retreat he was meditating, he fired, and the adventurer lay on the ground with a bullet in his chest.

"Die, brigand!" the senator shouted, as he threw down the weapon he had used.

"Yes," the bandit muttered, "but not unavenged. It was well played, master; but your turn will soon arrive—"

And stiffening with a final convulsion, the ruffian expired, retaining on his features even after death an expression of mocking defiance, which caused the senator an involuntary tremor.

"What is the matter here?" the colonel asked, suddenly entering.

"Nothing very important," Don Rufino said, carelessly. "I was carried away by my passion, and settled this scoundrel."

"*Viva Dios!* You were right, senor; I only regret that you have anticipated me, for I have proofs of his treachery.—Ho, there! Remove this carrion, and throw it out," he shouted to some soldiers who accompanied him, and had remained in the anteroom.

The soldiers obeyed, and the adventurer's body was thrown unceremoniously into the street.

"Are the Indians really coming up?"

"The dust raised by their horses' hoofs can already be perceived. We have not a moment to lose in preparing for defence. I suppose I can reckon on you?"

"*Rayo de Dios!* I should hope so."

"Come, then, for time presses."

Kidd had in reality prepared, with his usual Machiavelism, a new treachery, of which, unluckily for him, he was destined to be the first victim. The whole pueblo was in an uproar: the streets were crowded with soldiers proceeding to their posts; with women, children, and aged persons flying in terror, with rancheros who aimed at a gallop to find

defenders of the pueblo were enabled to examine their enemies, and form an idea of the terrible danger that menaced them.

Unhappily, the sun was on the point of setting, and it was evident that the red-skins had calculated their march so as to arrive exactly at that moment, and continue the attack through the night. The colonel, foreseeing that he might possibly be compelled to have recourse to flight, collected a band of fifty resolute horsemen, whom he gave orders not to leave the Plaza Major, and be ready for any eventuality. After their first charge the Indians retired out of musket range, and did not renew their attack. A few horsemen, better mounted than the rest, were scattered over the plain, picking up the dead and wounded, and capturing the straggling horses; but the colonel gave orders that they should not be fired at,—not through humanity, but in order to spare his ammunition, of which he possessed a very small stock.

Night set in, and a deep gloom covered the earth; but the red-skins lit no fires. This circumstance alarmed the colonel; but several hours passed, and nothing led to the possibility of an attack being suspected. Profound silence brooded over the pueblo and the surrounding plains, and the Indians seemed to have disappeared as if by enchantment. The Mexicans tried in vain to distinguish any suspicious forms in the darkness: they saw and heard nothing. This expectation of a danger, which all felt to be imminent and terrible, had something frightful for the besieged.

Suddenly an immense light lit up the plain; the black outlines of the Indians rose like diabolical apparitions, galloping in all directions; a horrible, discordant, and shrill yell echoed in the ears of the Mexicans, and clouds of blazing arrows fell upon them from all sides at once, while the hideous heads of the red-skins appeared on the crest of the entrenchments. Then, in the light of a forest, kindled by the Indians to serve them as a beacon, an obstinate hand-to-hand fight began between the white men and red-skins.

The pueblo was captured; any further resistance became not only impossible, but insensate. Several houses were already ablaze, and in a few minutes the Real de Minas would only be one immense furnace. The senator and the colonel had fought bravely so long as a gleam of hope was left them, and the struggle appeared possible. At this moment they thought of saving the few wretches who still existed, and had escaped the frightful massacre by a miracle. Collecting around them all the men they passed, they dashed to the Plaza Major, where, in spite of the fight raging around them, the squadron picked by Don Marcos had remained motionless, and leaping on their horses, they gave the order to start. Then the little band rushed forward like a hurricane, overthrowing and crushing all the obstacles that stood in their way; and after losing one-third their number, the rest succeeded in leaving the pueblo, traversing the enemy's lines, and taking the road to the Hacienda del Toro, without any close pursuit.



THE WOOINGS AND WEDDINGS OF OUR PRINCES OF WALES.

THE marriage of a Prince of Wales has been of such rare occurrence, not only in modern times, but throughout the annals of England, that an unusual degree of interest naturally attaches to antecedent incidents and ceremonies, as well as to those of the forthcoming auspicious event.

From the time of that great Plantagenet, Edward I., who to the epithet of *malleus Scotorum*, "hammer of the Scots"—given him for his valour as a soldier,—earned the better appellation of "the English Justinian," from the excellent laws he placed on our statute-book; and who first presented, in 1284, to the refractory Welsh, then clamouring for a native prince to rule them, his infant firstborn son, with the words "Eich Dyn" ("here's your man"), this proud title has been borne by *five* only of our kings' sons who married whilst heirs-apparent to the crown.

Edward of Caernarvon and his son, Edward of Windsor, having both ascended the throne bachelors, our interest in the wooing and wedding of a Prince of Wales commences with Edward of Woodstock. No name upon the brilliant roll of England's chivalry bears a brighter lustre than that of the renowned Black Prince. He was a true nobleman, a valiant warrior, a courteous knight, a thorough Englishman, a good son, and an honest man. Early excelling in every martial exercise and pastime, he was the first Prince of Wales who distinguished himself in the field. At ten years of age Edward was a tall, well-proportioned, and symmetrically grown boy, with these courtly graces which won the admiration of the fair sex, and gave high promise of a virtuous and glorious manhood. The marriage of this "hopeful young gentleman" was projected thus early, and Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Brabant, at the tender age of four years, was the selected demoiselle. Prince Edward, however, boy as he was, seems to have had a will of his own, and strongly objected to be thus

paired off or controlled in the matter of matrimony, having indeed already bestowed his affections upon his cousin, Joan Plantagenet, the Fair Maid of Kent, and such bestowal led to the failure of the contemplated alliance with the little Margaret. The romantic attachment of the royal cousins, and the story of their loves, became traditionary in many a town and village of merry England.

Joan was the only daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, youngest son of Edward I., by his second wife, Marguerite of France. This most amiable and exemplary young prince, at the age of twenty-nine, was impeached of high treason, and on Sunday, March 13th, 1329, was condemned by Queen Isabel and her paramour Mortimer to die on the morrow. Every effort of the "young lion" of England, Edward III., proved fruitless to save the life of his uncle. So beloved and popular was the Earl, that no Englishman could be found to execute the sentence. The chronicler* says that the executioner stole away, and that the unfortunate Earl of Kent sat waiting on the scaffold until five o'clock in the afternoon, to be launched into eternity. The man who was at length persuaded to behead him was a condemned criminal in the Marshalsea, who accepted the terrible office as the ransom of his own life. That noble victim to the machinations of the infamous queen-mother left three children, the youngest, Joan, being then only a year old. Whilst still an infant, her mother affianced her to the Earl of Salisbury, who soon after went abroad, and appears never to have troubled himself for many years about his betrothed.

As Joan advanced towards womanhood her peerless beauty became the envy and admiration of every one; but she acquired also, whether deservedly or no, a reputation for coquetry. Her temper, moreover, was not of the meekest or most amiable; indeed, by some she is styled "the gay, giddy, proud, and passionate princess."

John, her eldest brother, having early died unmarried, her father's title reverted to her brother Edmund. The Prince of Wales then besought the consent of his royal parents to an union with his cousin Joan. His virtuous and high-minded mother, Queen Philippa, had, however, a strong objection to the match, on the score of the fickleness of the princess's character, and entreated her gallant son to give up all further thought of the alliance. Edward ostensibly obeyed, but still cherished his affection in secret; and the seemingly rejected Joan, believing Salisbury, her absent betrothed, dead, espoused in her twenty-fourth year Sir Thomas Holland, K.G. The contract duly signed, and the marriage over, who should, spectre-like, make his appearance to claim the bride, but Lord Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. Her mother asserted her right to dispose of her daughter's hand as she willed; Sir Thomas Holland peremptorily demanded that the contract just entered into in good faith should be fulfilled; and most firmly, but with much courtesy, did Lord Montacute

* Leland.

maintain his prior claim, in spite of countess, princess, or knight. Just at this juncture, on the 7th January, 1353, the young Earl of Kent died, and his sister Joan became Countess in her own right.

The prize now to be secured was a rich one. The two claimants therefore redoubled their energies, and contended with such unflinching determination, that the bride's friends at last suggested an appeal to the Pope. Following out this suggestion, the stout Knight of the Garter laid his contract and the fact of his marriage at the feet of Clement the Sixth, whilst the more courtly Earl prayed his Holiness to enforce his prior claims, contending that he was the original contractor, and that during his absence abroad Sir Thomas Holland had taken possession of his true and lawful wife, the Princess Joan of Kent. The Pope, deeming the accomplished marriage of greater weight than the early contract, ruled that the Princess should be restored to her rightful lord, Sir Thomas Holland. Whereupon the much coveted beauty was resigned by her mother to the arms of the victorious husband, who, in right of his wife, took the title of Earl of Kent. His happiness, however, was of short duration, for some six years after he died, leaving his still youthful Countess a widow with four children.

The fair Joan, since her marriage, had happily become as noted for her wit and amiability as she had been previously for her personal charms. Her own inclinations having never been consulted in her union with the Knight, she now—arbitress of her own destiny—determined not to remarry without giving her heart with her hand. The Black Prince, whose attachment to his lovely cousin had undergone no abatement, ardently contemplated renewing his suit with her, but now found himself placed in a very embarrassing position. One of his intimate friends—a knight of his own household—avowed his love for the Countess of Kent, and earnestly implored his royal master to forward his suit. The Prince of Wales—not only the soul of honour, but the impersonation of generosity—calmly consented to ask a question, the answer to which might overshadow his whole life. This noble act of self-abnegation strikingly illustrates the character of the man. The Prince rode leisurely through the shady woods of Windsor to the manor-house, where the widowed Countess kept solitary state, surrounded by her children, and was warmly welcomed and entertained at dinner. The repast over, the gallant Edward, in perfect outward calmness, proceeded to open the delicate commission with which he had charged himself, and urged his friend's pretensions warmly, and with entire good faith. The Countess promptly and repeatedly rejected them, and her royal cousin as repeatedly begged her to reconsider her decision. She, however, firmly adhered to it, and finally, on being requested to hold out some hope of changing her determination eventually, Joan looked up from her embroidery, and told the generous pleader plainly, “how, when she was under ward, she was disposed of by others; but that now, being at years of discretion, and mistress of her own actions, she would not cast herself beneath her rank; but remembered that she was of the blood-royal

of England, and therefore resolved never to marry again but to a prince of quality and virtue like himself."

Though very widow-like, the concluding words of this reply might have been unintentional. However this may be, they were uttered by one who, though two years older than the Prince, was, says Bunsen, "still mistress of such graces and agreeable qualities as might worthily recommend her to the love of the greatest prince on earth." Edward, sympathizing entirely with the frank and spirited sentiment, quickly showed his lovely cousin the interpretation he chose to give it, by bestowing upon her a hearty kiss. The blushing widow does not seem to have objected to this mode of construing; and the Prince with a beating heart galloped back to impart to his royal parents the renewal of his own and Joan's love. He entreated his mother to part no longer two hearts so warmly attached. Queen Philippa, already sinking under that malady for which "there was no remedy but death," laid her hand on the head of her firstborn, and "bade him God-speed!" Edward the Third was pleased at the idea of his son's marriage; for he had thrice vainly sought to mate him with royal ladies of foreign birth,—first with Margaret of Brabant; then with a princess of France; and next with the Infanta of Portugal. All in vain. Edward was true to his first love. But there were great difficulties to overcome. The Prince and his cousin were within the degrees of consanguinity. Added to this, Edward had stood sponsor to one, if not both, of Joan's sons; which, in the eyes of the Church of Rome, placed a greater obstacle in his way. Queen Philippa urged that Joan was two years older than her cousin, but this was no ecclesiastical objection. The close blood-relationship of the contracting parties was a grave difficulty; and a still graver one was the spiritual relation into which they had entered. But all these difficulties were overruled by Pope Innocent issuing from Avignon the bull of dispensation, September 7th, 1361. One dignitary of the Church, however, was not satisfied—the Archbishop of Canterbury. He wrote a very long Latin letter to the Prince a few days before his marriage, in which he set forth that "many scandals might arise from it;"—as that, previous to her marriage with Sir T. Holland, Joan had been contracted to the Earl of Salisbury, and though judgment was given against the Earl, and she had remained with the Knight, yet as the Earl of Salisbury was still living, and married, it was very doubtful whether the Princess could contract marriage at all. This verbose epistle, however, had no effect, for on the 10th of October, 1361, Edward married his cousin at Windsor Castle. Their nuptials were celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendour. In the enumeration of those present, some

Countess of Hainault, and Edward's sister, Isabel. The rite was performed by the Bishops of Lincoln, Winchester, Salisbury, and Worcester, one Abbot of Winchester, and the Deans of Lichfield, Lincoln, and the Chapel Royal. This marriage was confirmed, two months afterwards, by a second bull.

For some time after their union this affectionate couple resided at Berkhamstead, Herts, where they threw off the trappings and anxieties of state, and drew around them a cheerful domestic circle. The Black Prince was fond of a joyous life, and at his town-house high festivity was kept up. This house, Stowe tells us, stood upon Fish Street Hill, a little above Crooked Lane End. In that writer's time it was an inn, known as the "Black Bell." The yard which led from it, called "Bell Yard," was removed when the present London Bridge was erected. After fifteen years of uninterrupted happiness, the fair Jean lost her loving and beloved lord, at the age of forty-five. She survived him only nine years. She died of a broken heart, caused by the fact that King Richard II., her youngest son, could not pardon his elder half-brother, Sir John Holland, for the murder of Sir Ralph Stafford.

The wooing and betrothal of the next Prince of Wales and heir-apparent, which claim our notice some hundred years afterwards, were those of Edward of Westminster, son of the unfortunate Henry VI., born on St. Edward's day, 1453. Margaret of Anjou, his mother, was poor and proud, hence unpopular; and the internal peace of the kingdom was menaced by the existence of this Prince; for Richard, Duke of York, was heir-presumptive until Edward of Westminster was born. He was created Prince of Wales before he was a year old; and for eight years during the Wars of the Roses, became a refugee in France. Margaret and her son made short visits at various chateaux, in which the French lords were proud to entertain the royal exiles. In Paris, too, they occasionally resided, and there, it is said, the Prince of Wales first saw the Lady Anne Nevills, second daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, whose childish beauty so impressed his boyish heart, that at the age of fourteen he became enamoured of her. The early youth of Anne was chiefly passed at Calais, England being only occasionally visited, when the star of York was in the ascendant. There is a tradition that when the wily Louis XI. despatched the Archbishop of Narbonne on a mission to Edward IV., there were in his suite two ecclesiastics,—one a very young theological student, the other several years older,—whose real names were only known to the Archbishop. The younger was Edward, Prince of Wales; and the grave yet handsome priest who accompanied him, Margaret, his mother. They were lodged secretly in London, in a house of the Duke of Exeter; and the energetic Queen, by the aid of many disguises, much money, and kind-hearted jailers, actually passed a whole week with her unfortunate husband in the Tower. For this she had crossed the sea, and encountered a thousand dan-

gers. When she returned to her hiding-place in the city, her despair was intense to find her son, from whom she had never before been separated, gone—no one knew whither. After a few days the truant Prince returned, the excuse he gave for this strange escapade being that "it was all for love." He had crossed to Calais, where Warwick was then captain, and the Lady Anne resided. The lovers had met in secret, and had renewed their vows. Margaret was more proud than ever of her bold boy, and ardently longed to see him once again secure in the possession of that princely estate to which he was born. Though the Queen was as ambitious as she was energetic, her ambition and energy were devoted to securing her son's power, not her own.

When Margaret of Anjou and Warwick both fled before the victorious Yorkists, they embarked disguised from Sussex for Dieppe. On board the ship they mutually recognized each other, and long before they landed the Queen had agreed to accept the Lady Anne as her future daughter-in-law. Thus far tradition states. But it is certain that when Margaret consented to a marriage between the daughter of Warwick and her son, the Prince of Wales, it was upon the condition that "the King-maker" should re-seat her priest-like husband on the throne. Warwick, indeed, proposed this match as the price of his aid for the restoration of Henry of Lancaster. It is stated that the Lady Anne Neville and Edward of Westminster, Prince of Wales, were married at Amboise, in 1470, the bride being then in her seventeenth, the bridegroom in his nineteenth year. Prévost affirms that the match was one of ardent love on both sides. Young Edward, who was strikingly handsome, had received as liberal an education as those troublous times permitted, and his manners were characterized by dignity and refinement. The ill-fated pair remained in each other's society until the spring of 1471,—a brief nine months of bliss. A Flemish chronicler, indeed, asserts that Anne was with her husband when that unfortunate prince was murdered at Tewkesbury, in the presence of Edward IV.; but this fact is as doubtful as that there was anything more than a betrothal between the Prince of Wales and Anne of Warwick. This much, however, is certain, that she was styled Princess of Wales, and that she was the first Queen Consort of England (by her second marriage with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.) who had previously borne that title.

In touching upon the union of Arthur of Winchester with Catherine of Arragon, we now at one step find ourselves advanced to the clear and open platform of modern history. Political considerations, long on the

Affixed in 1467, the nuptials were not celebrated until November 14th, 1601; their crafty sires having each dallied and demurred until, by the execution of the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, Henry's throne seemed unassailable, and the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella radiant with glory.

Prince Arthur at eleven years old was a handsome and intelligent boy, a scholar by inclination, of an ardent temperament, but rather grave than gay, and possessing none of his brother Henry's exuberant vigour and joyousness. His betrothed, on the contrary, we are told, was a very lively girl, passionately fond of dancing; and, if we may believe Speed, she was "beauteous," with auburn hair—a hue very rare among theresses of the dark daughters of Castile. Her portrait represents her face as oval, with a very calm and benevolent expression—the features regular, and forehead remarkably high. Among the royal consorts of England hardly one is invested with greater interest than this high-minded but unfortunate Princess; and much of her character may be traced by means of existing letters, which date from the time of her betrothal until long after her brow had ached with that weight of woe which, signally for her, the crown-matrimonial of these realms, through her second marriage, brought with it.

With a view of cultivating their mutual affection, so far as might be between those who had never met, Arthur and Katherine were allowed, under the supervision of lord-governors, tutors, confessors, bishops, and duennas, to correspond with each other in the Latin language—French being then a rare acquisition even in a princely education of that period. We spare our readers the crabbed Latinity, and give in our mother English one of those effusions in which the young Prince woos his distant bride-elect.

"Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Lady, my dearest Spouse,—I wish you very much health, with my hearty commendation. I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness lately given to me, from which I have easily perceived your most entire love to me. Truly those letters, traced by your own hand, have so delighted me, and have rendered me so cheerful and jocund, that I fancied I beheld your Highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what an earnest desire I feel to see your Highness, and how vexations to me is this procrastination about your coming. I owe eternal thanks to your Excellence, that you so lovingly correspond to this my so ardent love. Let it continue, I entreat, as it has begun; and like as I cherish your sweet remembrance night and day, so do you preserve my name fresh in your breast. And let your coming be hastened, that, instead of being absent, we may be present with each other, and the love conceived between us, and the wished-for joys, may reap their proper fruit.

"From our Castle at Ludlow,

"3rd Nones [5th] of October, 1499.

"Your Highness' most loving Spouse,

"ARTHUR, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, &c.,

"Eldest son of the King.

All preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged between the royal sires of the affianced couple, Katherine left the *Adhambra* on the 28th of May, 1501, with a well-appointed suite of gentlemen, the Countess de Cobra, and Donna Elvira de Manuel, chief lady of honour, with four attendant young ladies. She went on shipboard at Corunna, August 17th. But, as it then commonly befell many of our royal brides, storms and contrary winds so prevailed, that she was obliged to return to Old Castile, where she became seriously ill. She was able to re-embark, however, on the 28th of September, and, after a favourable passage, landed at Plymouth, October 2nd—her journey having occupied as many months as the same distance would now be traversed in almost the like number of days. By the people of Plymouth, the Spanish Infanta was right royally entertained, and the nobility and gentry flocked from the neighbouring counties to do honour to their future queen. The feasting, rejoicing, and west-country sports highly delighted her, and seem to have been kept up there throughout the month. But it is somewhat strange to read that the Prince of Wales was unaware of his bride's arrival in this country until he met his father at East Hampstead on the 5th of the following month. The King, however, having been apprised of the landing of his daughter-in-law, had sent forward the Duchess of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, with Lord Broke, steward of the palace, to "purvey and provide for the Infanta." The next day the royal bridegroom hastened on to meet his bride. As soon as the Spanish cavaliers espied the *cortege*, they hurried across the downs, in order to forbid the nearer approach of the King and his son towards the Infanta's presence. By order of Ferdinand, the bride was not to be seen by her betrothed until she stood at the altar,—neither was her veil to be raised until she was a wedded wife. King Henry, an English-born prince, though a stickler himself for forms and ceremonies, did not feel disposed to acquiesce in the observance of such Eastern fashions in his dominions.

In this dilemma, therefore, he sought advice of the privy councillors who were with him. Their discussion of this nice point of etiquette occupied some time, but finally they came to the decision, "that the Spanish Infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, *he might look at her if he liked*." Following this advice, Henry made all speed to Dogmersfield, at which place the Princess and suite had arrived a few hours previously, and demanded to see her. His entrance to her lodgings was opposed by a Spanish archbishop, a bishop, and a count, who urged that "the Lady Infanta had retired to her chamber." Unheeding the perplexity into which his sudden appearance had thrown her retinue, he insisted upon an interview, protesting that "if she were in bed he meant to see and speak with her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming." The determined bearing of the royal father-in-law carried the point. The Infanta rose, re-attired herself, and gave him the interview in an adjoining chamber. The King was as ignorant of

Spanish and Katherine was of English; "but," says an eye-witness, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." Henry then presented Prince Arthur to his long-looked-for consort, and made the young couple formally plight their troth in person. This ceremony over, the royal party, we are told, were "admitted into the Infanta's bedroom," where she and her ladies called for minstrels, and "with great goodly behaviour and manner solaced themselves with dancing." On the morrow the bride-elect set out for Chertsey, where she passed the night, and two days after reached Kennington Palace, in which she abode until prepared to be presented with due honour to the English people; "who always," remarks an old chronicler, "are famous for the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-behaved strangers."

The Spanish Princess entered London in state, escorted by a retinue of nobles and ecclesiastics, on the 12th of November. She was mounted on a mule, the young Duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII.) riding at her right hand, and the Legate of Rome on her left. Katherine's head-gear was a carnation-coloured coif under a hat shaped like a cardinal's, fastened with a lace of gold, her rich auburn hair streaming over her shoulders. Her duenna, Donna Elvira, wore the garb of a religious woman. The saddle of the Princess's mule, in the form of a small arm-chair, was richly ornamented. Four Spanish maidens followed their royal mistress, also on mules, led by four English damsels riding palfreys, and attired in cloth of gold. The Spanish ladies rode on the right side of their steeds, whilst the fair Britons rode on the left, "as if," says the recording herald, "each pair of damsels had quarrelled and rode back to back." The loyal citizens of London were profuse in their expenditure to give their prince's bride and future queen a fitting reception. Pageants, tedious from their number and similarity, detained her, whilst passing from London Bridge to St. Paul's, for several hours in well-meant but injudicious greeting. In the Bishop's palace she was lodged till the day of her marriage, whilst Prince Arthur abode at the Dean of Paul's Place, whence, on the wedding morning, the bridegroom entered the cathedral with a noble company. The bride, led forth by Henry, Duke of York, was accompanied not only by a bevy of beauties, but by "a great estate of bachelors that had not been married." The illustrious pair were married by banns publicly "asked" in the church. By way of a heavy joke, the rite was solemnly forbidden. Mock formalities were gone through, for and against it, by "badge doctors of the stoic far." But the Master of the Rolls, having gravely examined both arguments, pronounced that the marriage would be good and effectual in the eye of the Church. Whereupon the Archbishop of Canterbury, with nineteen bishops and abbots, at last firmly tied the knot, and pronounced Arthur and Katherine man and wife.

It was a strange feature in this elaborate wedding, that after the observance of so much formality—due and undue—her brother-in-law,

young Henry, should lead back the bride from the altar instead of her husband, but the fact is recorded.

After a fortnight's series of brilliant festivities, the Prince and Princess of Wales retired to Ludlow, where they held a miniature Court, modelled after that of the English King. The young couple were deservedly popular, but their happiness proved of brief duration, for this amiable Prince, who was the hope of the nation, died suddenly—of plague, it is said—April 2nd, 1502, within six short months after his nuptials. Soon after this melancholy event, Henry of Greenwich, Duke of York, being created Prince of Wales, a project of his marriage with the widowed Katherine arose between the astute and politic fathers, Henry and Ferdinand. The latter wished his daughter, and that part of her dowry already paid, to be returned to him; but the avaricious Henry not only insisted on retaining that portion (100,000 crowns) he had already received, but was desirous that the remainder should come into his coffers. Katherine evinced much distaste at being made over like a bargain to her deceased consort's brother; but being compelled to submit, was, in the summer of 1504, betrothed accordingly to a second Prince of Wales, he being only thirteen years of age, while she was a full-grown woman of nineteen.

Notwithstanding this strange betrothal, for nearly the whole period from Prince Arthur's death, to her marriage with his brother (two months after his accession), Katherine's existence in England had been one of penury, suffering, and seclusion. At the time of this second union, Henry, without flattery, was acknowledged to be the handsomest prince, and probably one of the most accomplished men, in Europe. His frank, hearty, and graceful manners endeared him to all; and no scruples having yet arisen in the mind of Henry on the score of the marriage with the widow of his brother, that period was, in all probability, the happiest of Katherine's wedded life.

During the long lapse of a century—from the death of Henry VII. till James I. created his son Henry Prince of Wales, that title was dormant. It was next borne by the two princes of the House of Stuart, Charles I. and II. No heir-apparent after this bore it in England until the son of George I. was so created. That prince had been already married nine years. Upon his accession as George II., his son Frederick Louis was created Prince of Wales, at the age of twenty-two; and who, previous to his coming to England, had been anxious to espouse a princess of Prussia. State intrigues, however, prevented that match, but so over head and ears

The bride-elect fortunately was saved from certain misery by the interference of Sir Robert Walpole. Frederick being thus thwarted in his own choice, consented, when afterwards importuned to marry, with contemptuous indifference, to accept a wife chosen for him in the person of the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg, who was twelve years younger than himself. This union took place in 1736. The next and last marriage of a Prince of Wales was that of our beloved Sovereign's uncle (George IV.) to Caroline of Brunswick, in 1795, the incidents of which are too well known to need repetition.

The youthful Henry (afterwards the Eighth of England) was the last Prince of Wales born of an English mother. Upwards of three centuries, therefore, elapsed ere England saw another Prince of Wales, who derived his birth from not only a royal daughter, but a queen-regnant of these realms, in the person of Albert Edward, our present "expectancy and rose of the fair state."

A high and brilliant career, in all human probability, awaits our young Lord of the Isles and his fair bride; a career which far be it from us to foreshadow by one sage reflection, trite perchance as true, upon what, alas! is alike the common lot of prince and peasant; for it is too often idle to speculate on the future, till "forthcoming events cast their shadows before." We are not so gifted as the witches in "Macbeth," who

— "Could look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not."

But at least we shall not err, either in good taste or feeling, by the expression of a lively hope and earnest prayer for welfare, happiness, and length of days to ALBERT EDWARD of England, and ALEXANDRA of Denmark.

IN THE CAMP.

COMRADE Ned,
 This wine is as red
 (Though sweet to the taste) as the blood was shed;
 When yesternight,
 On the dead-strewn height,
 We put the Frenchmen by scores to bed;
 Sung them to sleep with our cannon by hordes,
 And tuck'd them up with our English swords!
 So it puts me in mind of the fight again,
 The boiling and seething of blood and brain,
 When the trumpet, awaking with urging breath,
 Blew us together in mists of death,
 And our corselets rattled like wind and rain;
 It reminds me, too,
 Of a foe I slew,
 Of a ghastly face that I cleft in twain.

Last night the work of a life was done;
 Whether Providence did it, or Chance, all's one;—
 But before I return to my primitive mud,
 I've a tale to tell in your ears, old friend.
 (I'm glad that this wine has the colour of blood—
 'Twill keep me in patience to get to the end!)

Well, Ned, you must know
 That, eight summers ago,
 My heart, like a rose just beginning to blow,
 Caught the sweet sunny light of a young girl's smile,
 That hung like a butterfly on it the while;
 And my heart began throbbing, and sounding, and burning,
 And my blood began glowing, and aching, and yearning;
 And, bewilder'd in sunshine, my head began turning.
 Pshaw! I had fallen in love, to be brief just here.
 Delight pour'd upon me, old friend, in a flood;
 And I hoped—what I hoped for is perfectly clear—

She was weak, though, in spite of her face,—weak as dust ;
Too lovely to doubt, and too fragile to trust :

And I knew it, in spite

Of the tender love-light

That absorb'd me

And orb'd me,

Both morning and night,

With a fanciful brightness of hope and of home ;

And I felt that her will, if permitted to dash on

The fatal rock of some treacherous passion,

Would break, leave her naked, and fly like the foam !

In the quiet depth of her azure eyes

Slept a fire which the angels would deem undivine,

But the halt and the blind, comrade Ned, are more wise

And keen-vision'd than I in this love-dream of mine.

(Well, the fire has been quench'd in that blood and this wine !)

I doubt if she loved me at all, though her scorning

Was buried by inches away till the morning

When the radiant and beautiful dream of my life

Was merged in completion ;—I made her my wife.

I doubt if she loved me, I said. *Do I doubt ?*

Nay, she loved me much less than some pence that I had :

That's the English of love, if the truth must out,

As you'll find by-and-bye to your cost, my lad.

For Cupid, when young and just trying to speak,

Uses a sort of bewildering Greek ;

But after the moon is exhausted of honey,

He takes to good English, and prattles of money.

So we dwelt in our joy for a summer or more,—

The honey remain'd, though the moon shone no longer ;

And I fancy my manhood grew prouder and stronger,

And something more tender than thithertofore.

But oh, comrade Ned, the proud hope and the joy

When she lay in the darkness and bare me my boy !

When the little stranger oped eyes and smiled,

Till the wine in our veins was rubied as this is,

When with blind, proud kisses,

We peer'd into heaven through the eyes of our child,

And saw the white angels in beautiful calm,

And heard not, but felt, they were singing a psalm ;

While, fresh from the shadow of death,

We could feel their breath

Blow cool on our kissing lips through his mouth of balm !

We? Did *she* see as *I* saw the vision of wonder,
 The glory above us, within us, and under?
 Can that breath out of heaven have blown us asunder?
 Or should we again
 Have been wedded by pain,
 When the woman's grand agony dazzled and stunn'd her?

To see her sit with the child on her knee,
 And the first soft light of its love awake,
 Morning and eve, was a sight to make
 The heart grow big, and the blood feel free!
 (More wine, friend Ned:
 I'm glad 'tis red
 As the blood we shed;
 For the child and the woman were heaven to me!)

I had a friend, but his soul was vile,—
 I had a friend, with a lie in his smile;
 I had a friend, and a wife who defiled
 The blood that ran red in the veins of our child.

They fled together, the woman and man,—
 The foul French slime and the English wife;
 But swift as they flew, Ned, they never outran
 The purpose that goaded me on like a knife,
 When the fiends had still left me the hate of my life.
 They fled in their shame,
 With the babe, whose smile was a curse upon her;
 They fled with the jewels of my good name.
 (But this wine is less bright than the life-blood of honour!)

With my blood at white heat, without pain, without pity,
 I hounded them onward from city to city;
 From place to place, o'er hill and vale,
 O'er snowy ridges and waters blue,
 They fled in their fear, and my face was pale
 In their track as they flew!
 And I was unconscious of sun and moon,
 Of stars that glide to a spheric tune,
 Of rain and snow, and the flying wind,
 Which I quickly outstripp'd and left behind;
 Conscious only by day and night
 Of some strange devil within my mind,
 Who pointed me on with a finger of light,
 Though his eyes were blind!

'Neath the snow scalps
 Of the giant Alps,
 The woman and I came face to face,
 While the man flew onward in fear alone ;
 And she dropp'd at my feet in a lonely place,
 But my heart was stone.
 O Ned, friend Ned, to stand and gaze
 In the eyes she had given to the little child ;
 To grasp her wrist in a dumb amaze,
 While the stern lips clench'd, and the heart went wild ;
 To look upon her, and have no words,
 While the hot face swoon'd to a scorn snow-white,
 Was worse than a million of Frenchmen's swords,
 And all the red horror of yesternight !

But while with her face at my knee she wept,
 I lifted the child from her hold as it slept,
 And, behold, it open'd its eyes from sleep,
 And stirr'd in my grasp with a sweet unrest,
 Smiling, and stretching out arms to leap
 Back to her breast.
 Whereat she heard its pleadings and cries,
 And lifting her eyes,
 Yearn'd to the child, with no power to speak,
 And hid her face again with a shriek.
 Then I said, " The smile of the innocent
 Little child is my deepest revenge on thee ;
 But the sin with his innermost life is so blent,
 The shame clings to him so bitterly,
 That nought can free the sweet boy from the stains
 Ye have cast upon him, till he can be
 Baptized with the blood of your paramour's veins ! "

(Drink, comrade Ned,
 Nor look upon me with awe-struck eyes :—
 This wine is red,
 Like the blood wherewith I swore to baptize
 The innocent urchin's head !)

Well, well, well !
 Comrade, I've little more to tell.
 We met and parted,
 And I turn'd bewilder'd, but stony-hearted,
 With a heart stone-stubborn, but ready to break,
 To the oath I swore for the little one's sake.

Years, long years, without care or joy,
I have been haunted by one dark thought;
Years, long years, I have sought and sought
The living baptismal font of my boy,
Till lately Queen Fortune invented these wars,
As a means of ridding the world of scamps,
And hither, thither, o'er fens and swamps,
Under the sun, and under the stars,
I have fought for a time by your side, old friend,
With a consciousness, undefined and dark,
That I somehow was reaching my purposed end.
Now, mark !

When yesternight,
In the dim starlight,
We horsemen rode up the rocky height,
And struggled onward o'er living and dead,
With horses' hoofs that were stain'd blood-red,
In the very midst of the panting fight,
At length—we met !
And without the light of the garish day,
I knew the face I can never forget ;
And I whisper'd my name, and pale and white
As the foam of ocean he turn'd away ;
But I gripp'd him back . . . and then—and then . . .
'Mid the roaring of cannon and shouting of men,
The groans of the brave as they died in their strength,
'Mid the crimson smoke as it roll'd to and fro,
I baptized my innocent boy at length,
In the blood of my country's foe !

Hark ! The drum is beating to arms below—
There'll be bloodshed again to-night, I know—
We've finish'd the bottle.—Let us go !

R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

MADELEINE GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHITEPRIARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

A GIRL IN BLACK.

MR. BEHRINGBRIGHT sat in his office, in a dark chamber of a dark court, separated by its gloomy, ill-paved space from a vast roaring thoroughfare of London City, down which constantly thundered one of the great cataract streams of traffic, with its jostling, struggling, headlong roll of mingled mercantile humanity and omnibuses. Nevertheless, a silence which almost stunned people stepping out of that prodigious tumult, reigned in the great merchant's precincts, and kept a sort of guard upon his money-making meditations. Clerks shuddered if they heard their own pens scratching on the thick ledger paper; and elderly captains and centurions of the same, in ill-made brown trousers, with pale, thin arithmetical heads, partially encased in high collars and chokers, and almost to a head bald, stepped on tip-toe as they passed in and out of the sanctum sanctorum, transmitting the commands of their laconic chief.

"We will take Spurzheim and Olaf's consignment of wheat from the Baltic, Barnstaple.—Mr. Milroy, Ruiz Alarcos's sherry warrants are not a sufficient security for the cargo he wants us to furnish him for Gibraltar.—I have not had time, Freshwater, to examine the offers of the house at Pernambuco you mention.—Are those acceptances of the Maughans of Calcutta looked after, Mr. Baillie?"

The great merchant's cranium was evidently divided into pigeon-holes, —at least it seemed as if he had separate compartments in it for a hundred different kinds of business arrangements.

"Yes, sir."

The last person spoken to was the only one of the four head clerks in attendance who made any audible reply; all the rest merely signified comprehension and obedience by jerks of the head, passing in procession, with heavy tomes under their arms, before their evocator, like the shadowy kings from the witches' caldron in "Macbeth."

Mr. Behringbright said no more at that time to any one, but taking up the *Times*, began, as it seemed, to peruse the leading article.

It was only in seeming; for surely the *Times* could not have contained a leading article to the following effect:—

"What a pretty girl she was!—very young—very young. Rich black glossy hair, a fine complexion, rosy with youth and health; splendid eyes! Utterly unconscious, evidently, of that dreadful French-woman's designs; for with what an innocent childishness of attention

she kept those lustrous eyes fixed on that stupid curtain! To be sure, there was nothing particularly attractive in a gray old iron-pot head like mine opposite. I don't think she ever looked once at my box, and that shows it is impossible she could have been at all in the plot. And yet it was queer, too, what Digby tells me, that she declared at once the letter *was* in the handwriting of the wretch of a *gouvernante*, although it was only a copy from Fauntleroy's recollection of the words and penmanship, as I was such a donkey as to burn the original before I remembered that it would be necessary as evidence. However, he boasts that he can imitate a handwriting so well that he hopes he shall never come upon a blank cheque-book of mine, or it will, he fears, bring him to grief. I will take care he shall not. It is bad enough to lend him one's money, and regulate the amount. No doubt the poor young creature, in her flurry, made sure she recognized the niggling French caligraphy. What a danger she ran! What *might* have happened if I had been a rascal like most other fellows, and taken the goods—the gods—no, the devil provided! No: I am very glad I managed the affair as I did. A good conscience is a pleasant thing, and, in fact, I don't think one can attend properly to business with a bad one. How could one calculate the value of a cargo of Odessa wheat, for example, with a brain full of all sorts of wicked plots and contrivances? It is even very difficult to fix one's attention properly on business when one's inner man is agitated by the very best of feelings—and all that; and besides, I have had enough of women and their ways to last one man's life. To be sure, I married *them* for money! But for what else, I wonder, should I expect any woman to take a fancy for me now at my time of life, with hair as mottled as a partridge's breast, and crow's-feet clawing in the corners of my eyes, as if they meant to dig them out? Dull gray eyes, too! I am not quite such an ass as to fancy it possible any woman—above all, a young girl in the first lustre of her own beauty and attraction—could marry me for anything but my money! And if I only wanted to be loved for my money, there are plenty of charming young creatures—of high rank and lineage, too—who are ready to do that—or say they do so at the altar. Mademoiselle is mistaken, however, concerning the fair Incognita. To do that lady bare justice, she does not pretend to the slightest regard or respect for me; and it is time also to finish that outrageous farce. She is discontented, forsooth, because I furnish her with any amount of this coveted gold—to show the contempt I myself have for it, and for her, and for the vile mobs of high and low, whom its flaunt and glare have amazed and dazzled into an applause and acquiescence which stamp the age—and yet despise and shun her personally. I will send her a note to-day for a thousand pounds, inform her that I am aware of her partiality for my Lord Ninnington, and that I beg henceforth to resign her society in his favour. There will be another villanous creature of the sex properly served out, for Ninnington is little better than a beggar, and a fortnight of this mad

woman's extravagance will make him a complete one.—And so, perhaps, after all, I am not such a good fellow as I try and persuade myself I am in this transaction? It may be merely the bitter recollections I cherish of *that woman* which make me thus impenetrable and hard-hearted towards all of her crafty and faithless kind!"

"Beg pardon, sir, for interrupting you," said the staid, lugubrious tones of one of the principal clerks, who at this moment thrust his cadaverous-looking head into the room, where it glared from its spare upholding framework over the rails of Mr. Behringbright's desk, almost like a decapitation on a pike in the heyday of Robespierre and Danton—"beg pardon, but there's a *young lady in black* asking to see you. Can't make it out, but she comes on most particular business, she says. Shall I show her in? or shall I say—you are engaged?"

"A *young lady in black*, O'Connor?"

And the merchant's mind, steadily fixed on the right and proper, as he deemed it, suddenly startled up with something like an emotion of hopeful expectation in connexion with the words, that would scarcely have analyzed exactly into such component parts.

"Yes, sir; about seventeen, I should say."

"What can she want?"

"She says she must see you, sir, to-day—*must* see Mr. Behringbright himself," said Mr. O'Connor; a head clerk of the most correct principles, having a wife, a grandmother, ten children, and two hundred and fifty pounds a year to keep him a model of virtue in his proper person, but who was not unaware that richer people sometimes deviated from the standards of propriety.

"What's her name?"

"Won't give it, sir. Says, in point of fact, she's afraid you wouldn't see her if she did."

"Does she? That's candid, at all events. She can't even be seventeen, I should say, Mr. O'Connor.—Who's with her?"

"No one, sir."

"No one?"

"Not anybody, sir."

"Queerer yet. But perhaps that French she-devil is lurking about somewhere? No, it won't do. The Song of the Syrens is all very fine, but I see the drowned corpses festering deep down in the depths of the green rosy sea!"

"Sir!—you see—you see *what*?" ejaculated the head clerk, fairly agast at such an observation.

"Ah, you have not had the advantages of a liberal education, O'Connor; you know *I* was originally designed for a parliament man, so of course I learned all the proper claptrap quotations. Say I *am* engaged on most important business, and—and can't be interrupted, especially by a person who gives no name, and will not say what she comes about!—She isn't

the innocent, harmless young creature I took her for, and Digby himself is ready to take his *davy*, he says, she is, from her conduct in the transaction," sighed Mr. Behringbright, in conclusion.

"Yes, sir."

"O'Connor!"

"I understand, sir."

"No, you don't. Say I am in, and—and disengaged for a few minutes. I don't know what she can want, but perhaps it's something about a—a little occurrence that took place at a theatre where I was the other night. There was a sort of row, and a policeman took up some woman, and I saw it. And there was another of them in it who was not to blame, and perhaps my evidence may be required in her behalf. Don't you hear? You stand as if you were turned into a statue! Show the young lady in, —and be ready to show her out again in a couple of minutes, for I have no time to waste this morning on the rubbish women talk, at best,—and this was a squabble at a theatre."

Mr. O'Connor smiled a smile equivalent to a gleam of sunshine on ice, and disappeared.

"If it be as I think, I never will believe in the harmless looks of mortal woman creature again!" said the mercantile misogynist, as his attendant retired. "It is plain enough what O'Connor thinks; but he is so good himself, he thinks evil of everybody else. Oh, but won't I give this naughty girl an annihilating reception if *she* can by possibility have undertaken to carry out her odious preceptress's plan!"

In spite of this excellent resolution, I do not positively know or affirm that Mr. Behringbright was not considerably disappointed as well as surprised, when the door opening, admitted a very young person,—of the feminine better half of creation, certainly,—but of a taller and more slender figure than Madeleine Graham's full rounded outlines. With a fine face, no doubt, but one absolutely colourless; with fair hair in plain bands, instead of black glossy waves; and eyes red and swollen round the edges, so as almost to destroy the effect of the clear blue, translucent, tender-souled, and pathetic visual orbs, which did not recall the diamond-bright but diamond-impenetrable glance of the syren of the previous adventure. And the general doleful effect of this exhausted and woe-begone figure was heightened by a mourning dress of inferior and carelessly run-together stuff, which was little more fashioned than the garb of a Sister of Mercy in the streets.

Mr. Behringbright perceived at once that he had never seen this young person before; and his look expressed that, as well as the feelings pre-

Behringbright instinctively hastened to offer her—to his immense dismay, immediately fainted away in it.

“Good heavens! she is going to tumble on the floor.—I must support her.—What will the clerks think? O’Connor, for goodness’ sake open the window, if you can; the young woman has fainted. You can’t? Fan the door, then, only don’t let the other clerks—Who on earth can she be? and what can she want? Stop! she’s coming to. You need not open the door.”

Mr. O’Connor looked as the father of ten children, on two hundred and fifty pounds a year, paid punctually, quarterly, ought to look,—as if he thought his employer was very much to blame in the transaction, but that it was not his business to intimate so much in any shape or form whatever—and he did *not* open the door.

Meanwhile Mr. Behringbright humanely supported the young lady in her chair, assiduously fanning her himself, with his hat, snatched from the desk.

“She’s better now, and I’d better leave them to themselves. I suppose they don’t want me to hear their explanations,” muttered the head clerk, preparing to retire, as he witnessed the return to consciousness of the mysterious visitant. But Mr. Behringbright rather unpolitely ordered him to remain.

“You are an ass, O’Connor, I tell you!” he said, fiercely, “and you shall stop, and see that you are one.”

And, indeed, as soon as the poor girl could find a broken utterance to express her meaning and purpose in so strange a visitation, Mr. O’Connor, at all events, acknowledged the injustice of his suspicions, though it would be too much to require of any biped so full an admission of quadrupedal standing as was implied in the above intimation.

She stated that her name was Maughan—Emily Maughan; that her father was Maughan, Maughan, and Company; that her mother was nearly dead with grief, and incapable of doing or saying anything; that poor Papa was to be buried; that they had no relations in England to apply to; and she—Emily—was obliged to try and do it all herself, though her heart was broken too.—Only five little orphans, all younger than herself, in the family.—But the execution people that had been put in the house on his—Mr. Behringbright Brothers’—suit, had taken possession of all the money in the place, and—and the undertakers, hearing everything was seized upon, would none of them agree to bury poor Papa, unless—unless they might be allowed, through his goodness, only *ten pounds* out of the money found in poor Papa’s purse, to—to—— But then sobs and hysterical emotion rendered what should have followed unintelligible.

“What is the meaning of all this, O’Connor?” exclaimed Mr. Behringbright, considerably bewildered.

“Didn’t you see in the paper this morning, sir, that Ichabod Maughan, of the firm of Maughan, Maughan, and Co., of Threadneedle Street and Calcutta—”

"I haven't seen the paper, man alive, to look at it.—What has happened?"

"He had a grand party on the very night, sir, and shot himself in his bedroom, while the footmen were putting out the wax lights. The jury brought it in 'Temporary insanity;' but it ought, in my opinion—"

"D—n your opinion! God bless me! I haven't heard a word about it. But what is it she says about an execution, and—and all that?"

"That's Mr. Baillie's department, sir; of course, we got judgment on the protested bills, and are the execution creditors."

"Are we indeed?" said Mr. Behringbright, quite aghast at the intelligence.—"My poor girl, I will not only see to your being furnished with sufficient funds to—No; I will myself undertake whatever ought to be done to give your unhappy parent decent interment. And, believe me, though it was done in the usual course of my business, without my having any degree of personal action in the matter, no one in the whole world can regret more than I do the rash deed into which the pressure put upon him has probably driven your unfortunate father."

"No, sir," said Mr. O'Connor, "we did not come in till next day. Baillie lives in the neighbourhood, and heard of the transaction early on the morning after, and thought we had better go in at once for what we could get, as there were certain to be plenty after. And we were only half an hour before Lazarus Goldbar's man."

"Yes, yes, it was the night before,—just after the ball,—when poor Papa—You were not at all to blame, sir, you had a right! He only went upstairs first, and kissed poor little Robert in his bed—and then—God for ever bless you, sir, if you will let us only have enough to bury poor Papa!"

Mr. Behringbright made no reply, but something that was not very unlike a stifled sob rose under his waistcoat, and half choked him in an effort to repress. Then, finding that Emily could now retain her seat without support, he left her suddenly, and flew to an antique triangular cupboard which stood in a corner of the apartment. Thence he returned with a decanter of wine and a goblet in either hand; filling which latter half full, he insisted that Miss Maughan should swallow the contents at once. She could only, however, sip at the edges: and Mr. Behringbright.

within its once gay and joyous walls. He would have dismissed the officers in possession of the house and effects, under the judgment his subordinates had secured, had it not been clearly demonstrated to him that their departure would only give the signal for a ruder invasion on the part of half a score of disappointed functionaries of the same species. And he relieved her by his personal offices from all necessity of further interference in the dismal duty of consigning her rash-handed sire to his eternal rest from bills, and banking, and railroads through the lurking-places of tiger and serpent. Nay, Mr. Behringbright's benevolence towards the bereaved family of his escaped debtor stopped not there; albeit so many of us arrogate to ourselves that portion of the Divine attributes which avenges the sins of the father on the children. For Mr. Behringbright interested himself greatly, more than even in his quality of creditor for a very considerable amount he otherwise might, in the winding up of the affairs of the banking firm whose main pillar had so unhandsomely withdrawn, and thus allowed the whole ruin to crumble hopelessly in. He pretended to make the widow and her children an allowance from the estate during this process—though anything of the sort was refused in an indignation-meeting of the creditors,—supplying the deficiency from his own purse. And when he could no longer veil his generosity under this delicate cover, he asked Mrs. Maughan to oblige him by the acceptance of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, until her little boy could be educated, and be of age to take a seat in his office, and repay the *outlay by his services*; and the merchant made this request with such blushing hesitation and confusion, that Mrs. Maughan, who had been brought up a beauty, faintly revived from her widowed dejection to a notion that her matronly charms were still appreciated, and that in all probability she had made a conquest of the wealthy Behringbright, Brothers, himself!

But, truth to say, that man of money was guarded in his triple-plated armour of suspicion and incredulity and experience against far fresher and more seductive, though most innocent and scarcely conscious, influences of attraction.

Perhaps, indeed, we have no right to surmise that such could in actuality have been the case, or that any warmer feeling than the deepest gratitude and admiration for the manly and noble qualities of the plain-featured but magnanimous and tender-hearted merchant, had entered the youthful bosom of Emily Maughan at this period. But we are forced to admit that Mr. Behringbright himself grew to remark, with pain and alarm, the brightening of the cheek and eye of the young girl whenever he entered her presence,—the candid simplicity of joy and affection that broke out as it were in beams all over her fair and innocent face when he addressed the most casual observation to her. Possessed with the notion that it was impossible for any woman to prefer him to all mankind for himself alone, and that the whole sex was animated by sordid and ambitious motives, and was of so false and dissembling a nature, that it was absurd to place

any stress on its external demonstrations, of whatever kind, Mr. Behringbright saw in these signs only the evidences of a natural appreciation, on the part of a modern young lady reduced from affluence to poverty, of his value as a *moneyed man*. It is true that at the same time he discerned a brave directness and candour of spirit in all Emily Maughan said or did, which seemed at variance with the supposition that she was capable of the insidious meanness his fancy imputed to her. But distrust and suspicion of the whole sex had become a solid foundation of prejudice in his mind, on which to erect every superstructure that could be devised of the sort, and from whose battlemented towers his imagination kept a perpetual and restless watch.

To all this we may add that the brilliant and voluptuous vision of Madeleine Graham, in the fulness and richness of her early-developed beauty, swam vaguely before Mr. Behringbright's mental vision still, and paled those soft and ineffectual charms on which his actual optics might rest at will.

Not that the former had made upon him an impression of a strongly commanding and energetic character; for Mr. Behringbright took no further interest apparently of any sort in either the persons or circumstances of his adventure at the Théâtre St. Jacques; made no inquiries, and accepted the carefully weighed and meted out information on the subject of Madeleine Graham which his detective transmitted, without analysis or insistence of any kind; though we are afraid Miss Hortensia Sparx indulged in the figure of rhetoric styled Metonymy—by which places and things are put for others, the cause for the effect, the subject for the adjunct—in the account with which she favoured that agent of justice concerning the young lady's birth, parentage, and place of residence when at home.

The senseless coquetry of the spoilt beauty, mother of Emily Maughan, succeeding so soon upon her husband's tragedy, also contributed to disgust and annoy Mr. Behringbright to a very high degree, and confirm all his contempt and apprehension of the ill designs and mercenary tendencies of the women of his time. He saw her settled comfortably with her younger children (three he sent to school) in a pretty cottage in the salubrious district of Peckham Rye, and then began to fall off very perceptibly in his complimentary visits; finally dropping them altogether, to the prodigious astonishment and incredulity of the silly, weak-minded woman who had taken him so pleasantly and rapidly into the calculations of her widowhood.

Even when Emily wrote some time after, very coldly though most respectfully, to Mr. Behringbright, to beg him to interest himself in procuring her a situation as a governess, that she might be enabled to become an assistance instead of continuing a burden on the resources his generosity supplied to her family, he took it into his possessed brain that it was a ruse to bring him to a declaration of a kind of partiality, the germs of

which he was not unconscious might exist in his bosom, but which he was determined should never grow up into a harvest for cupidity and craving of the kind he imputed to this poor girl. Willing also to extinguish any species of hope she might have formed on the subject, he not only complied with the request, but in a manner which evinced anything but a desire on his part to oppose Emily's apparent project of removing herself from his possible presence and association. He offered her a situation with a friend of his own in Ireland; a lady of rank, who had been left a widow with two children, of whose extensive inheritance Mr. Behringbright had accepted the guardianship, under the will of their late father, who had been a particular friend of his; though he disliked the post very much, and had endeavoured to excuse himself from it on the plea of the multiplicity and absorbing nature of his own affairs. The younger of these children was a little girl, just of age to require instruction; and this was the pupil destined for Miss Emily Maughan's superintendence.

Mr. Behringbright had a vague notion that Emily would decline the offer; perhaps he had even a still vaguer wish that she would do so. He certainly did not represent it under the most alluring aspects. Lady Glengariff, he stated, was an invalid, labouring under an incurable and very distressing form of malady, who resided in complete seclusion in a dismal old manor-house among the mountains of Kerry. The climate was watery and uncertain. Miss Maughan would live surrounded by a wild and sometimes dangerously impulsive and ignorant population; her only, or at least her chief, companion would be a child of eight or nine years of age. The heir of the family, Lord Glengariff, was a youth still under age, had entered the army, and of course was mostly away. Mr. Behringbright certainly added, that if she could make up her mind to these inconveniences, a liberal salary would be apportioned to her, which would enable her to contribute, as she so dutifully desired, to her mother and family's comforts, and the retrieval of their position in the world.

In short, it was a little to the kind patron's chagrin that this uninviting (in most respects) situation was most readily and gratefully accepted.

He went to see the Maughans, and to make Emily some little parting present for her expenses, with the letter of introduction to her new patroness. And he was rather perplexed and touched to find her looking unusually pale and thin; and even his well-seasoned incredulity sustained rather a hard strain when he observed—which he could not help—how a scarlet flush of excitement mantled over all that paleness, and the blue loving eyes shone up humid with tears, as he pressed the young girl's hand kindly in farewell, and expressed his hope that he should hear good tidings of her occasionally through her mother, or little brother, who had become under his auspices a Blue-coat boy. But it was no time for regret or recall, even if he had felt decisively inclined that way, which was far from being the case. And so they parted; Emily to prepare immediately for her departure to the south of Ireland, and Mr. Behringbright to return

to his self-appointed taskwork of converting everything he touched to hard, unenjoyable, unpalatable gold.

CHAPTER XII.

WESTWARD HO!

ON reflection, it does not strike one as very singular that Mr. Behringbright should cherish so great an antipathy to being loved—we beg pardon, married—for his money. To say nothing of his previous domestic experience of the delights of an union contracted under the auspices of Plutus, there is certainly some principle in the human mind which indisposes it to this species of bargain and sale. It is true that it is easily overcome when reason is once permitted to raise her voice in the question; especially among the female portion of modern mankind. The days of romance seem to be as thoroughly over there as the most inexorable of fathers or wealthy of uncles of the old school could possibly desire, speaking as to the fact in general. Nevertheless, there may be some exceptions, as the progress of this truthful history may perhaps demonstrate. But at present it is through Mr. Behringbright's organs of vision we contemplate the sex; a little jaundiced, no doubt, from an indigestion of matrimony, but on the whole but too faithful and discouraging to any renewal of appetite.

What but this species of obstinately-rooted prejudice could have preserved this wealthy merchant, who, like all great woman-haters, was at heart devoted to the sex, against all the thousand charms and allurements lavishly paraded in his way, and have enabled him so constantly to elude the fling of those wreaths of artificial roses and eglantine from the legions of white-armed nymphs, who danced before him constantly in the mazes of society, and took every imaginable chance to hoop him over into those scentless and only gas-lamp-blooming circlets? For there were plenty who tried at it, both before and after this little mysterious episode of Emily Maughan—which Mr. Behringbright himself sometimes felt as if he did not quite understand. Rank, beauty, fashion, occasionally even largely-endowed sharers in the magnetic influence he did and did *not* enjoy in his proper person. were amongst the figurantes in this sorrowful ballet.

hundred years ago, in the pages of the Count de Grammont? It is true that the excessive purity of this lady's blood was in part attested by its degree of attenuation and dryness, as in fifty-year-old port, and that it was in like manner prone to deposit deep purple incrustations, though rather on the exterior than internal portions of her containing surfaces. And this more especially at the approach of the genial season of spring, when nature, reviving in all her fibres, buds and leaves in every variety of form. Autumn, too, had its vintage in the far-descended Lady Diana's scorbutic visage; so that on the whole Mr. Behringbright, who never once dreamed of such a thing, had a right to feel exceedingly surprised when my Lady Duchess of Axminster, one fine morning, informed him that everybody had observed for a very long time his affectionate attentions to her daughter, which she was sure were fully reciprocated, so that conceiving his silence occasioned solely by a sense of the difference of *rank*, she herself, as a mother, felt it her duty to remove every cause of diffidence, and declare that there was no one **THE FAMILY** would welcome more as a son-in-law, however superior in *rank*, than Mr. Behringbright.

Mr. Behringbright was rather taken aback; but his defences were in too perfect order, his gates too well secured, his stores of provision too carefully laid in, his artillery too judiciously manned, to be carried, even by so resolute and sudden an assault on the part of the most skilful and enterprising of the dowagers of her time. You would have said, however, that there was neither man nor gun in the citadel, from the silence and passiveness of the resistance he opposed, in the first instance; but when his surprise allowed him utterance, he replied to the enemy with a single discharge, that shattered her whole advance, declaring that the difference of *rank* was so great between a merchant of the City of London, descended only from merchants, and a lady who had the honour to boast of kings among her ancestry, that he had never for a moment ventured on the presumption my Lady Duchess so erroneously imputed to him, and never should.

And he refused ever after to acknowledge himself mistaken, even when Lord Ronald Macdonald, Lady Diana's brother, called upon him in his chambers in the Albany, to assure him that he either must, or stand up as a target for his lordship's pistol practice, who was notoriously skilful at that arm. Behringbright declined both alternatives; and on Lord Ronald producing a riding-whip, and threatening him with it, merely took it from him, and turned him out of his apartment. On receiving a written document to the same effect, he further contented himself with swearing the peace against his lordship; but men of honour in general, I believe, thought it very ungentlemanly behaviour on Mr. Behringbright's part, not to allow his brains to be blown out because it had pleased the Dowager Duchess of Axminster to select him for a victim at the sacrificial altar of Hymen, whereat she officiated as high priestess.

If beauty could have carried off the palm—aristocratic beauty of the

most refined and exquisitely delicate and fascinating order—should not the Lady Rosamond de Vere have figured with the said emblem of triumph in her hand, a veil of the transparent modesty of Chantilly lace falling to her fairy feet, and a wreath of myrtle and orange-blossom on her queenly brow? Was she not currently reported to have refused the hand of a young Guardsman, her cousin, whom she really loved, on the mere dim and uncertain prospect of entrapping the great millionaire? Yet that was a failure too; the Lady Rosamond was such a determined coquette, that she staked on too many ventures at the same time, and all her balls ran away.

Then there was the prodigiously wealthy Miss Muckcross Malines, who was in a somewhat similar condition to Mr. Behringbright himself, and had remained unwedded from a suspicion of the motives of her suiters; which, if one can suppose so much modesty of self-appreciation in woman, her personal appearance abundantly justified her in entertaining. And now the equal wealth of the great merchant might have obviated such objections on the heiress's part; but there were others on his own, which proved insurmountable.

Meanwhile time elapsed, and Mr. Behringbright could not be supposed to have grown any younger, or to feel any increase of confidence in his unaided personal resources to win the genuine favour of the fair, two years after the date of the period when the reader first made his acquaintance in these pages, at the Dolce-Far-Niente Club. About that interval had taken place, I find, when one evening, just before the closing of parliament, Mr. Behringbright walked into the great room of the club, looking towards the intended bas-reliefs of the statue of Nelson, with a newly-purchased tourist's knapsack in his hand, a helmet-of-Mambrino-looking wide-awake on his head, a thick crabstick, with a bayonet-spring in the handle, tucked under his arm, and attired in a complete suit of strong, brown, serviceable-looking tweed, and knickerbockers. The club porter himself, accustomed as he was to eccentricities of costume on the part of the gentleman who made him the handsomest Christmas gift of the year, hardly recognized his patron on this occasion, and was about to ask his business as a stranger, when he recognized the voice and the civility that addressed one of the waiters.

"Have you a Bradshaw convenient, Mr. Dobson? I want to look at it; the one that has the steamboats and all that in it too, you know."

"Yes, sir; the thick sixpenny."

addressed, putting up his eye-glass, and surveying the figure engaged over the Bradshaw with as much interest and curiosity as a naturalist might some new species of animal.

"Just like Don Quixote, starting on his second sally; for he looks denced ill and out of sorts, as if he was hardly quite well yet of his stoning by the galley-slaves," rejoined Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy. "But it don't much matter to anybody but himself, I should think, where he goes, how he looks, or what becomes of him, such a greedy old curmudgeon as he has grown, with all those acres of bank-notes and mountains of bullion of his!"

A coldness had arisen of latter times between the wit and the moneyed man, in consequence of the latter getting tired even of so clever a person's, and who was fast becoming a political celebrity's, autograph, in the shape of I O U's.

"Do you think he can intend to *do* Mont Blanc this recess, on foot? But isn't that now rather out of fashion with you people that are so fond of wearing out good British shoe-leather among those humbugging foreign mountains, and Vaticans, and all that?" said the independent British member, who happened to pass at the moment, on his way to three British mutton chops, nearly raw as to cooking, and to be washed down with a bottle of the strongest British beer;—a diet which made the independent British member rather puffy and fat, and not himself very apt to the climbing of mountains and "Vaticans;" which latter it is very possible he confounded in his own mind, from the great resemblance of the spelling, with "Vesuviuses."

"What's he asking Dobson?"

"Mr. Dobson, you're cleverer than I am if you can find me out what train I must take on the London and North-Western to catch the next Belfast steamer," said Mr. Behringbright, throwing the "Guide" over to the waiter, who stood expecting orders; after vainly puzzling for a time over columns that not unfrequently suggest to the human mind the humbling conviction that there's nothing more difficult of comprehension than what appears easiest.

"Belfast!—do you hear that?—Going to buy a shipload of linens, I suppose," said Mr. Fauntleroy, sulkily.

"But I thay, Vivian—ithn't Belfast in Ireland?—Mayn't he be going to Killarney, like everybody elth this year, to see the Meeting of the Waterth, and all that thentimental business? That'th a thort of thing every fellah mught do von know"

him half a sovereign for his pains," remarked another member, who was apparently reading a newspaper in a frame, but who was doing no such thing, but attending to everything else to be seen or heard in the room; only preventing other people from usurping the place.

"He spoils all the servants for us poor devils!" muttered Mr. Vivian F.

"He's going now.—No, he is turning back—what is it about?"

"Mr. Dobson, if any letters come for me after the end of this week, will you post them to me at Glengariff Castle, Gap of Dunloe, County Kerry?—Put Ireland on it too, for fear of a mistake."

"Yes, sir; it is in the books punctual already; you was there three years ago."

"So I was—at poor Glengariff's funeral. What a memory you have, Mr. Dobson! Wouldn't *you* pass a Civil Service examination now! Good morning, Sir Charles; I'm off for Ireland in half an hour."

"Ireland!—where's that?"

"In the Atlantic."

"Good shooting the part you're going to?"

"No; some hares and lots of stags; but rather too big a country."

"*Bon voyage!*"

"Thank you—I hate French;—and I am almost sure to be sea-sick."

Exit George Cocker Behringbright. And now it is very seldom, excepting immediately after the grand exit of all, that one's friends find anything very particularly good to say of one on such an occasion; and then only on consideration that it cannot possibly do one the least service or kindness. Accordingly, Mr. Fauntleroy had no sooner satisfied himself that his of late unfreely-bleeding skinflint of a patron was out of hearing, than he observed, "I'll be sworn—it's true, then, and he is cutting out of town from the ridicule of the affair that took place last night at the Treehorne fête!"

"What affair? I have not heard of any," said half a dozen male voices at once—though curiosity is chiefly a female failing.

"The Treehorne Gardens Private Fête, you know, got up by the nobility and gentry, to enjoy themselves for once in a way. Perfectly select, of course, as usual—Almack's out of doors—Admittance only by vouchers, signed and countersigned by a committee of peers and dowagers and—and all that sort of thing. But you must, some of you, know about it?"

"I was there; but it rained so, there wathn't much fun," said one of the group now collected around the usually rather entertaining, because always bitter and malicious-tongued, tale-teller.

"You must have put up an umbrella for once, then, Mr. Dundreary, not to have seen it, for there was some capital fun.—Only think! Although the Duchess of Axminster and *the* daughter were to be there, Mr. Behringbright meant to go, and had bought himself a voucher."

"Quite right for a fellow to amuse himself, if he can, and has the money, in spite of all the dowagers in the world."

"But Behringbright goes about in such a drowsy, Dutch way everywhere, that he lost his voucher somewhere in the streets; and the fun I'm going to tell you about is, it was found by a swell-mob fellow, who determined at once to go as the rich Mr. Behringbright, and pick people's pockets under the name!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho, Fauntleroy! you don't say so?"

"I do,—a terribly impudent fellow too, he was; for as soon as ever people were driven in by the weather into an immense dreary sort of a ball-room they have there—except when it's filled with a jolly mob—he showed his voucher to the master of the ceremonies, and asked to be introduced as partner to a young lady who he saw had some valuable jewels to prig; and when she heard his name (I know *hers*, but perhaps I oughtn't to mention it), she thought he was the real rich Behringbright, *in propria persona*, and set herself, tooth and nail, to fascinate him, as they all do! And although the fellow could not speak commonly decent English, and put in h's and w's in all sorts of wrong places, he persuaded her that he only did it to enter thoroughly into the humour of such a world-turned-upside-down fête; and actually carried out the thing so strong, that at last he proposed to Sir Harry Huntsman's only unmarried daughter now left,—dear me! I oughtn't to have mentioned the name,—and was accepted."

"That'll do, Fauntleroy! That's your LAST, I suppose, and it will do for a capper. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam!*" said Sir Solomon Comyn-place, one of the auditory.

"It is true, I assure you."

"Is it in the papers?"

"Is that the place to look for truth?"

"In the police reports it is."

"No, then; it is not to be found there. Of course, the case was hushed up. The friends of the young lady would not come forward—was it likely? But EVERYBODY knows all about it—or will in a few hours!" concluded Mr. Fauntleroy, in an undertone, to the inventor of the story—his own dear self. But, provided his story was a good one, Mr. Vivian Fauntleroy was of too poetical and brilliant a genius to concern himself about such prosaic and wing-clogging stuff as the reality of his facts.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LETTER.

MR. BEHRINGBRIGHT'S true motives for leaving London on an Irish trip are, however, contained in the following letter:—

H H

" Glengariff Castle, Co. Kerry,

" July —, 18—.

" DEAREST AND MOST VALUED FRIEND,—

" You will, in all probability, be greatly surprised, and no less grieved, at the extraordinary piece of disastrous intelligence which I am obliged to communicate to you, as the only person on whose sound judgment and unshaken friendship I know I can at all times rely. As the sole guardian of my son, also, in his nonage, although he has now attained what the law so erroneously calls the age of discretion, and as the benevolent protector and patron (which I have always been assured, from every source, you are) of the unfortunate young woman whom you recommended under my roof, and whose name is likely to be most unpleasantly associated with that of the house of Glengariff, I implore your interposition !

" It is now nearly two years, as you must very well remember, since Miss Emily Maughan first became an inmate of Glengariff Castle, in the capacity in which you had recommended her, of governess to my daughter, Lady Gwendoline. She came to us with a testimonial under your hand, than which it would have been impossible, I should think, anything more flattering, and calculated to conciliate every species of esteem, could be conceived. And notwithstanding my present unhappy convictions, I must add that, however lavish the eulogium, it seemed more than justified in the person and qualities of the amiable young girl who presented herself with your letter of recommendation, but with a still stronger one written in her modest and ingenuous countenance, at Glengariff Castle, two years ago. The mildness of her temper, in combination with a decision and energy of character, remarkable in several instances that called for the exercise of those qualities very shortly after her arrival here, were found fully equal to all you reported. In particular, I may mention that, although I was seized with a paroxysm of my frightful mental malady, with shocking unexpectedness, one day in Miss Maughan's presence—before she had obtained the least inkling of the dreadful secret of my mournful and secluded existence,—although, in fact, I must declare that, overcome with the horror of THE VISION (you know, alas ! too well what those fearful words veil). I rushed to the edge of the rocks over the

not deny that I owe to Miss Emily Maughan a debt of gratitude; to pay which, however, it cannot be that I am called upon to sacrifice the honour of the princely line of the O'Donoghues of Glengariff, of whom my son is the last representative!

"I say nothing of the fine talents and accomplishments of your *protégée*, except that they fully equalled what you had led us to expect. Gwendoline, who is a slow and torpid child, it cannot be denied, improved rapidly under her care. The little girl took an immediate fancy to her preceptress, who certainly has something peculiarly engaging and attractive in her whole person and demeanour, the secret of which it is not easy to discover. I cannot say that I consider her as what one may style regularly beautiful in the countenance; she has a charming expression, a look of clear honesty and integrity which it does one good to see—a lovely fair complexion, and an elegant figure. But when you have said this, you have said all; and I cannot in the least understand the infatuation of my son, unless on a supposition too dreadful to be dwelt upon, that the hereditary malady of our race——But no; I will not suffer myself to adopt so fearful a conclusion, and will continue to hope everything from the ascendancy which the calm sagacity and resolute determination of character that have always marked the dearest friend of my late husband, will also doubtless secure him over his wayward son.

"I need not now repeat what I have written to you so often—though the correspondence on your part has necessarily, from the multitude of your avocations, been limited to very general acknowledgments—concerning the rapid advance made by Miss Maughan in the good graces of my entire household, and of the wild but generous and loving-hearted race who dwell, as their progenitors have dwelt, around the home of my ancestors. With me also, I readily admit, she speedily established herself in the warmest favour and approbation. There was no visible drawback, and I did not suspect deception in one so young, and so replete, in appearance, with candour and every kindly sensibility. Or if anything of the sort existed, it lay, perhaps, in the fact that, for a considerable time after her arrival among us, there was something of a pensive abstraction and sadness to be remarked in Miss Maughan's demeanour, which at times almost suggested to me the notion that there were regrets of the heart and affections overshadowing her young existence, independent of the sorrowful incidents of her starting in life, of which you had placed me in possession. But it was not an oppressive or a gloomy cloud; rather one of those soft, silvery exhalations which arise from the bosom of our lakes in the heat of summer, and throw that dreamy shadowing of splendour that gives so peculiar a magic to the beauty of our scenery. It suited me well, besides: the presence of youth, brilliant and vivacious with its customary high spirits, and insensibility to the sufferings of others, would have jarred inconceivably on my unstrung and quivering nerves. As it was, Emily Maughan seemed to have in her nature some gift of soothing and sway

over mine, that even proved powerfully influential for good in the severest crisis of my malady,—an influence which I might, perhaps, liken to that of the inspired minstrel of Israel over his similarly-afflicted king, but which has also been of as baneful consequence on the general fortunes of my house !

“But to make myself intelligible. Last summer, as you are well aware, my son, Lord Glengariff, attained his majority. I think it was against your advice, but upon his own earnest wish, that he was indulged with leave of absence from his regiment, and returned to celebrate the event among his prosperous and devoted tenantry,—prosperous, thanks to your most admirable management and care, and by ways and means which my own and my husband’s riotous and headlong ancestry had never deemed compatible with the wild habits of our people. You saw Ferdinand just before he returned to us, so you will not impute it altogether to a mother’s partiality for an only son, when I state that in my eyes he appeared the very perfection of noble and manly grace,—a soldier and a gentleman in all he said, did, and looked ; gallant and gay ; witty and poetical in his language and temperament ;—a youthful chieftain worthy indeed to be the last representative of the most illustrious of ancient Irish races ! You may judge, therefore, whether any confidence is to be placed in the pretended refusal and withdrawal of this young girl, the daughter of a ruined mercantile family ; and whether it is not, on the contrary, a refinement of artifice to secure to herself so splendid a personal prize and elevation of rank as the frenzied passion of my son has, I am led to believe, placed at the option of Emily Maughan !

“For, not to prolong so painful a recital, and so wounding to every species of just pride and tenderness in the breast of a mother, I must inform you, my dear *Baron* [this word was, however, obliterated, and my dear *Mr. Bekringbright* followed on], that almost immediately after his arrival, it is extremely probable my son began to imbibe the insensate passion which is likely to cause us all so much trouble. I myself noticed, though at the time without misgiving, that at the grand fête which we gave in celebration of the majority, to, I may say, the entire county, he led out my daughter’s governess more than once before all the assembled nobility and gentry, and particularly insisted on dancing the last country dance with her for his partner. But as he also danced jigs with half a score of peasant girls, and his foster-sister, Norah’s daughter, I looked upon it, as other people, I suppose, did at the time, as a piece of high-born condescension and popular gallantry, well befitting the youthful chieftain of Glengariff ; and my mother’s heart was so delighted with the praises of the young man’s free and graceful manners, that I have no doubt I shared unsuspectingly in the general opinion that Lord Glengariff never showed to more advantage throughout the fête than when he had for his partner the fair young Sassenach from beyond the bitter sea !

“Nothing of special moment occurred for a considerable time after the

open my eyes. Glengariff is so secluded a spot of the world,—my long illness and widowhood have so removed me from intimate association with our few equals, separated from us by wide circuits and rough mountain roads,—that the constant association into which the young people were thrown, in my presence, gave me no uneasiness. Indeed, I should as soon have dreamed of the formation of an honourable attachment between the Chief of Glengariff and a governess, as of any at all between creatures of different species! On the other hand, my son's noble, high-souled character prevented me from conceiving the remotest suspicion of any ill results of another nature to the intimacy. It happened, moreover, that I had an unusually protracted attack of the horrible melancholy which precedes and follows the paroxysms of my disorder, and I was too exquisitely consoled and revived by the constant company and cheerful devotion of these two richly-endowed creatures, whose association seemed to sustain both equally in their task, to dream for a moment of severing it. I am even still unwilling to think that Emily could at this period have formed the insidious design she has since so dangerously carried out. She has assured me, with every mark of sincere and passionate emotion, that she never apprehended in the least the fatality which has occurred, until a much later period. She did not believe herself capable, she declared, of inspiring sentiments of the kind in any one! She even, in the confusion of her final avowal, dropped something to the effect that, on an occasion when she had herself endeavoured to inspire affection in a person of the opposite sex, she had failed! Glengariff has not even the honour to be the first love—the first matrimonial prize, I should say—of this most wonderfully artful and designing English girl!

"I speak of her avowal; for imagine if you can—and I remember well you had not too good an opinion of women in general, my dear friend, nor have cause—the exceeding artifice and subtlety of the plan hit upon to bring the whole contrivance to bear, in the least offensive and startling manner, it was doubtless thought, as respected myself.

"How, indeed, she could have wrought Glengariff up to such an excess of infatuation as to enter into her scheme, and to hope for any success with me, I cannot dream. The women of these times must surely be in possession of the philtres and charms of which we hear in ancient stories, or deal in the witchcrafts of the Middle Ages. And yet, in a creature so seemingly frank, disinterested, and generous-hearted as this young girl has always impressed herself to be on all who beheld her, how could I conjecture a faculty of dissimulation and intrigue so perfected? Even Glengariff's expression of a wish and intention—so sudden and unaccountable, one might say, in a young man of his years, just beginning to taste the pleasures of society and of the great world to which his birth and wealth gave him the readiest access—to retire from the army and become a resident landlord on his estates, had not awakened my suspicions. The project certainly somewhat annoyed and disquieted me, for a solitary and inactive life was never suited to the

genius of our family, and I cannot but think that my own too complete withdrawal from society on the sudden death of my beloved husband, contributed more than anything else to the development of the dreadful malady I inherit with the grandeur of my descent. But I was too completely besotted by my affection for an only son—too blinded by the credulity, perhaps, of self-love—to perceive the young man's real motives and design. Nay, I must admit, with such extraordinary skill and artifice had the whole project been concerted, that even when the momentous fact was brought directly to my cognizance, my trust in Emily continued for a while quite unabated and assured.

"It was she herself, then, in short, who revealed to me, with every apparent sign of grief and disapprobation on her own part, that Lord Glengariff had made the avowal to her of a passion which he declared would prove his destruction unless as warmly responded to! A passion which, he announced, nothing could ever change or diminish, and which a natural eloquence and poetical fervour of expression he is gifted with would certainly have rendered irresistible in the ears of any woman, even if greatly prepossessed in favour of another. But what other living man would not my Glengariff eclipse, in any rational comparison? Who can vie with him in the endowments of personal beauty, polish of manners, cultivation of intellect, all that would stamp the lowliest born of mankind a nobleman of nature's costliest workmanship? But is he not rich, high-born, loftily titled, too?—descended from that great O'Donoghue of the Lakes, whose renown has passed into the regions of mythic and fabulous grandeur, in the traditions of the peasantry of the south of Ireland?

"And yet Miss Emily Maughan—the beggared daughter of a bankrupt trader, who had perished by his own hand,—at best a nondescript between a servant and a humble companion in a great household—would have persuaded me—did persuade me—that she had turned a deaf ear to all the passion and entreaties of a wooing prince, as it were, and that she desired nothing more than to remove herself from the necessity of repeating her refusal! She did not, indeed, venture to try my credulity so far as to allege, at that time, anything so wonderfully out of all understanding and calculation as an offer of an honourable union, on the part of a chief of Glengariff declined by a destitute adventuress. That was another part of

the vanity of his hopes, and return to his proper brilliant position in the world, and enjoyment of the advantages at his disposal. We even, as I thought, concerted a plan in perfect confidence and intelligence with each other, by which Emily was to remain, as it were, within call of a speedy return, the moment we had reason to believe a return compatible with the kind of safety we desired to secure. She herself, indeed, skilfully hinted at family and personal reasons which rendered her unwilling to return to England; so, in conclusion, we agreed to advertise for another situation for her in Ireland, for a season; and as we set about the insidious project at once, I had reason to take comfort in the prospect of the approaching separation, and to consent to the artful girl's suggestion that I should consult my health and peace of mind by entering into no kind of explanation with my son on the subject. Of course I took care—good heavens! and even in compliance with her own inexpressibly deceptive request—to obviate the dangers of any further private intercourse by my own constant presence and vigilance in their company. But no doubt they found opportunities which eluded both, to arrange and carry forward their plans.

“Success seemingly awaited our first supposed harmonious action. The advertisement was answered by a citizen of Belfast, who required a governess in his family—at a very moderate salary, certainly, considering the qualities and accomplishments which he seemed to consider essential to the position. But our plan was only for a temporary exigency. Belfast seemed admirably remote for the main object I believed her as well as myself to have in view. And also Miss Maughan either recognized, or affected to recognize, in the applicant, the father of a schoolfellow of her own, whom she remembered as a very handsome and good-natured girl, who would probably contribute to make her new home less strange and desolate. From very proper motives, however, as I thought at the time, she laid no claims to this early association, but forwarded the amplest testimonials to her merits I could devise, without comment. The reply was such as we had a right to expect; and Sir Orange Graham even expressed himself quite proud and gratified at the prospect of an instructress for his younger children who had been thought worthy to conduct the education of a daughter of the noble house of Glengariff.

“To complete the whole mockery, Miss Maughan affected to take advantage of an absence, which my son was certainly induced on her private instructions to feign, on a shooting excursion in the mountains,” to take her departure from Glengariff. The manœuvre was effected with what I considered great dexterity. We had a pretended discussion before the domestics concerning some point of difference in my notions and her

jaunting-cars to the nearest coach town. She left—I am ashamed to say it now—under my warmest tears and benedictions, parting with as fond embraces and assurances of mutual regret and tenderness as if we had been indeed mother and daughter, separated by the most disastrous circumstances. As for Gwendoline, the poor child is not yet consoled for that specious loss.

“The whole-craft and hypocrisy of the plan was, however, unveiled on my son’s return, which was also unexpectedly early and abrupt. But what foundation could there be for his allegation, that he had some kind of mysterious and perhaps supernatural intimation of misfortune threatening him, though he inherits the blood of the great O’Donoghue, since what had befallen had rather been to his preservation? Perhaps even, if I had questioned him, he would not have scrupled to pretend that he had seen his ancestor rise from the bosom of Glengariff lake, in the golden armour, on the snow-white water-steed, with its finny forepaws! There is no profanation of which I do not fancy Glengariff capable, under the inspirations of that wicked girl! But as it was, he no sooner learned from me that Miss Maughan had left the castle, in consequence of a dispute with me, and that I did not intend her to return, than he passed at once into an access of rage and despair that proved but too well that he inherits the stormy spirit of his ancestry—perhaps their dark and inscrutable malady! Or else, unaccustomed to deceit, he overacted his part, and taking, as he imagined, advantage of the awe and alarm into which I was thrown by the outbreak, burst out with the insane assertion that he had actually *proposed marriage* to Miss Maughan, and that she had declined the offer, but that he was determined to win so priceless a blessing at the cost of every other, if need were. Yes, that—that he would find her out, and bring her back as its mistress to Glengariff Castle, if I had hidden her in the centre of the earth! My son had even the barbarity to thunder forth that the illustrious unmixed ancestry of which I reminded him, had entailed the most fearful of diseases on their descendants, probably from that very circumstance, and that he was resolved to transmit his name by fresher streams to posterity, or suffer it to perish for ever from the land!

“It began to dawn upon me then that in reality I was made the sport and plaything of a craftily devised intrigue, and that my unhappy son, made the victim of the perfidious artifices of a strange woman, took this shallow means to break his insane projects to me! But he speedily found that I also inherit the heroic fervour of my race, and that——. We had an awful scene—a fearful quarrel! But I did not surely curse my child, my only son? No; I but pronounced upon the alliance with which he threatened me a parent’s malediction! What followed I scarcely know. Glengariff fled from my presence; but all would have been well, only that——”

Here this lengthy epistle seemed to have come to an abrupt pause, for

what followed was written in a fainter kind of ink, in a shaky and uncertain hand, differing considerably from the previous caligraphy :—

“ I have had, I believe, one of the most fearful attacks I have ever yet survived,—of several weeks’ duration. I am very weak, ill, incapable of any resolution or movement. But it was perfectly plain it was all a delusion and deceit. They are doubtless together somewhere. Perhaps married—perhaps not. My son may have proved a villain to her, poor girl!—He has proved one to his own mother! What am I saying? I know not. But oh, Behringbright, Behringbright! if ever my poor late husband was dear to you—if he saved your life when you were all but swallowed in the crevasse on the Alps when you visited them together—cross the sea at once, at once, dear friend! and come, come, come, and save us all!”

There was a slight postscript added :—

“ The business person whose family she pretended to enter is called Sir Orange Graham, a trader in Belfast.”

THE RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH.

AFTER passing through various phases, public opinion in England is beginning to become fairly settled as to the lamentable contest in America, and all parties are agreed that the policy of non-interference, adhered to by Her Majesty's Government, was the wisest course to pursue. At the outset, Englishmen, as a rule, favoured the cause of the North, for we had a species of abstract horror of slavery; and the Northern Propagandists so indoctrinated us with a belief in President Lincoln's abolition policy, that we were glad to think that the question of slavery was about to be finally settled. Many writers, looking to the numerical proportions of North and South, confidently asserted that the insurrection must be put down at once, and hence the English assumed that all was happening for the best. Gradually, however, the unpleasant fact oozed out, that the North was not sincere in its professions, and that the real bone of contention was protection or free-trade, while the true pretext for the war was the tenure of power. For many years the South had governed America, and certainly produced an anomalous state of things. It was well known that the continuance of the Union depended on the election of a Southern or democratic President, and the North voluntarily gave the signal for a rupture by the election of a man, who, while as insignificant as it behoves an American President to be, enabled his supporters, not only to grasp the authority, but at the same time to carry through that selfish policy which had for so long a period injured the South, by rendering it a vassal of New York from a mercantile point of view.

It would be beside our purpose to argue the point of justification; but it now appears conceded by nearly all writers, whose opinion is worth anything, that the South acted in its good right; and now the question, as to which party struck the first blow, is of minor weight. As the facts to which we have alluded became better known in this country, English enthusiasm for the North began gradually to decay, and the unexpected gallantry displayed by the South turned the scale. For many months slavery was ignored among us, and the outrage on the *Trent* was an added, though perhaps unconscious, motive for the public inclination to the South. This feeling was maintained by the repeated successes of the Confederation, and with the tidings of the great victory of Fredericksburgh, English enthusiasm for the South attained its highest point. Since then a species of reaction has begun to set in; men possessing considerable authority have recalled public attention to the question of slavery; large public meetings have been held, and however much the Conservative organs may sneer at them, they have aroused a feeling among the working-classes antagonistic to the South. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the peace-at-any-price party should have placed themselves at the head of the movement, for they are caught between the horns of an ugly dilemma. On behalf of

abolitionism they demand a continuance of the war, which, as friends of peace, they are bound to condemn.

One thing seems tolerably clear,—that if the war continues much longer, the prevailing feeling in England will become that of indifference. As the error of depending on America for the cotton supply proves more fully recognized, fresh resources will be opened up; and so great is the elasticity of our trade, that a suspension of mercantile relations with America will, in all probability, be compensated in other quarters. As, too, a national bankruptcy seems inevitable in America, the more prudent of our merchants will gladly retire from so precarious a trade. The termination of the fratricidal struggle depends on the fact of which party can hold out the longest under the burden of legal tender paper money; and laugh though we may at Secretary Chase and his clumsy method of dealing with the financial difficulty, there is no doubt but that the South is driven to equally disagreeable shifts. In a word, the Confederation is in an awful state of pecuniary collapse; and it is solely the patriotism of its citizens, and the general hope that the North will be coerced into concessions, which have enabled it to stem the tide so long. A few facts we have been enabled to collect will prove to our readers the truth of our assertions.

In the spring of 1860 we sailed from New York to the “sunny South.” As we went down to the Battery the sun was shining bright and clear on many hundreds of loaded waggons, which were attempting to reach the steamer bound South. Many of them had been waiting patiently for hours, and many of the brokers indeed offered the policemen on duty heavy bribes to let them through. The past winter season had been excellent, and King Cotton had ruled in all his pomp. The credit of the South had attained its culminating point, while that of the West was almost a nullity.

During the spring of 1860 the South was absolutely deluged with goods and merchandise. Sixteen powerful steamers ran between Savannah and New York, and an equal number between Charleston and the Northern queen of commerce. Countless steamers and flat boats brought corn and flour and provisions down the Mississippi. The traders of the North and West purchased cotton, rice, and sugar for cash, and sold their corn to the South on long credit. Before hostilities began, the South was allowed to supply itself abundantly with gunpowder and arms. For months after the outbreak, it obtained both articles through Kentucky, and up to a very recent date the communication with Missouri, Virginia, and Tennessee was almost unimpeded. These resources, and a capital of two hundred million dollars borrowed from the North and West, enabled it to maintain 300,000 soldiers in the field for fifteen months, and prevent the advance of the Federal army. So long as these resources lasted, so long as the blockade was ineffective, so long as the Confederation was able to supply men to take the place of those who had fallen in battle,

the South was in a position to oppose a strong front to its enemies, although it had lost Maryland and Missouri, Kentucky and Western Virginia, or nearly one-half of its original population and resources.

New York, and the railways running from that city to the West, certainly deprived the Mississippi of a large part of the export trade; but in spite of that, the steamers and flat boats navigating it supplied the cotton States abundantly with corn, flour, and meat; brought them agricultural implements, glass and nails, furniture of every description, horses and mules, and in exchange took back cotton and sugar to the North. Now this enormous trade is interrupted, and the South, deprived of nearly all means of existence, has set the negroes to grow corn instead of the productive cotton and sugar. Only those acquainted with Southern affairs can understand what a sacrifice this was, and how oppressive was the necessity that compelled it.

In Illinois, Iowa, or Indiana, where father and son cultivate 100 acres of land in a season, and can get in 5,000 bushels of corn from them, a farmer is in flourishing circumstances, even if he only gets ten cents a bushel. In the South there is none of this rich and almost inexhaustible prairie soil, which produces crops during half a century without being manured. The soil of the South, which, according to the latest census returns, produces, in spite of guano, only an average of 15 bushels per acre, is easily exhausted. The planter is able to sell his cotton at ten cents a pound; while from North Carolina down to Texas, a bushel of corn has always fetched, at the least, one dollar. Before the beginning of the war, the South produced annually 5,000,000 bales of cotton, but now four-fifths of the plantations are sown with corn. Instead of these five millions of bales, which represented a value of two hundred million dollars, the whole of the South now produces less corn than Illinois sells in ordinary years for twenty million dollars, and hence is unable to satisfy its own wants. From Tennessee and North Carolina down to Texas there is no meadow land; nearly all the hay required there must be obtained from the North, and at the present moment only small quantities can be procured from Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. According to the *Richmond Examiner*, the possession of the lead, copper, and salt mines, the corn and hay of Eastern Tennessee and Virginia, is a vital question for the Confederation. So soon as the North succeeds in cutting this main artery, the fate of the Confederation may be regarded as decided; but we have grounds for believing that the Federals will not succeed so easily in doing this.

It is certainly true that now and again a vessel breaks through the blockade, and that a few boats smuggle across Chesapeake Bay at mid-

New York alone during three weeks has lately exported goods to the value of twelve million dollars? Formerly it was believed that New York was dependent on the Southern trade, and would perish in consequence of the war, —beggars would parade its streets, and its palaces decay; but up to the present there are only beggars and ruins in the South. The bankruptcy of the Massachusetts manufacturers was prophesied; but the wool and shoe trades have received a fresh impulse, and are now very flourishing; while the cotton mills, which had material for nearly two years in hand, have done a splendid business, owing to the advance in prices, have paid large dividends for the past and the present year, and have now sent their male hands to the war, and the females home, where their services were pressingly required.

Let us now regard the actual position of the South. When General Butler went to New Orleans, the price of provisions had already attained an enormous height: corn cost three dollars a bushel, flour twenty to thirty per cask, and hay one hundred dollars per bale. If we go to Mobile, we find similar prices. Not a carpet is to be found in the town, for they have been converted into rugs for the army; no curtains festoon the windows, for they have been cut up into sheets for the troops. At Savannah, a pair of shoes costs thirty dollars. In Charleston, all the shops are empty. At Richmond, sugar is quoted at three-quarters of a dollar per pound; coffee at two, tea at sixteen, cloth at fifty dollars a yard; and the vilest spirits, sold at Cincinnati for twenty cents a gallon, cost three to four dollars. Such is the state of affairs in the South, which still has access to Virginia and Eastern Tennessee, and, moreover, obtained from the North a year's provisions without paying for them.

We will now proceed to see what army the South can bring into the field, and its means for supporting the troops. It is certain that throughout the whole war the Confederation had more than 350,000 men in the field, and is, indeed, incapacitated from supplying more than 400,000. According to the census of 1860, the Union had a population of 32,000,000, and now perhaps 34,000,000. Of these, four millions are of black origin, and other twenty-six millions live in loyal States. So that, excluding New Orleans and those portions of Virginia and Tennessee held by Federal troops, only four millions of white inhabitants are left for the South. As we have been informed, the South called out all the male population between the age of eighteen and thirty-five years, and will shortly, if it has not done so already, enrol those between thirty-five and fifty years of age. It can, however, hardly employ more than fourteen per cent. of its entire population as soldiers; and according to this excessive estimate, the entire population of the South capable of bearing arms would amount to only 560,000, to whom we will add 40,000 volunteers and conscripts from Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky. We have thus a total of 600,000 men whom the South could reckon on under the most favourable circumstances. The Federal army up to the present has been reduced by one-

third, at least, of its original strength through the accidents of war ; the Confederate army, which is not nearly so well fed and clothed, must have lost, at the least, a similar amount ; and we thus arrive at a total of 400,000 men capable of bearing arms as the utmost strength of the South. Opposed to these, the North has half a million of effective combatants in the field, and a fleet of thirty ironsides cruising off the southern coast and in the Mississippi. In order to support this force afloat and ashore, the Union is obliged to make the most tremendous efforts. How is the exhausted Confederation, which has only one-sixth of the white population of the North, which has been deprived of all its trade, and which is unable to succeed in agriculture, to pay, feed, and clothe its 400,000 combatants ?

The pecuniary resources of the South have hitherto mainly consisted of legal tender paper money. Loan and confiscations have brought but little in, although all the public and private property of the United States was seized. We are unable to say how much paper the South has in circulation, but it pays its troops higher than the North does. Each soldier costs the Federal government about one thousand dollars a year ; and supposing that the cost were no greater for the South, it must have spent, in the first sixteen months of the war, almost 467 millions upon its 350,000 soldiers, and four hundred thousand of these must have been represented by paper. Were the North compelled to make a similar increase of paper in proportion to its population, the enormous sum of 2,800 millions would be in circulation, or proportionally more than there was in the revolutionary times, and which became eventually worthless, although the nation gained its independence. How is the South to escape financial ruin ? Long before the surrender of Yorktown the revolutionists found themselves compelled to resort to cash payments, and were helped by French and Dutch subsidies. But whence will the South obtain the necessary supply of metal ? With what will it henceforth buy arms, gunpowder, and stores ? and how will it pay its troops, so long as it becomes impossible to make a monthly paper issue of twenty-five millions of dollars, as is now the case ?

In Richmond, the capital of the Confederates, a premium of 145 per cent. is at the present moment being paid for gold, and yet the existing circulation of paper will have to be doubled and tripled. With the rise of gold and the sinking of paper, the debt will be increased to gigantic proportions, and shortly attain the amount of one thousand million dollars. Up to the present time the South has had a great advantage over the North in the war. The planter's son, who never learned a trade, and who lives

principally attended by Southerners. Under these planters' sons as officers, the South assembled an army, originally composed of the worst elements, despised equally by the white man and the negro, which was eventually joined by divers country contingents. But these bad elements have been improved through the war. They have come into the closest contact with their officers, who had hitherto been so far above them in social life. They were better fed and clothed than they ever were before, and this is the great bond which attaches them to the fortunes of the Confederation. But with the loss of money and credit on the part of the South, we may fairly assume that desertion will set in on a large scale.

It has been asserted that, in the event of slave emancipation, the scenes of St. Domingo will be repeated in the South. But this will be no more the case than it was in the British and French West Indies, when the slaves were liberated among a proportionally much weaker white population. In the cotton States there are nearly as many white men as negroes, and if the latter recognized the claims of the former in Jamaica, Martinique, Barbadoes, &c., respected their possession of land and property, and became their hired labourers, they will most assuredly behave in the same way in the South, where any attempt at revolt would have to be commenced under far less favourable auspices than would have been found in those islands. Others are afraid lest the emancipated negroes might flood the North and South; but this assumption is also erroneous. At present, many free negroes, fearing the northern climate, remain in the milder southern climate; and this would be still more the case were perfect liberty conceded to the black race at the spot where they were born and brought up. Far more probable is a flooding of the Northern and Western States by negroes who have shaken off their bonds, in the event of slavery surviving the war, and the slave-dealers swinging the lash over the backs of the negroes with doubled violence. A free man will only fly from his home under compulsion.

The Western States wish to maintain the purity of the Anglo-Saxon blood, to populate the West solely with men brought up to liberty, and are startled at the mere idea of a contact with ex-slaves. President Lincoln, himself a Western man, consequently proposed the colonization of the emancipated negroes in central America and Africa. Such a proposition is one of the incredible facts that follow in the train of this ill-omened war. A land, poor in population, but rich in productive soil, is asked to repulse and banish millions of useful labourers! Is not the demand for cotton and sugar constantly greater than the quantity of such produce brought to market? Did not the representatives of South Carolina declare, but a short time back, that fresh negroes must be imported from Africa, so that their estates might be properly cultivated? It should not be forgotten that the decadence of Spain set in when priestly intolerance drove the industrious Protestant spinners of Belgium to seek shelter in England. At a moment when the cotton mills are standing

still, when their owners would like to force the English Government to interfere, and when one average cotton crop would be worth one thousand million dollars, and cover all the expenses of the war, it is proposed to destroy all possibility of being able to produce again an article which is in universal demand.

At the present time, leaving towns and villages out of the question, an acre of land is worth about three dollars in the South. Let the Government take possession of land at double or triple that price for negroes, just as it has done elsewhere for streets and railways, markets and hospitals; let the new proprietors pay a certain ground rent until all the expenses are covered, and everybody will be disposed to admit that in this fashion planter and negro will profit equally, and that the latter will take an interest in the soil which secures his own existence. In this way we have an easy solution of the grave question about which it was alleged that the war began,—a solution alone profitable and safe for all parties.

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SECRETS OF MY OFFICE.

BY A BILL-BROKER.

PART II.—MY BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WRITING this work is not, I find, so laborious a task as I feared it would be; the chief reason being that, from early boyhood to the present day, I have kept a diary, in which are recorded not only all important events, conversations that might have a lasting interest for me, but many, very many, trivial circumstances, which, if not written upon paper, would have quickly faded from the tablet of memory. For example, I could, with but little labour, compile an exact list of how many regular games of cricket I assisted at, the scores I made, how often I was bowled, caught, run, stumped out. In fact, almost all I have to do in thus confiding the secrets of my office—of my life—to the general public, is to carefully substitute fictitious for real names, and stenograph, as it were, my voluminous notes.

My first step in life achieved, I was in no particular hurry to adventure a second. I would be very sure of the ground before I risked that second step upon it, lest, peradventure mistaking a quagmire for a solid foundation, I should be compelled to draw hastily and violently back, and thereby be made to recede so far, that the first step would have to be made over again. I could wait observantly without much infringing upon my precious capital, increased by the pretty little sum I was fortunately enabled to deduct from that scoundrel Emanuel Jacobs' wages of sin,—a transaction which I look back upon with feelings of unmitigated satisfaction. My personal expenses—the privilege of reading all the daily and weekly newspapers inclusive (chiefly, I may almost say exclusively, confining my studies to the advertisement columns and money market articles)—did not for the first three months exceed ten pounds, lodging as I did in a back room of a cheap coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane. This was a sad mistake, a sorrowful illustration of Solomon's apothegm—"There is a saving which tendeth to poverty." There were many other men lodgers in the cheap coffee-house, with not one of whom did I ever, that I remember, exchange a word. As to being robbed by one or more of *them* of my money, I had taken excellent precaution against that by investing the whole, with the exception of a small sum, in the Navy Five per Cents. It was not a paltry common thief, it was his Majesty the Law that picked my pocket. This was how it was:—My landlady being hardly put to it to make both ends meet, did not like to risk losing a lodger who, if he did not spend much, paid down on the nail for what he had; and who had, moreover, accommodated her several times by the loan (at interest, of course), for a few days, of a sovereign, upon the security of her deceased husband's watch. The mercenary wretch also knew that I never read about politics and general news, and she consequently thought it prudent, when the ballot

papers for the militia were sent round to be filled up, not to mention that she had been obliged to give in the name of Andrew Lovegold, single man, labourer, aged twenty-six, as able and eligible to serve his king and country in the 5th Middlesex. Those of her lodgers who did not belong to militia ballot clubs invariably flitted the day previous to that upon which the return would be made, slept anywhere or nowhere till the peril was past, then—though rarely all of them—came back, and the woman had a shrewd notion that, were I to bolt for such a reason, it would be some time before she saw me again. I thus remained blissfully ignorant that my name figured in the militia lists till, returning home late one evening, the landlady gave me a printed paper, with the explanatory whimper of, “Oh dear, sir! I’m so sorry, but you’re drawered.”

“Drowered” sure enough, and commanded by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting on behalf of his Majesty George the Third, to report myself at head quarters of the 5th Middlesex on such a day, under pain, &c. Naturally I was very wroth, but there was no help for it; and by the morning I had subjugated my mind into gloomy acquiescence in the loss of five pounds, which I supposed the purchase of a substitute would cost me. Wishing to be done with the business as quickly as possible, I waited upon Mr. Barton, a gentleman who kept a register office in the Strand, of men willing to be substitutes at the market price of such animals. I bluntly inquired how the market ruled just then.

“Well, sir, high, sir, and rising. The glorious news in last night’s *Gazette Extraordinary* has sent the figure up twenty per cent.”

“What glorious news?”

“What glorious news? Why, the battle of Talavera, to be sure. Three days’ terrible fighting. The French knocked to smash. And such slaughter, with a butcher’s bill on both sides. We’ve lost, I’m told, over twenty thousand; though, of course, the *Gazette* don’t put it at that figure.”

“Never mind about glorious battles and butcher’s bills; what am I to pay for a substitute?”

“Well, sir, I was coming to that. This news, of course, as I said, has sent prices up. Yesterday I could have got plenty of fellows safe to pass the surgeon for, say, eighty pounds—”

“Eighty devils! What are you thinking about?”

“Eighty pounds,” continued Mr. Barton. “To-day I wouldn’t undertake to find you a substitute for less than one hundred.”

I was near fainting on the spot. But as needs must when a certain personage drives, I finally consented to pay seventy-five pounds. Talk of iron entering into one’s soul, didn’t that gold, when I counted it out, enter into mine? From that day till Waterloo, I held war and all which it inherits in utter detestation; and had the Peace-at-any-price Society been in existence, I should certainly have sent its secretary, the Reverend Mr. Richards, a small pecuniary protest against glorious victories, the only tangible result of which, as far as I could see, was to swindle a peaceable,

industrious young man out of seventy-five pounds, hard money. Circumstances alter cases. The event of June 18, 1815, by presenting towards me the golden side of the shield of Mars, convinced me at once of the unsoundness of my war ethics. A great battle, I found, provided it be a decisively triumphant one, and that you have staked heavily on the winner, is a grandly glorious thing, and, as an inevitable deduction, successful soldiering—by substitute—a heroic, virtuous vocation. I had well earned the reward fortunately vouchsafed to me, for sure I am that not one of *les braves Belges*, who on that memorable day showed such alacrity in retreating, was more horribly frightened than Andrew Lovegold, hundreds of miles though he was (in the body) from the scene of action.

The How and the Why presently : I must first introduce Mr. Joshua Treherne, money-spinner, of Northumberland Street, Strand, and Harley Street, Cavendish Square. I met this gentleman at the Substitute Office. His business there was the same as mine, and he expressed loudly, as I did, extreme disgust at the abominably high figure to which Wellington's exploits had raised the raw material of heroes. He himself was certainly not made of the right stuff ; was, moreover, approaching sixty years of age ; had a wife and three children ; but not being able to make oath, he was not worth one hundred pounds sterling, he was compelled to appear, by proxy, in the British armies. A common grievance made us acquainted with each other, which casual acquaintance, under the forcing influence of community of interests, quickly ripened into fruit-bearing business intimacy. I was much struck from the first by Mr. Joshua Treherne. Full two yards in girth, a well-developed double chin, nicely powdered hair, and pendent pigtail, with correspondent furnishings, could not but suggest ideas of solid respectability. He, on his part, took an immediate fancy to me—not, I am bound to say, for reasons so personally flattering as those which commanded *my* reverence. The truth was, Mr. Joshua Treherne had long felt the need of a clever, active assistant, not fastidiously particular to a shade, who could be entrusted with the rough department of his bill-discounting business, which lay chiefly amongst west-end swells,—fast fellows, who, if not sternly brought up by remorseless tightening of the reins at advantageously critical moments, might play the mischief with the most prudent of "accommodating" firms. The usury laws then existent had also more than once been a snare to him.

Believing he had found a fit instrument, Mr. Joshua Treherne engaged me at a liberal salary, on trial. Out of that trial, a long one, I came bright, resplendent. I invented and elaborated devices, by which a coach and six could be safely driven through the Usury Statutes, and altogether so *worked* the business for five years, that, though immensely delighted, I was not very much surprised when, on Christmas eve, 1814, Mr. Joshua Treherne proposed that I should take a sixth share in the gold-coining concern, to be thenceforth styled Treherne and Co.,—I being the Co. Had not my munificent patron made that proposition, I should, as he

knew, have closed on the next New Year's day with the offer of a firm in Bucklersbury to admit me as junior partner. Mr. T. knew this, as I had given him notice that I should on that day require the capital which he held at call, giving very liberal interest for its use. That capital, with accumulated interest,—savings from my salary,—and the produce of some dozen fortunate specs. in the funds I had made during those five years, reached to over eight thousand pounds—a respectable sum for one in my position to have raked together since my father's death, but a mere trifle compared with Mr. Treherne's floating wealth, which, according to my own calculation, based upon the unimpeachable authority of the private ledger, could not be less than two hundred thousand pounds! Of course, a vast portion of that sum was in supposition, represented, that is, by discounted bills,—the names to which were, however, in an immense majority of instances, as I well knew, *good* names.

I had certainly been born with a gold spoon in my mouth. Mr. Treherne's health was fast breaking; he had not the alacrity and cheer of mind which had distinguished him during the first two years I was in his employ. The springs of life in him were fast weakening; he had no son to step into his shoes; his three children were girls, the eldest of whom, my benefactor obliquely hinted, might, if the arrangement were agreeable, be added to the sixth share (a gracious suggestion, which I tacitly declined); so that there was almost a certainty that but a few years would elapse before the firm of Treherne and Company would be a corporation *sole*, consisting only of Andrew Lovegold's noble self.

Nothing that I need here set down occurred till about two months after Buonaparte's return from Elba and triumphal march to Paris, events which, I hardly need say, had a very depressing effect upon the English funds, and, as a consequence, upon Mr. Treherne. I was not, like him, a member of the Stock Exchange, and his transactions thereon were only known to me so far as he chose to disclose them. This circumstance, notwithstanding my unbounded confidence in Mr. Treherne, worried me not a little. He had no doubt speculated heavily for the rise, and I was very glad therefore, both for his sake and mine, to observe the slow but steady recovery of consols as the power of the coalition formed against the French Emperor developed itself, assuring the ultimate, and not very distant, discomfiture of the great disturber of those markets. One day, however, towards the middle of May, that upward tendency was not only rudely checked, but a regular panic seized the funds-jobbers. A report, originating no one knew by whom, but which obtained almost general credence for a few hours, sent consols down to six per cent. less than the prices quoted when the exchange opened. That report was to the effect that the Emperor of Austria, Napoleon's father-in-law, had not only abruptly withdrawn from the coalition, but would join his immense armies to those of Buonaparte.

Mr. Treherne himself brought the news to our office, and greatly

astonished me by the vivacity—the fierce vivacity, as it were—of his manner and tone whilst rapidly relating what had occurred.

“This monstrous fabrication,” he went on to say, unlocking his private iron chest—to which, though a partner, with a sixth share only it must be remembered, I had not access—“this monstrous fabrication will be many thousands of pounds in our way, Lovegold, if the chance for which I have been waiting is promptly seized. I do not think it advisable to lessen our balance at the bank, especially as I expect some good bills for heavy sums will be sent in for discount in perhaps a few days. I shall therefore do what I have never yet done,—re-discount a considerable number of the most reliable acceptances we hold, and purchase scrip with the proceeds without loss of time. You, Lovegold, must re-discount the bills, and secure the stock. If I, well known on ‘Change to be a cautious man, were to appear there as an extensive buyer, the biddings for offered scrip would fly up instantaneously, to our great detriment. These are the bills I have selected,” he continued, placing in my hands a large number of amongst the heaviest and best in our list of discounts, most of the acceptors being old, regular customers, who would stagger on under the burden of twenty per cent.—our lowest terms—for a considerable time longer—“these are the bills I have selected; one reason for the selection being, as I have said, that they are reliable; another, that they are all made payable here, so that Treherne and Co., having for any purpose whatsoever re-discounted acceptances, will be only known to Messrs. Greatorex and ourselves.”

“Why not discount them at the bank?”

“I should lose caste at the bank if I did so. I have, as you know, more than once done such things for Messrs. Greatorex, to whom you can explain why I ask them to oblige me in their turn. What do you make the amount?”

“The total is seventy-six thousand four hundred odd pounds;—a heavy investment; but, as stock is to be actually bought and held, a perfectly safe one. Were you going to negotiate a time-bargain, it would be a different thing.”

“To be sure. Away at once. Employ Hunt to purchase. He is an outsider, but you will not part with the cash till the stock is transferred to our names.”

There was no difficulty in discounting such paper with Treherne and Co.’s endorsements, and I had obtained the stock before the money market began to recover from the absurd panic caused by the Austrian news. The rebound was tremendous. The very next day a profit of over five thousand pounds might have been realized upon the transaction. We decided to hold on. Treherne and Co. could wait, if it were desirable to do so, till the final downfall of Napoleon.

During the next month the Exchange was inundated with fabricated reports, circulated by the bears, or speculators for a fall, and very successful upon the whole were they with their swindling operations. The Duke

of Wellington had no more than forty thousand reliable soldiers wherewith to confront the veteran masses about to be hurled against him by Buonaparte, and had threatened to throw up the command. Marshal Blucher's army was utterly demoralized; a victory in Flanders would enable Napoleon to raise the French and Belgian nations *en masse*, in which case the always faltering Austrian Kaiser would, to a certainty, join his armies with those of his daughter's husband, and so on through the whole category of *canards*, sufficiently strong on the wing to sustain themselves if but for a few hours only. Such tricks touched us not. I did not care a button if the funds fell to zero. We could wait a year, two if necessary, receiving the while our dividends, and as to the final result, my confidence did not waver for a moment.

That confidence was not shared by Mr. Treherne, and the fretful, feverish state of his mind operating upon an already much weakened system, rapidly brought him into such a precarious state, that his physician urged him to absent himself from the distractions of business till he was sufficiently recovered to again undergo its burdens and anxieties. I thought the advice judicious, and it was agreed that he, accompanied by his wife and two youngest daughters, should try a fortnight's relaxation in the Isle of Wight. He would not remain absent longer than that, and as it had become irksome to him to write or read a business letter, any *fact* I might think it absolutely necessary he should be informed of had better be communicated to Miss Treherne, who would be in daily correspondence with her sisters. He then hurriedly bade me farewell. He had not been gone above four hours when I remembered that he had not given me the key of his private iron chest, in which were locked up all the discounted acceptances in our possession, as well as the cheque and banker's pass books. The cheque-book did not much signify, as the draft of Treherne and Co., written on blank paper, would do quite as well as printed forms; besides, I could procure another: but if any of the acceptances should fall due before my partner's return, it was essential I should procure the key to prevent the necessity of forcibly breaking open the chest. Upon examining the bill-book, I found there were no acceptances falling due within the next fortnight, except a number of those re-discounted with Messrs. Greatorex. I knew, by a memorandum handed to me a few days before, that our balance in the bank was about £26,000. No real inconvenience could, therefore, result from mine and Mr. Treherne's forgetfulness. I nevertheless despatched a messenger with a note to Harley Street, requesting that the key might be sent me per bearer. Mr. Treherne had left more than an hour before the man reached Harley Street, but Miss Tre-

ance of a second edition of the *Times* newspaper, containing circumstantial, and no one doubted authentic, news of the complete defeat of the Prussian army on the Sambre, and that the Duke of Wellington, after fighting a bloody battle at Quatre Bras, in which he had sustained immense loss, was rapidly retreating upon Antwerp, where it was believed the remains of his army would forthwith embark in the British fleet and transports kept there in anticipation of such a catastrophe, for England?

This disastrous intelligence threw the Stock Exchange into an ecstasy of frenzied excitement. It was the end of the world; and amidst the astounding Babel the price of consols went down full ten per cent.; in one case, I was afterwards told, twenty per cent. below previous quotations was accepted by a demented holder. Amongst the few undaunted buyers was M. Rothschild—in after days the world-renowned Government loan contractor. He was from Spain, people said, and comparatively little known on the English Stock Exchange. He, it is now notorious, was staking his all, more than his all, every pound he could raise by borrowing from his friends, upon the success of the allies. He was very pale, whity-brown,—saffron colour more correctly,—but firm, confident as ever; purchased consols to the extent of his means, and made numerous and heavy time-bargains for the rise. He had evidently set his fortunes upon the cast, and was resolved to stand the hazard of the die;—we know with what result. His confidence strengthened mine, and I ventured upon the purchase of consols at a reduction of eleven per cent. upon the day's opening price, to the tune of nineteen thousand odd pounds, for which I gave a cheque, which could not be presented till Monday, the 19th, the bank having closed. Later in the evening, the *Courier* published in a second edition the official version of the battles of the 16th. The defeat of the Prussian army was admitted, but Blucher had retreated in excellent order, and was moving to effect a junction with Wellington, who, after a sanguinary combat at Quatre Bras, glorious for the British arms, the French having been decisively repulsed at all points, was leisurely retiring to a previously chosen position covering Brussels, where he would be joined by the Prussians; and entire confidence was expressed that victory would remain faithful to the British colours. The pulse of the City upon this somewhat recovered its tone, and had the *Courier* been published in business hours, the panic would certainly have been greatly checked. For all that, battle prophets continued to shake their wise heads ominously. The retreat of two armies, one admittedly after a heavy defeat, was not, as a rule, the harbinger of triumph over pursuing armies, &c.

Despondent argumentation was thrown away upon me. I stuck with

the flame of patriotism in the coldest heart. It did in mine, and to such uncontrollable fervour that, having treated myself to a place in the pit of the Little Haymarket Theatre that night, I felt so inflamed by a generous loyalty, that when, after "She stoops to conquer," the company sang the National Anthem, I chorussed,—

"Send him victorious,
Happy, and glorious,"

with a vigour of enthusiasm that drew the eyes of the whole audience upon me. I went home late that night—a very, very rare irregularity with me—and awoke, not so well as usual, late the next morning—Sunday morning—Waterloo day. Ah, don't I remember!

I had lodged for several years on the floor over the office in Northumberland Street, the only servant of the establishment being Martha, of what surname I have forgotten, if I ever knew,—a worthy old creature, who had been in the service of the Trehernes' firm before Joshua's marriage. She was much attached to the family, and there were tears in her eyes as she placed before me on the breakfast-table a note sealed with black.

"From Miss Treherne, sir. It was brought last night. I was gone to bed when you let yourself in, and I suppose you did not come into this room, or you must have seen it. It is, you see, sealed with black. My poor master!" she added, the suffused eyes overflowing as she sobbed out the last three words.

I caught up the letter, and read aloud,—

"Harley Street, Saturday Evening, June 17, 1815.

"DEAR SIR,—If you will come yourself, or send Martha for the key you require to-morrow, at any time after one o'clock, it will be delivered to you or her. You cannot, I am sure, but feel compassion for us girls and our dear mother, struck down, crushed, by so terrible, so cruel a blow.

"Yours relyingly,

"Mr. Andrew Lovegold."

"DEBORAH TREHERNE

Martha burst out at once into passionate lamentation, and exclaiming, "He is gone—he is dead: my poor dear, kind master!" left the room, wringing her hands, to more freely indulge her grief in privacy.

Deborah Treherne's note had given me a hot, flushing qualm, which the plain statement of her father's death would certainly not have occasioned, the proof of which candid avowal is that I strenuously endeavoured to persuade myself that the lady could only have meant to announce that melancholy, but after all very common fact, in a world crowded with aged parents' graves. Not with entire success; far from it. Why was not the key of that mysterious chest forwarded to me with the black-sealed note? why not go or send for it till after one o'clock on the Sabbath day? Fears and doubtings shook me. I never knew what nightmare meant till three or four months after I had been presented with a sixth share, when that black,

heavy, impenetrable, devilish iron strong-box, often and often pressed upon my bosom with the weight of a mountain, its grimly grotesque brass handle grinning hideously the while. What was meant by "*Yours relyingly*" ? The daughter of a man who had just died worth a quarter of a million of money could not want to *rely* upon a king. Could it be possible that— But no, the villany of man had never attained, could never attain, such dreadful proportions. Preposterous ; altogether so. Miss Treherne had not studied the simplicity of composition. As for suspecting *that* man of—of—Tush ! Shameful to harbour for a moment such a horrible surmise. Shameful ! . . . Thus I argued with myself, striving to exorcise the terrible imaginings evoked by Miss Treherne's note, with such success, that my heart continued to knock fiercely at my ribs, and a cold perspiration to ooze out of every pore in my skin.

Two friends dropped in,—business friends, speculators like myself for the rise, through not to so great an extent. They were lugubriously down upon their luck. Dreadful rumours afloat again. Wellington's army overtaken—cut to pieces. The Prussians had not joined—never meant to join. The Austrian, a traitor all along, had openly shown the cloven foot. War would go on, ding-dong, for another quarter of a century, everybody said. Nothing but songs of death and ruin, which increased the perturbation with which I was filled, and I almost rudely dismissed the gentlemen when the hands of the dial on the mantelpiece marked half-past twelve. It would take me half an hour to reach Harley Street, and with the stroke of one upon the clock, my hand should thunder on the knocker of the door a peremptory summons to Miss Treherne to explain what the plague she meant by not sending me the key, and what might be the true interpretation of the incomprehensible note.

The door was opened by an elderly woman-servant.

"Tell Miss Treherne Mr. Lovegold wishes to speak with her immediately."

"Miss Treherne, sir ? She left yesterday evening."

"Left yesterday evening ! For what place ? when to return ?"

"For abroad, sir ; not to return again at all. Gone, every one, with bag and baggage, sir—leastways, with the plate and jewels, and knick-knacks, and clothes, and Mr. Sawbridge. There's nobody left but me in the house, to take charge till you come soon after one o'clock to-day, and give you a parcel, sir."

I was near fainting, and did drop like a lump of lead into a hall chair.

"Gone, every one, with bag and baggage—leastways, all the plate, jewels, clothes, and Mr. Sawbridge," I mechanically echoed, in a kind of stupefaction. Suddenly a feather stirred with the breath of hope.

"Some one—some one of the family is dead ?" I exclaimed.

"Dead, sir ? No, sir, not that I knows of.—Oh yes, sir ! about a month ago, an infant child of a niece of the young ladies, which they were

very fond of, and went into mourning for, of measles, or perhaps teething. A glass of water, sir?"

"Yes; and bring me the parcel you spoke of."

The woman obeyed; brought me a small, neatly sealed parcel, which one could feel contained a key. I put it in my pocket, had a coach called, and was driven to Northumberland Street.

With the help of some brandy I sent out for, I mustered sufficient courage to unseal the parcel, and look upon my fate. There was the key, and a letter addressed to me in Joshua Treherne's hand. I glanced over the contents—then my brain swam, legs gave way, and down I fell heavily on the floor. The noise brought up Martha; and about half an hour afterwards I found myself in bed, and sufficiently sensible to distinctly understand that I was a penniless pauper, in imminent danger of the gallows! Here is the hoary villain's letter:—

"Near London, Saturday, June 17, 1815, 6 o'clock p.m.

"MY RESPECTED FRIEND,—You will perceive by the above date that I did not finally quit the scene of action till every chance of success had completely vanished. It would have been to the last degree ungenerous towards you to have done so; and I assure you, my dear Lovegold, that if by remaining I could have rendered any real assistance towards extricating you from the sad perils in which a series of lamentable mishaps has placed you, I would have incurred almost any risk, and turned a deaf ear to the paramount claims upon me, as husband and father of an adorable wife and three amiable, duteous daughters. Upon my honour, I would. But I can, by opening your eyes to the reality of that dreadful peril, serve you as well—better perhaps—as if the counsel I give were spoken in your ear, instead of being placed in writing before your eye. Personal interviews under such circumstances are almost always personal contentions, and the accents of wisdom are drowned in the roar of passion.

"First, my dear Lovegold, let me entreat you to be calm, cool; and having mastered the situation, prompt—above all, prompt. If you are not beyond the narrow seas before Wednesday morning next—I shall be with my dear family when you receive this letter—I may have the inexpressible anguish of perusing, at no distant date, in the criminal records of our country, a narrative which, even in the perfect security I shall long before have obtained, will curdle my blood. Pray, therefore, my respected friend, pray be prompt and wary—wary and prompt.

"Having resolved to place everything before you in a plain, straightforward manner, I proceed to fulfil that self-imposed task to the very best of my ability.

"To begin with, I have candidly to state my reasons for admitting you into

you were when a £500 note, of the same number and date as that you had handed to me only about an hour previously, was presented in payment of a certain Honourable's acceptance? That was a careless, unpardonable blunder of Sawbridge's, who ought to have changed the note for others before placing the money in the acceptor's hands. With difficulty you arrived at the conclusion that you must have made an erroneous entry of the note received by you for me; but I think the vague suspicion engendered by the incident was never wholly obliterated from your mind.

"In addition to heavy losses upon discounted bills, I was extremely unfortunate in my operations on the Stock Exchange,—yes, extremely unfortunate. You will find moreover, my dear friend, I grieve to state, by the pass-book in the iron chest, of which I send the key, that every acceptance we discounted, during the last two years at least, was always immediately *re-discounted* by me at the bank. I need not instance those which you *endorsed* and re-discounted with the Messrs. Greatorex on the 17th of May; several of the heaviest of which, do not forget, fall due on the 21st instant. Those bills, you do not require to be told, are in a peculiar category. Again I say, emphatically, Lovegold, be prompt and wary—wary and prompt.

"On this very Saturday afternoon, and not till the last moment, when all hope was lost, as I have before observed, did I write a cheque drawing out our balance at the bank,—not twenty-three thousand pounds, as I had erroneously calculated; eighteen thousand pounds odd only—only eighteen thousand pounds odd, upon my honour! and that not till the last extremity.

"Thus, then, stands the partnership account, errors excepted, between Joshua Treherne and Andrew Lovegold:—Eighteen thousand pounds odd drawn out of the bank by Treherne, for his own private use. *Per contra* stands the scrip purchased by Lovegold with Messrs. Greatorex's cheque, and deposited in the firm's iron chest, where they still remain. I honestly confess to have often wished to obtain possession thereof, in order to realize, though at a loss, but was afraid to insist upon the point, lest I should rouse your not always placidly dormant suspicions.

"Now that scrip, even at the dreadfully low prices which consols will no doubt touch, on Monday will surely realize, having been well purchased, £50,000. £50,000 will not, it is true, redeem the bills in the hands of Messrs. Greatorex, to say nothing of the heavy time-bargains for the rise I have entered into (full particulars and vouchers in iron chest); but £50,000 is an immense sum, my dear Lovegold—an immense sum. You will then admit, even if your small capital be reckoned, that I have left you the lion's share, though in that I have done only my duty. Again I repeat, that some of the heaviest of the bills you endorsed and re-discounted fall due on the 21st instant. After that the deluge—beyond the reach of which I earnestly hope you will then be.

"However, as there may be the ghost of a chance that the credit of our firm, with the assistance of friends, may pull you through (it would be a fearful risk to run, Lovegold; don't incur it, pray don't) I enclose a legal form, duly subscribed and sealed, which will enable you at once to dissolve the partnership. Appended thereto is a correctly stamped memorandum, setting forth that I have no claim whatever upon the assets of Treherne and Company.

"And now, my dear Lovegold, adieu! You have my heartiest good wishes, and sincerely do I trust you will not neglect the earnest warnings I have given you. Be bold and decisive. Decisive action, promptly, resolutely carried out, affords instant and immense relief under the most overwhelming difficulties. I declare, that since I have finally ceased to lingeringly hang on, hoping against hope, I feel quite a new man, physically and mentally. Follow my example, and, like me, sleep in spite of thunder.

"Sawbridge, whom you so much disliked, goes with us. He has been very useful, singularly discreet, close as oak—is, in fact, an uncommonly clever fellow, and has so managed, that any attempt to trace us would be as futile as an endeavour to follow a ship by the guidance of the path she had cut through the waters. Sawbridge will be Deborah's husband. I had, as you know, intended the dear girl for another. It has been otherwise ordered, no doubt wisely. There is, I think, nothing more I can do for you in the way of advice and warning; and be assured no one will ever feel a more sincere interest in your welfare than your friend,

"JOSHUA TREHERNE."

Comment would be thrown away upon this atrocious document. The naked facts were that the firm of Treherne and Co. had no available assets whatever, except scrip which could only be disposed of at an enormous loss, if at all just then. That forged bills to the amount of £76,400, endorsed and uttered by me, were in the hands of Messrs. Greatorex, and that I had given a cheque for £19,000 odd on the Bank of England, where there was nothing to meet it. That was the situation. And this was the result of the craft, the keen knowledge of men and things I had been so vain of. Good Lord! why, I must be the veriest jackass that ever browsed to have allowed myself to be so grossly swindled by such shallow, reckless knaves as Treherne and Sawbridge. Hardy villains, it could not be denied, to go sedately on with their daily avocations, be particular about and enjoy their dinners, knowing all the while that running nooses were round their throats, which the merest accident might at any moment fatally tighten. I had scarcely glanced at the writing on the forged bills, though if I had, however critically, the doing so would not probably have suggested a saving suspicion, the work having no doubt been done by Sawbridge, one of the cleverest imitative penmen I ever knew. But what hope for me of extrication? That was the terrible question. Should I go to Messrs. Greatorex, confess all, offer to transfer to them the stock purchased by their money, implore them to submit to an immense loss, and throw myself upon their mercy? Yes, their mercy—only their mercy. How could I *prove* that Andrew Lovegold was not a guilty accomplice in the fraud, the forgeries? The facts upon the surface were dead against me. Even that villain's letter was so worded with respect to those particular bills that it would not help me. Messrs. Greatorex might show mercy; might, in order to be forgiven their own trespasses, forgive those who trespassed against them, though losers of twenty or thirty thousand pounds rarely—(though people never, within my limited knowledge, did so);—might, but if they should not? . . . My thoughts in that direction darkened so horribly, that I was nigh swooning again. Rallying, Joshua Treherne's infernal suggestion surged uppermost in my mind. Fifty thousand pounds *was* an immense sum. Till Wednesday there was only the cheque to provide for, and by Wednesday—. In utter desperation I sprang out of bed, gulped down brandy, shuffled on my clothes, and hurried out of doors to ascertain if disastrous rumours were still afloat,—believed in by men whose heads were rightly screwed on.

Waterloo Sunday afternoon in London was a time of violently fitful weather. Black clouds pouring down torrents, cascades of rain, alternated with stainless blue ether and brilliant sunshine. Which—which in the financial firmament would finally prevail—the black storm-clouds, or the clear ether and joyous sunlight?

Storm, darkness, total eclipse; no sun, no moon would ultimately prevail, was the opinion of almost every one I spoke with. That Wellington's army had been destroyed, Prince Blucher only saved from the like fate by shameful flight, moneyed men, as a rule, firmly believed. The church bells were ringing—to my ear they were funeral bells, tolling—for evening service, when I returned home in a state of desperation. First drinking furiously, I threw myself on the bed, dressed as I was, and passed a dreadful night; haunted, oppressed, crazed by Satan-suggested, fearful imaginings, suicidal spectres of different modes of escape from shame and ruin, whether best by the dangling crimson bell-rope, the sharp razors in the case, or the pistol I always kept loaded in my bedroom.

The alcohol I had swallowed must have at last compelled sleep,—temporary oblivion, for I was certainly awakened by Martha at about a quarter to nine in the morning. Mr. Musgrove, the person of whom I had purchased the scrip on Saturday, had sent me a note, and his messenger awaited an answer.

"Mr. Musgrove?" thought I, "what can he want? The bank is not yet opened, the cheque cannot, therefore, have been presented." I tore open the note:—

"GENTLEMEN,—The cheque you gave me on Saturday is dated July instead of June 17, by inadvertence, no doubt, as I have no recollection of having bargained to receive a cheque post-dated by a whole month. The high value of money just now renders the difference very considerable, and I shall be obliged by your writing a fresh cheque, dated this day, in exchange for which my messenger will hand you that I received from Mr. Lovegold.—Yours obediently,

"To Messrs. Treherne and Co.

"RALPH MUSGROVE."

Respite! Reprieve! Huzza! Instantly seizing pen and paper, I wrote,—

"DEAR SIR,—Your memory must have singularly failed you, which is no

in the meantime? On Wednesday there was only about £14,000 to pay on those accursed bills! My down-beaten spirit seemed to leap up again into life,—tremulous, but hopeful life. Who, after all, had ever heard of an English army being beaten—at all events, for the last thousand years or thereabouts? At Hastings certainly Harold's forces got the worst of it; but then that was a sort of triangular fight, the English tackling first one, he down, t'other come on; and the Danes being first and down, of course the Normans had it their own way, and won by accident. An English army commanded by Wellington, too! Nonsense! At all events, I would try and believe so. There would be always time enough to hang, drown, shoot oneself, or jump out of a three-pair back window.

I will pass briefly over Monday. Consols could not be disposed of to any considerable amount at any price. I care not what the official quotations may assert to the contrary. Luckily, perhaps, or Treherne's hint *might* have been acted upon. The devil has you at advantage when you must either accept the gallows or his offer. All I could have done was to procure an advance for a month of £30,000, at heavy interest, by depositing as security the whole of the stock I had the control of.

Tuesday morning brought no positive tidings. The wind was not so fair for a vessel leaving the Dutch coast for an English port as on the previous Saturday. It was, however, confidently whispered about that the Government had received news which they were *afraid* to publish.

Sick at heart, dizzy with dread, I wended my way to Dolly's Chop-house, Paternoster Row, ordered a slight lunch by way of excuse, sat down, and sank into a sort of meditative stupor, the theme being whether it would not be insanity on my part not to take the £30,000 and——

Suddenly I became doubtfully conscious, as it were, of a bustle, a commotion without, of people hurrying past, of shouts, cries, inarticulate to me, but loud, joyous, fierce. Springing up, and shaking myself into sense, I looked out, listening eagerly. Boom! Boom! Boom! The Tower guns, by Heaven! Out I rushed, joined the excited crowd, hurrying eastward, along Cheapside, amidst shouts of "Victory! Wellington for ever!" I pushed, forced my way to the front of the Mansion House; just as the Lord Mayor, arrayed in his robes of office, made his appearance, holding a paper in his hand. As soon as the deafening cheers by which he was received permitted him to be heard, his lordship officially announced a glorious victory achieved by the Duke of Wellington over

part, no doubt ; but any one who has ever had the misfortune, and the luck, to stand, attended by the Calcraft of his time, upon a drop, with a halter neatly fitted round his neck, and been reprieved just as the prison chaplain came to the words, "In the midst of life we are in death," he will be able to make allowances.

I have only further to say that the immediate and rapidly continuous advance in salable value of all Government securities, Treherne and Company's time-bargains netting a slapping sum, enabled me to meet all engagements, quietly obtain possession of and burn those dreadful bills, and truthfully to assert, on the day the dissolution of partnership between Joshua Treherne and Andrew Lovegold was gazetted, that I was a forty-five thousand pounds man ! Thanks for which, above and before all, I owe to the British army for winning the battle of Waterloo for the world in general, myself in particular ; in grateful commemoration of which glorious achievement I never fail, at every anniversary of the great day, to drink in solemn silence, "Peace to the souls of the heroes."

WIND AND WEATHER.

SIR Isaac Newton—so tradition says—was one summer's day strolling over Salisbury Plain. When he had reached the middle of it, far away from human habitation or tree of any kind, he was accosted by a shepherd tending his flock.

"Maister," said the ovine pastor, "where's thy great coat?"

Sir Isaac replied, that as it was a fine day, the sun was shining, and not a cloud to be seen, he had no need of one.

"Before thee goest two miles, thee'll be drenched to the skin," observed the prescient shepherd.

Sir Isaac, incredulous, continued his journey; but before half an hour had elapsed, the sky became overcast, clouds gathered from every quarter, and accumulating overhead, a violent thunder-storm burst forth. As there was no shelter near, the words of the shepherd came true, and the traveller was literally drenched to the skin. Sir Isaac, however, was not the man to allow such a circumstance to pass by unimproved. He turned back to the spot where the shepherd was feeding his flock, and questioned him eagerly as to the means by which he was enabled to ascertain the future state of the weather. He expected some explanation that would have advanced the interests of science, of which he was so eminently the High Priest.

"Well, maister," replied the shepherd to his interrogatory, "dost thee see that ewe there? Whenever she rubs her back against that bush, 'tis a sure sign we shall have wet."

This answer was not at all satisfactory to the pedestrian philosopher, but it was all the explanation he could get out of the sheep-tender of Salisbury Plain.

It is probable the shepherd had a category of signs, the result of observation, or, more likely, hereditary lore, which enabled him to determine what would be the character of the weather within a few hours, and that the sheep rubbing her back against the bush was merely a "put off;" unless, indeed, certain states of the atmosphere preceding rain so irritated the skin, that the animal had recourse to this Scotch method of relief. But it is more probable, as we have said, that the shepherd really was acquainted with the signs of the weather, but would not reveal them, considering them a kind of heirloom, which he could not dispose of. Nor would he be an exceptional instance. Men living out on an open expanse, such as Salisbury Plain, where every change of wind and cloud is distinctly seen and felt, have opportunities of observation of which they can scarcely help availing themselves. In fact, their very leisure forces the notice of these changes upon them; and if they have acquired any guiding rules from their predecessors, it would need very little mental effort on their own part to add something to their stores of knowledge. Astronomy was first learned on the vast plains of Central Asia, where, night after night, the ancient

Sages of the East gazed out from their watch towers upon the star-spangled map of heaven; and there is no reason why we may not imagine meteorology to have had an equally humble origin.

No science exists so impalpable as meteorology. The winds appear to be lawless, to obey no fixed rule, to be guided by no regular action. We can follow the stars in their courses, and measure the motion of the waves; we can calculate eclipses, and announce the advent of comets; we can gauge the longevity of trees whose birth had no register, and span the ages of the world; but as yet the rains and the storm have defied our scrutiny, and they come whence we know not, and go whither they please,—they belie our nicest calculations, and laugh at our solemn predictions.

The cause of this ignorance and misapprehension is very simple—is the same which has always existed in the other sciences; that is, an insufficiency of data from which to deduce invariable rules. The principles of mathematics were soon discovered; the fields of natural history were early explored; but chemistry had a long fight with alchemy and the occult sciences framed upon guess-work, before it became developed into its present marvellous perfection.

So is it with meteorology. It is within only a very recent time that we have become acquainted with the motions of the atmosphere sufficiently to be convinced, without an *à priori* faith, that the laws regulating the winds and storms are susceptible of rational explanation. The currents of the air, like those of the ocean, are being studied assiduously, and there is no doubt that one day they will be as clearly and accurately defined as are the tides of the sea and the ever westerly flow of the equatorial waters. But to attain this knowledge, we must go further than this little island. It is not by the data that can be collected off our coast and high places alone that we can arrive at a knowledge of those great causes which produce the variations in the currents of the air. We must extend our survey, and take in the whole area of the globe; we must jot down the state of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind simultaneously in every quarter of the world, while we must not neglect to take into account climatic influences. How long it will be before we can create an accurate system of meteorology it is impossible to say; but we would venture to predict that it will not be hopelessly long. By the aid of the electric telegraph we may acquire that information which we so much need, and which, in previous ages, could not be obtained.

Innumerable are the influences at work, not only to create, but to divert the direction of the wind and the clouds. Heat and cold are the principal agents in this stupendous operation, expanding and contracting that vast body of palpable but invisible substance which, encircling the earth, we call the atmosphere. The world itself, it is unnecessary to say, revolves from west to east, carrying along with it this vast body of air. But the globe is not equally warm in all its parts. In the tropics the heat, being

intense, expands the air; whilst the region around the poles, being ever covered with ice and snow, condenses it. Hence the directions of atmospheric currents are diverted from the straight line which would otherwise be pursued, in consequence of the whirl of the globe. These cross motions twisting the straightforward aerial sweep, that variety is created which has ever been such a puzzle to men of science and observation. Then there are vast continents stretching out into the measureless level of the ocean, and high mountains which rise to intercept the regular course of the circumambient air, thereby again diverting it from its direct channels. All these things have to be taken into consideration in a science like that which Admiral Fitzroy would establish.

By the aid, however, of meteorological instruments, such as barometers, thermometers, hydrometers, zonometers, rain gauges, and anemometers, and by careful observations, registries, and wind charts, much has been accomplished, and more will be accomplished. Although meteorology is in its infancy, it has had some patient and intelligent investigators. Hadley, Halley, and Dampier, in the seventeenth century roused the noble spirit of inquiry into atmospheric conditions and laws, whilst, early in the eighteenth, Franklin turned his sagacious attention towards the same phenomena, but more especially those immediately connected with electricity. A little later much valuable information was acquired by Spanish marine surveyors, out of whose book many a valuable leaf has been taken by English, French, and other navigators employed in scientific missions. Then, in the earlier years of the present century, the great Humboldt threw his intellectual light upon the physical characteristics of our atmosphere, which has been further augmented by bright original rays from Arago, Herschell, and Doré. Besides these philosophers, a host of distinguished men have contributed to our general knowledge on this subject. Lieutenant Maury, of the American navy, visited England in 1853, to draw public attention to the desirability of undertaking, as an extensive international enterprise, a systematic collection of observations over all the habitable world, commencing with meteorological observations at sea. Previous to this, however, and so far back as 1831, the collection and discussion of meteorological observations made at sea, on a systematic plan, had been undertaken at the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty by Captain Beecher; but pressure of other duties, and the limited extent of the means then applicable, impeded the work, which was scarcely more than begun; and it was not till Lieutenant Maury, fully appreciating what had already been accomplished in the wide field of research which he was then contemplating, moved in the matter, that any extensive investigation of the ocean and meteorologic incidents on its surface was attempted. In the same year, the principal maritime powers authorized a conference to be held at Brussels on the subject of meteorology at sea; and the report of that conference being laid before the British Parliament, a vote of money was obtained for the purchase of instruments and the discussion of observations, under the super-

intendence of the Board of Trade. A new department was also established, which was placed in communication with the Royal Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science; whilst agents were appointed at the principal ports, through whom instruments, charts, and books might be furnished to a limited number of very carefully selected ships. Since that time, about a thousand merchant vessels and numerous men-of-war, in which officers have undertaken to record and transmit their observations, have been efficiently supplied. The information which these furnish, duly classified and easy of access, is most invaluable. The changes in the atmosphere, being intimately connected with electric or magnetic action, all seamen are interested in them; while the facts which they register become essential to philosophers.

Availing ourselves of the results of modern investigation, especially those reported by our modern *Æolus*, Admiral Fitzroy, let us examine a little more the wonderful aerial currents, their causes and effects.

Near the equator these currents are neither eastward, exactly with the earth's rotation, nor much in a contrary direction. Raised by a high temperature, having nearly the centrifugal motion of the equator, held down always by gravitation, the principal fly towards the poles, with their equatorial impetus carrying them more and more across the converging meridians, until this impetus is lost gradually near the poles, whence again drawn back, they move towards the equator, but more and more diagonally as they meet the augmenting velocity of rotation. This general circulation, affecting the whole body of atmosphere encompassing our world, is, however, as we have said, modified locally by continents, oceans, mountainous ranges, and deserts, which much augment the conflicts of air currents, and occasion the changes of winds and climates in each hemisphere. Wherever streams of air—whether the main current, the tropical, or the polar—meet, or are mutually opposed, their tendency is to cause a calm or gyration. A globe uniformly covered with fluid, such as water, air, or gas, must hold any such fluid in a level or horizontal equilibrium by force of gravity; and no local disturbance, such as that of sub-solar heat, can affect the mass dynamically without causing counter-currents. Thus the inter-tropical perennial or trade winds from the eastward are counterpoised by the anti-trade or westerly winds of both hemispheres. Between the tropics and the polar regions, that is, in the temperate zones, the main currents are incessantly active and more or less antagonistic—the return current, or westerly, being prevalent. Comparisons of accumulated facts have led scientific men to infer that winds move in parallel currents, or circulate around central areas; and that, whether the extension of such movement be as between the tropics and the polar regions, or whether it be as the dust-whirl, the laws of gyration are, as a rule, uniform. When movements of the atmosphere, such as those of the perennial trade winds or the anti-trade winds, are on the largest scale, the wind appears at any one place to move in straight lines, owing to the really circular arc having so little curvature;

but when the circulation is comparatively limited, as in a cyclone, rapid changes in the wind's direction are obvious to every observer.

We have been considering the grander and more general atmospheric circulations, irrespective of minor motions; but as these greater and normal movements occasion a variety of inferior offsets, it is indispensable to take due notice also of them. Any person who has watched clouds crossing heavenly bodies in unsettled weather may have remarked them moving in perhaps more than two directions. Aeronauts have found as many as four simultaneous currents, successive, superposed, and differing in character as well as direction; and what is still more curious, temperature, tension, and moisture vary much from the formerly supposed regular progression upwards. For example, Mr. Glaisher found the temperature increase as he ascended, after passing through a stratum of cold, and then fall again. These and other similar variations prove intermediate currents, irregular in character, though they corroborate the normal decrease of temperature as well as pressure. In Switzerland, Scotland, and other mountainous countries, the temperature is sometimes warmer at a considerable elevation than it is on the lower grounds; and descending gusts of wind are sometimes very much warmer than the air generally moving along the earth's surface. In some lands, where the wind blows almost constantly in one direction, vegetation is abundant on the side on which the wind blows from the ocean; while on the other side there is scarcely any verdure at all, as in Peru, Patagonia, parts of Arabia and Africa, Asia and Andalusia, where all the moisture of the sea winds has been previously condensed and contracted. So in many other places, wind bearing moisture on its pinions affects one side of a hill or mountain, and not the other equally. A country exposed to westerly and southerly winds for about three parts of the year is remarkably favoured in this respect, as these winds are soft, since they pass over the warm, if not the tropical sea. The obvious effects of the warmth of sea water, particularly that of the Gulf Stream, upon our own climate, need hardly to be much dwelt on, except to remark, that wind blowing over a body of warm water must be warm, and perhaps otherwise chemically affected. Those countries which are exposed to winds bringing moisture and warmth with them from the ocean are milder in climate, and more favourable to vegetation. Tropical or other east winds carry vapours and rains, but they vary in some respects from the westerly. Polar currents in general are but little impregnated with moisture, unless they have just before reaching land passed over a considerable expanse of ocean. Where ice or snow is melting on a great scale, air carries off vapour even from an usually dry quarter. Generally speaking, sea winds are more or less charged with moisture, land winds, on the contrary, are usually dry.

even at the North Cape; while on the western or opposite side of the Atlantic, ice comes down in-shore to a very much lower degree of latitude, even below Newfoundland. Within the last few hundred years, ice, according to J. R. Crowe, Esq., Consul-General for Norway, has increased on the coast of Greenland. We know that there were colonies very many centuries ago on the shores of Greenland, then an open coast, which were destroyed by being blocked up by ice. The space between north-west Iceland and Greenland is now impassable generally, although some centuries ago it was open; while between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla there is a very large space of open water, and for 200 miles round the North Cape no ice is seen. The Gulf Stream is found to communicate its effect across the Atlantic by more or less narrow streams of warm water, even to the eastward of North Cape, where none of the harbours are frozen up for any time of the year, and where fishermen work with lighter clothes than they use further to the south and eastward. Sabine describes currents of water running thousands of miles parallel to currents taking a contrary direction without mixing, one having qualities very different from those of the other. The Gulf Stream, with its dense and heavy though warm water, exists side by side with the less saline and cooler water of the Arctic regions. Every navigator of experience knows several currents of a similar kind,—the Orinoko, the Amazon, La Plata, Niger, Congo, and Ganges, are familiar instances. Generally speaking, the more rapid the motion of passing currents, either of water or air, the less they mingle; and contrariwise, the more gentle their flow, the more readily, intimately, and quickly their intermixture takes place.

Owing to the results thus obtained from facts observed in a vast number of places, the Board of Trade has been induced to provide means for a daily forecasting of the weather, and occasional warnings of expected gales of wind or storms. "Until lately," says Admiral Fitzroy, "attention had been so much attracted to the exceptional occurrence of our climate to storms, to extremes of temperature, of extraordinary falls of rain, hail, or snow, that the ordinary course of nature, the normal condition of the atmosphere, though by far the more prevalent, had so slight a share of attention bestowed on it, so little consideration given to its usual state; there was no clue, apparently, to the common alternations of changes of wind and weather; and even the ablest men derided the idea of foretelling them, except on occasions of great storms. Now that we have a key to the subject, some light may be thrown upon them, and the difficulties and darkness partially dispersed. Some perplexing questions still remain unanswered, and obstacles occur often; but they are of minor importance in a practical point of view, and do not interfere materially with what has become a daily public duty, namely, giving general notice of *probable* winds and weather, for two days in advance, around the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, with such occasional premonitions as may diminish loss of life and destruction of property."

By way of concluding, we may as well select from this valuable work a few of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to the seaman, farmer, and gardener. Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a sickly-looking, greenish hue, wind and rain; a dark or Indian red, rain; a red sky in the morning, bad weather or much wind, perhaps rain; a grey sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather. (A high dawn is when the first indications of daylight are seen above a bank of clouds; a low dawn is when the day breaks on or near the horizon, the first streaks of light being very low down.) Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; hard edged, oily-looking clouds, wind; a dark, gloomy blue sky is windy, but a light, bright blue sky indicates fine weather; a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet. Therefore, by the prevalence and kind of red, yellow, or other tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly. Small inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light clouds driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain. After fine clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curled wists, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapour, which grows into cloudiness. Light, delicate, quiet tinselled colours, with soft clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but unusual or gaudy hues, with hard outlined clouds, foretell rain, and probably strong winds. Misty clouds forming or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend; if they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine. Dew is an indication of fine weather, so is fog. Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon, distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, and what is called a "good hearing day," may be mentioned as amongst signs of wet, if not wind. More than usual twinkling of the stars, indistinctness or apparent multiplication of the moon's horns, halos, "wind dogs," and the rainbow, are more or less significant of increasing wind, if not approaching rain with or without wind. When sea birds fly out early and far to seaward, wind and fair weather may be expected; when they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, a strong wind, with stormy weather, may be expected; when birds of long flight—rooks, swallows, or others—hang about home, and fly up and down or low, rain or wind may be anticipated. Again, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of going over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimnies does not ascend readily or straight upwards during a calm, an unfavourable change is probable.

THE LEEK-SEED CHAPEL.

It is now more than a century since two young men, John Wesley and George Whitfield, began a religious reform which, for many years, was thought by zealous Churchmen likely to shake, if not overturn, the Established Church in England. Both were young men of great piety, great zeal, and great enthusiasm.

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism, it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. Although very few persons will now dispute its beneficial tendency among these classes, yet, for a long period after the introduction of Methodism, the clergy and higher orders of society in the west of England manifested a degree of dislike to the new doctrines, which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Methodist chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher, as a spree, by two young gentlemen, became the subject of judicial investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay dearly for their practical joke.

There were able and even eloquent preachers among the Methodists. The works of Wesley, and of Drs. Clarke and Coke, are even now popular with a large religious class. There were also found among them some very wild, enthusiastic local preachers, who might vie with "Praise God Barebones," and other fanatics of the time of Cromwell. Many of these could not read at all, and very few were acquainted with any books beside the Bible, and the works of Bunyan, Baxter, and John Wesley. But the writings of these authors contained many of the most enthusiastic and energetic discourses, or foundations for discourses, in the English language, especially adapted to strike the imagination and captivate the attention of the lower orders. The phraseology of these works was derived from the Saxon, and was, therefore, better understood by the humble classes to whom they were addressed, than the language of polished preachers who had finished their education at Oxford and Cambridge. Indeed, some of the better informed classes of society were fully aware of the value of preachers who, from their own feelings and experience, so well understood the vices and follies of their auditors.

Among these uninstructed preachers was one known by the name of "*The Old Gardener*." This old man was no common character—indeed, he was quite an original, and by far the most popular preacher among the lowest and least intelligent of the disciples of John Wesley. He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. A——, then and now the centre of a mining district, rich in its products of tin and copper. When a mere boy, as servant to a Cornish gentleman, he went to London. He was there kidnapped, and sent to the West Indies, where he worked some years as a slave. He then entered the army, and served

in the West, and afterwards in the East Indies, where he fought under the great Lord Clive. In one of the battles he was wounded, and lay two days and nights on the field of battle amidst the dead. As he lay there he heard during the night the roars of the lion and tiger, and the howls of the hyena, and saw them prowling round him, but they were so gorged, that they attacked nothing living.

“He saw the lean dogs beneath the wall,
Hold over the dead their carnival;
Gorging and gnawing o’er carcass and limb,
They were too busy to bark at him.”

His sufferings were great from excessive pain, aggravated by a burning thirst. He expected to be mangled and eaten by wild beasts, and in the extremity of despair endeavoured to pierce himself in some vital part with a bayonet, but was too weak to effect his purpose. He was at last found alive, ultimately recovered his health, and returned to England. Being found, on his arrival, unfit for service, he was discharged, and finally settled near St. A——, as before mentioned.

Soon after his return “the Old Gardener” became a convert to Methodism, and afterwards a local preacher, working hard at his occupation as a gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his poor benighted fellow-sinners, as he termed them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner, giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting, to the utmost of his ability, the extension of Methodism. His exterior was rough, and his face as strongly marked as the granite of his native county. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark, iron-grey, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Nothing could possibly be more homely than his preaching; his language was strong and colloquial. The most awful groans usually followed his denunciations against hardened and impenitent sinners, and many attributed their conversion from a wicked life to the preaching of “the Old Gardener.” In the midst of apparently extreme ignorance, and, if what I have heard related respecting some incidents of his life be true, no small degree of cunning, he possessed great personal courage. Of this, the following incident affords ample evidence:—

The Old Gardener was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife, a counterpart of himself, in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, not far from the high road. Three young “squires” of large expectations, who had just finished their studies at the

ment of the mother of one of the young gentlemen. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors :—

“We set out,” said he, “upon our expedition with blackened faces, on a dark night, a little before 12 o’clock. The Old Gardener was one of my father’s tenants, and I knew the localities of the cottage well. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage; yet, I confess, when it came to the point I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten a poor old man and his wife in the dead of the night. I was acquainted with the history of the old man, and his simple mode of life, and once, out of curiosity, had heard him preach. His preaching was utterly indescribable, and his appearance, in his tub-like pulpit, was at times, when he was wrought up into a fit of enthusiasm, truly awful. One of his frequent expressions was, ‘I am sure I am under the protection of the Almighty, and neither man nor devil can harm me.’ These words rang in my ears, and although I had determined to form one of the party who had plotted together to rob the old man, I ultimately compromised with conscience, by resolving to remunerate him for the fright—if such a man *could* be frightened.

“The clock struck twelve. ‘Now comes the witching time of night,’ exclaimed Tom.

“‘Don’t let us frighten the poor old couple out of their wits,’ said I.

“‘No,’ said Ryder; ‘we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and Little John.’

“I said that I would rather travel back than proceed. ‘Recollect,’ said I, ‘the old fellow is an old soldier as well as a saint, and fears nothing human.’

“‘Nonsense!’ exclaimed Ryder, ‘here goes.’ He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us hesitate.

“‘Who is out there at this time of night?’ exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the Old Gardener.

“‘Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you,’ said Tom; ‘but we must have your money.’

“‘The Lord will be my defence,’ rejoined the Old Gardener. ‘You shall have no money from me: all in the house is the Lord’s—take it if you dare!’

“‘We must and will have it,’ said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

“We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

“Now consider us face to face with the Old Gardener; and a pretty sight we presented. Three ruffians (ourselves), with white waggoners’ frocks and blackened faces. Before us the Old Gardener, sitting on the side of his bed. He wore a red worsted nightcap, a checked shirt, and a flannel

jacket; his iron-grey face, fringed with a grizzly beard, looked as cool and undismayed as if he had been in his pulpit preaching. A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow held a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three completely paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the Old Gardener, the candle, the flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood, and 'made cowards of us all.' The Gardener saw the impression he had made on us.

"'What! do you want to rob and murder?' exclaimed he. 'You had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may yet be saved. You will soon be in another world.'

"Ryder first recovered his speech.

"'Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart, we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets.'

"We laid our purses on the table before him.

"'The Lord hath delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all be soon in another world. Pray. Let us pray.' And down he fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed: I thought his prayer would never end. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped, and eyed the purses; and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised and, I thought, gratified, at the largeness of its contents. We now thought we should have leave to retire; but, to our dismay, the Old Gardener said,—

"'Now we will praise God by singing the Hundredth Psalm.'

"'This was agony to us all. After the psalm, the old man took up the second purse; and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly,—

"'I have unfastened the door: when you hear me move, make a rush.

"The Old Gardener, then pouring out the contents of the second purse, exclaimed,—

"'Why, there is almost enough to build our new house of God! Let

but of a few minutes. If our faces could have been seen, it would have been thought, from our horror-stricken countenances, that, instead of having risen from prayer, we had been pursued by Old Nick himself.

“We fell upon a bank by the side of the road. There we lay without speaking a word: one of us groaned with the fall. A night-gang of miners, who were returning from their work, carrying, as is usual with them on dark nights, lanterns in their hands, perceiving three persons fall from the hedge on to the bank, and thinking that an accident had happened, ran to our assistance. They raised their lighted lanterns to our blackened and scratched faces. The sight we presented was more than sufficient to frighten any person of strong mind. It was too much for the poor superstitious miners, who immediately scampered off—some towards the mine, others towards the town—as fast as fear and their legs would carry them. Each of us left a portion of his skin and clothes sticking on the thorns and brambles through which we had scrambled. Our horses were soon found, and we galloped to Ryder’s residence. Lights were procured, and we sat down. We were black, ragged, and dirty. We looked at each other, and, in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laughter.

“‘We may laugh,’ exclaimed Tom, ‘but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us for the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it! Here we are, as black as three infernals: we have lost our money; been obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours before a great heap of gunpowder, with a lighted candle spitting and fizzing close to the powder, while that iron-faced, wild-looking, ugly, red-capped brute, with his horrible flint and steel, threatened us all with an immediate passage into eternity! Oh, how I wish some tiger or bear had taken a fancy to him when he lay wounded on the field of battle! but nothing in nature could stomach such an ugly monster; even a shark would have been disgusted at such a meal. And our money, forsooth, must go to build a Methodist meeting-house! Bah! it is truly horrible. The fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughingstock of the whole county.’

“We washed ourselves, and sat down to a good supper. Good cheer and good wine gave us a better night than we could reasonably have expected. Young spirits soon recover their elasticity. We drew joke and fun from this night’s adventure.

“The affair, however, was not yet ended. Reports were spread that three men, disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the Old Gardener, who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist meeting-house. It also was given out that on the following Sunday the Old Gardener intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the new meeting-house, when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the building. Our mortification was

complete. Tom, whose hatred of Methodism was most intense, swore he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by the Old Gardener, if we could contrive to be present without being suspected.

"Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation, and with the dim lights then burning in the chapel we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventure was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely, and humorous phraseology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous. The old fellow's face glowed with delight and satisfaction. 'I never,' said he, 'saw black faces pray with greater apparent devotion. I have some doubt, however,' he slyly observed, 'if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces towards the door, but a lifting of the flint and steel kept them quiet.' He then added, with a knowing shake of the head, and an exulting laugh, 'But they had not smelt powder like the old soldier whom they came to rob. No, no; it was a large heap—ay, large enough to frighten brave old General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself was not afraid. No, no, my dear friends,' shouted he; 'this large heap of apparent gunpowder was—it was my stock, my whole year's stock of LEEK-SEED!'

"The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saints almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupified at the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

"We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could barely chuckle, 'Leek-seed,' and then roared with laughter.

"It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

"The chapel was built with the money collected by the Gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, which the high-church party named,—

“‘THE LEEK-SEED CHAPEL.’”

ROYAL FAVOURITES.

PART II.

THE term "minion" has happily become so obsolete and inapplicable in the present state of society, as to need probably a word of explanation. Though the term is of French origin, the class of men to whom it was first applied were not natives of that country. The prototype strictly speaking will be found among those young nobles who, in the sixteenth century, abandoned the soft clime of Italy to accompany to the Court of the Louvre the youthful bride of Henri II.—the lively and quick-witted Catherine de' Medici. Then first flocked to Paris in her train those dainty Italians, alike remarkable for their regular features, tufted beards, and carefully curled locks, redolent of the costliest unguents; their effeminate costume, their frivolous and disorderly life, and manners by turns haughty and obsequious. While the gay and dissipated denizens of the Court and city welcomed these ultramontanes with enthusiasm, the mass of the people looked upon them with scorn and defiance, and expressed their sentiments in the refrain,—

"Italien, qui que tu sois,
Qui viens t'enrichir aux dépens des François,
Toi qui te sers de muguet parfumé,
Prochainement tu seras enfumé."

And well did the Parisian burghers *prochainement* keep the promise contained in the last line.

But ere long, infected by these foreign fopperies, the French gallants, modifying by degrees the simplicity of their fashions, eclipsed, by the clearness of their complexions and the lustre of their glossy ringlets, the whole troop of thick-skinned interlopers who had been reared in the shade of the orange groves of Florence and Naples. The Parisian dames and demoiselles, we read, lavished their favours by preference upon the minions of their own country (*mignons*),—so called on account of their delicate features, flippant prattle, and graceful appearance. They glittered with jewels; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds shone in their ears, round their necks, on their fingers. The magnificence of their attire was unequalled; their vestments of silk and gold stuffs, the rakish cut of their cloaks bedizened with lace, the elegance of their pourpoints, the richness of their plumed and jewelled caps. This reign in the annals of France has been rightly called "the reign of the favourites." Henry III. had his minions, the Duke of Anjou his, and so also had the Duke de Guise.

When the last Valois became King of France by the premature death of his brother Charles IX., he was reigning in Poland as sovereign of that country; and those courtiers who hastened to Lyons to salute him on his return as Henry III., beheld with sorrow that he no longer realized the idea formed of him when, as Duke of Anjou, he had bravely won his spurs

in the first campaign against the Huguenots. The brilliant promise of his youth had procured for him the kingdom of Poland as the honourable reward of his valour, and at that period his countrymen hailed him as a soldier and a hero; but all that glory was eclipsed, and he had scarcely figured six months as King ere he became the object of universal contempt. Poland lost him with joy, and France gained him with sorrow.

The conqueror of Jarnac and Moncontour was tall, and of a goodly though effeminate countenance; but possessing neither the strength of frame nor the address of his brother Charles, he had never taken the same delight in athletic exercises. His habits and appearance now stamped him as an indolent and enervated voluptuary. Almost inaccessible even to his nobles, he sought to isolate himself altogether from State affairs; admitting to his presence only certain youthful favourites,—scions of noble houses, chosen for their handsome mien, rare fashion in dress, reputation for gallantry,—and who were contemptuously called his *missions*. Languidly reclining upon the cushions of a gilded chalupe, and surrounded by these familiars, he passed the greater part of the day enjoying the breeze upon the Saône, as he had lately done among the lagunes at Venice, wholly given up to the *dolce far niente*. At dinner his table was surrounded by a balustrade, in order that the courtiers might not approach too near him; and the repast finished, he hurriedly received a few petitions as he passed out of the hall, and hastened to shut himself up again with his crew of parasites. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at that the nobility who had flocked to Lyons to welcome their new King soon took their departure thoroughly disgusted.

The marked change observable in the manners and amusements of the Court of France at this period must undoubtedly be attributed to the policy and influence of Catherine de' Medici. All France was then a battle-field. Perhaps the universal soldiership of the nation may be traced to this ferocious age, when no man's life was safe unless by the strength of his own arm; fighting, robbery, waylaying being the occupation of high and low. The politic and intriguing Queen-mother, who, after patiently submitting for twenty years to the paramount influence of Diana of Poitiers, had since swayed supreme the sceptre of her three sons, succeeded in banishing the rough but manly sport of the tourney, in which her husband had lost his life, and introducing the *Carrousel**—an importation from Italy—instead; running at the ring, tennis, and bilboquet; thinking it desirable to refrigerate somewhat the hot blood which then coursed so feverishly through the veins of the French noblesse. Cost what it might, some outlet must be found for that fierceness of the national spirit which required distraction, she thought, from the rough trade of war; and Catherine therefore

* A military game, consisting of a series of exercises on horseback, executed in quadrilles, and intermixed with allegorical and other emblems drawn from fable or history.

looked with a favouring eye upon every sort of Court fête devoted to amusements of a gentler character—the chase alone remaining in fashion of all the other old feudal sports among the courtiers. They had too long turned their swords against each other's breasts, and the Queen-mother seemed to say to these fiery champions of both parties, Leaguer and Huguenot, "Here are abodes of love and repose offered to you, brave and noble warriors, who have too long dealt in strife and bloodshed." And with such designs she promoted that continued festivity, in which courtly dissipation was mingled with religious pomp and superstition, after the Italian mode, and which gave such a peculiar impress to the habits and manners of her time.

Such, at least, is the opinion of those who are the apologists of the policy of the crafty Catherine. To us her motive seems abundantly clear,—the necessity she felt of amusing the minds of her sons, to prevent them from paying attention to State affairs, in order that she might guide them herself, and rule entirely uncontrolled.

Nothing could exceed the extravagance and luxury in dress on the occasion of these banquets, ballets, and festivals. Nor is it surprising that the duties of the toilette should now be considered as all-important, when it is recorded that the Sovereign himself would spend whole days in devising new fashions; that he would cut out his wife's robes and his own, as well as perform the office of hairdresser both to her and his effeminate favourites, who, following his example, wore their hair turned over a comb, like women, and were often seen winding silk, stringing beads, and embroidering. The care and adornment of his own person occupied the chief part of the day. His hands were covered every night with gloves, and a cloth dipped in essence was laid over his face, in order to improve the delicacy of his complexion; his hair was always frizzed with the greatest care, and dyed of a beautiful black; whole hours were passed in giving the proper shade to the red and white of his cheeks, and painting his eyebrows. His dress, on any great occasion, was so covered with pearls, precious stones, and embroidery, as almost to conceal the cloth of gold of which it was generally formed; and as at this period nobody was permitted to appear at more than one fête in the same costume, the enormous sums lavished on dress are quite incalculable.

In that clever picture of these times, entitled, "*Catherine de' Medici; or, the Queen-Mother*," we have the portrait of one of her minions sketched *ad unguem*. The epithet which Count Boniface la Mole had acquired, of *Le Baladin de la Cour*, did not raise him much in the estimation of sober-minded persons, and he was looked upon by the better part of the community as the very impersonation of profligacy and effeminacy. This accomplished ornament of the most unprincipled Court in Europe might be seen sauntering on in the train of the Queen-mother, carefully avoiding any indication of interest in a ceremonial which, perhaps, absorbed the attention of every one else, but looking from side to side with an air of

profound indifference, occasionally lifting from his side, where it depended, a small mirror in a gold frame, which, though till lately an appendage of the female toilette, he had newly introduced as an ornament among the fops of the period. His attire bespoke the utmost care and consideration, and proclaimed the high importance attached to his character: the most faultless propriety reigned throughout, and the *ensemble* was so perfect and so inimitable that no one portion of the elaborate finish shone out more conspicuously than the rest. In his ears he wore rings of rubies, with drops of pearl; his hair was curled, turned back, and fastened with combs; the hat he negligently held was adorned with an aigrette of diamonds, and from the front hung over the forehead, when worn, a profusion of little ornaments, in a fringe of various-coloured gems, which shook at every movement of the head. His beard was long and pointed,—a mode very dear to him, as he was conscious of the peculiarly fine growth of that imposing appendage, in which particular, as some of the nobles could not vie with him, a few followed the example of Henry the Third, whose beard was worn short, and whose hair was dyed of whatever colour pleased him for the time. On his white uncovered hand sparkled numerous small rings, from which, as he occasionally waved his fringed handkerchief, or pointed to some object, a stream of odour issued, the hollow of each ring being filled with musk. His short mantle was of rich silk, gorgeously embroidered in an antique pattern of gold and jewels, with devices and mottoes intermixed with its scrolls and foliage; his throat displayed a necklace of pearls, with clasps of sapphire surrounded by sparks of diamonds; a high transparent ruff shaded the back of his neck, and a double collar of the same light texture, covered with delicate work, fell on his shoulders. His nether garments were of cloth of gold, the seams and slashes sprinkled and edged with small buttons of jewels of every hue; large bouquets of pearls in his shoes completed his sparkling costume. His remarkably handsome person, added to the ease and grace with which he wore this profusion of ornament, rendered him the most dazzling figure in the train of his royal patroness.

The ladies of a Court in which dress was made a matter of such importance would naturally rival their lords in the display of a sumptuous and eccentric attire. Introduced early to the splendours and pleasures of

"There is not," said he, "any little coquette in Paris, who does not expose her bosom in the fashion of Queen Marguerite." It is amusing to learn that inventions for increasing the size of the female figure behind, as well as for augmenting it before, and both of which have been renewed in the present age, were common under the last princes of Valois. As early as 1563, treatises were written and satires composed on "*basquines*" and "*vertugalles*," the two articles of dress destined to the above-mentioned purposes, and which were the precursors of the more recent contrivances of the hoop, the *cage*, and the crinoline; the latter term being, in England, very incorrectly applied to all three indiscriminately. "Frenchwomen," says the Venetian ambassador Lippomano, in one of his letters, "have very slight waists; they take pleasure in puffing out their robes by means of hoops, which render their figure very elegant. They take pains to procure fine stockings and shoes. They all wear corsets which hook behind, and give a most becoming shape to the bust."

On the day of the espousals of Henry III. and the gentle and pious Princess Louise de Lorraine, the King, we are told, devoted the whole morning to the adornment of his bride elect; and after completing her toilette, by arranging the jewels on her robe with his own hands to his entire satisfaction, he next wasted several hours with the rich suits of his favourites, Quélus, Villequier, and Du Guast. But though the attire worn by Henry on this occasion—a rich suit of white velvet, and a mantle of cloth of silver—was deemed a marvellous display of elaborate taste as well as novelty, yet not only all the young lords of the Court, but the King himself, saw themselves eclipsed by the superior fashion of the privileged band of favourites,—the royal *mignons*. Early in the reign we find this crew of debauched parasites, to the number of ten, occupying the post of king's chamberlains; and most extraordinary was the immunity and unbounded the licence in which these personages indulged. The royal minion, *par excellence*, combined the attributes of the fop, the bully, and the bravo; and from exacting almost servile homage from nobles of superior rank, they filled the Court with broils and fighting, to which they added slandering the reputation of the noblest ladies with impunity, gambling, and perpetrating fraudulent appropriations of the revenue. Their effeminacy and luxury, on the other hand, when in attendance on their royal master, and in the adornment of their persons, surpassed the most extravagant of antecedents. The fable and anecdote Henry liked

ceremonies used at the *lever* of Henry's dainty minions. It has been supposed that De Quélus was the personage falling peculiarly under the lash of the satirist.* "On entering the chamber of the royal *mignons*," says he, "I first beheld three cavaliers, whose hair was being seized with hot pincers heated in a chafing-dish, so that their heads were smoking. Such a sight I deemed at first alarming, and was about to cry for succour; but on a closer examination I perceived that no hurt was being inflicted. One of the victims was reading, another joking with his valet, and a third discoursing on philosophy. From this chamber I entered into a second, where I beheld a single cavalier seated helplessly in a chair, and surrounded by several attendants. One was holding before him a mirror; another had a large box of cypress-wood filled with powder, into which he repeatedly plunged a large puff, and powdered the head of his patient. This achieved, a third individual advanced, holding a fine instrument, with which he tore superfluous hairs from his master's eyebrows, leaving an arch clear and defined. In a corner of the room a thick vapour was rising from a vessel, which they called a *sublimatum*, the which being condensed, they brought and applied to the cheeks, lips, forehead, and neck of our victim. Another then came, and kneeling, opened the patient's mouth, by gently pulling his beard: then, wetting his finger, he rubbed a white powder on his gums, and from a little box he took some false teeth, and fastened them in wherever there was space. Next, the personage who had coloured our victim's cheeks again approached, and with a brush he painted over his beard, which until now had been of fiery hue, afterwards washing it with perfumed waters and soaps. They then brought silk stockings, and a pair of shoes marvellously small and dainty. During this ceremony, a fourth *valet de chambre* was airing before the fire a shirt adorned with exquisite needlework. This being slipped over our patient's head, the collar was set upright, and his doublet brought, which was so tight that it took all the strength that we could muster to button it."

He then describes how "*cette demie-femme*" was equipped with two pairs of perfumed gloves, handkerchief, rings, chain, a mirror, fan of delicate lacework, a pomander, and comfit-boxes, a hat and plumes, and a *sachet*.

Next the author introduces us into the royal bedchamber. Henry was sleeping in a room the floor of which was plentifully strewn with roses and other flowers. The bed was a magnificent edifice of gilding, and cloth of silver. The King reposed in the middle of the bed, supported by crimson satin pillows. His face was covered by a half-mask made of some shining

material dipped in odoriferous oil, which the chief valet carefully readjusted after he had offered his Majesty an early collation of sweetmeats and rolled meats, spiced. The King's hands were covered with gloves, richly embroidered; and his *manteau de nuit* was composed of white satin, adorned round the neck with silver spangles and tags.

Occasionally, the tedium of the royal sybarite was enlivened by the recital of some encounter between a cavalier of the Court and one of his *mignons*, whose bragging, and duelling propensities, caused them to be regarded with terror and disgust by all peaceful individuals. On the cushions beside the King lay a number of little dogs, which Henry alternately fondled, or incited to make deafening clamour. The number of lap-dogs kept in his Majesty's apartments often exceeded a hundred—seldom fewer. One of the favourite chamberlains observing that it cost the King emotion to select from this pack the dogs which were to accompany him in his daily airing with Queen Louise, invented the novel expedient of a light basket, richly lined with crimson satin, to be slung from the royal neck, wherein from twenty to thirty of Henry's diminutive pets might be comfortably stowed. The King adopted the contrivance, bestowing great praise on the ingenuity of his favourite. Parrots, and a small species of ape, also came in for a large share of Henry's attention. To the former he taught any libellous slang which then might be in vogue; while the apes were reserved as a means of special intimidation to unwished-for intruders in the royal apartments, or of vengeance on individuals obnoxious to the *mignons*. The King's hours of indolent pastime were often abruptly brought to a close by a sudden inspiration to perform some devout progress with which Henry pretended to have been smitten. The royal dressers were then summoned, and, after elaborate labour, Henry was equipped, and proceeded with most sanctified mien to spend the afternoon on his knees in one or other of the oratories he had founded in the churches of the capital.

Early in the summer of 1577, Catherine, with her daughter Marguerite, set out with the King, for the seat of war in Poitou. The equipages of the two Queens, and the appointments of their trains, were gorgeous in the extreme. The Queen-mother, with five of her ladies, appeared in a chariot covered with gilding and painting; lackeys, dressed in splendid liveries, hanging on the large *portières*; and pages, and a host of attendants running before and by the side. On great occasions like the present, the *Grande Bande*, consisting of two hundred ladies, all of them of high quality, attended their royal mistress; some in carriages richly ornamented, others on horseback; their steeds gallantly caparisoned, and all accompanied by pages and valets. The ladies of her household were all eminent for their beauty, their accomplishments, and the splendour of their apparel; while, as regarded their moral attributes, no further detail is necessary than that of the mere fact, that by the gallants of the Court and camp they were distinguished as the *escadron de la Reine-mère*, the

Squadron of Venus, or, in plainer English, the *Light Brigade*. Nothing, in short, could be more profligate than their whole deportment; and though Catherine preserved the dignity of her sex, she rarely attempted to interfere with the conduct of her attendants; and thus her immediate circle became a hotbed of vice and intrigue, rendered only the more pernicious by the specious gloss of wit, fascination, and splendour. The astute Italian princess introduced a sort of chivalry of vice in the prosecution of a campaign. She created an oasis consecrated to the coarser Venus. But outside these narrow limits the war raged with undiminished ardour.

An entertainment given by the King to the principal officers of the army under the Duke of Anjou, on the occasion of the capture of the town of La Charité from the Huguenots, will convey some idea of the depravation of manners of the Court of the profligate Valois. A banquet was prepared in the park of Plessis-les-Tours, at which the guests were served by the most beautiful women of Catherine's *escadron de Venus*; and whose only covering to the waist was that afforded by the waving tresses with which nature had more or less luxuriantly endowed them. The festival lasted from midday to midnight. The trees beneath which the revellers sat were garlanded with particoloured lamps, in addition to torches and cressets which brilliantly illuminated the *fête-champêtre* till sunrise. The expense of such russet silk vestments as the frolicsome nymphs really did wear on the occasion, cost the King, L'Etoile tells us, a sum of no less than sixty thousand francs. But this lavish expenditure was outdone by Catherine, who, a few days afterwards, feasted the King and Court, at her castle of Chenonceau, at a cost of one hundred thousand francs. The banquet was held upon the margin of a bubbling spring, and was free from the gross improprieties which characterized her son's military fête at Plessis, at which even Catherine was, or affected to be, scandalized. For, either through caprice, or some other motive than that of levity, the Queen-mother ignominiously dismissed one of her maids of honour, Mademoiselle de la Motte Mésme,—ostensibly for having made a midnight assignation in the grand avenue of the castle with the Marquis d'Elbœuf,—“such proceedings,” her Majesty observed, “being contrary to modesty.” Other festivities followed at Poitiers, at which it is to be hoped that, warned by the fate of their unfortunate companion, the rest of the fair but facile squadron conducted themselves with greater propriety.

This feasting and revelry, however, was rudely disturbed by a tumult occasioned by a barbarous murder committed by Henry's reigning favourite, De Villequier, on the person of his wife, in the castle of Poitiers,

wife of a criminal attachment, and of a plot to take away his life before her dishonour should become known. Whereupon De Villequier secretly searched his wife's casket, and found a packet of letters therein, addressed to her by Barbizy; and, moreover, a cake of white-looking substance, which he inferred to be the poison intended for his destruction. The next morning, therefore, De Villequier abruptly entered his wife's bedchamber. The unfortunate lady had just risen, and was engaged at her toilette, in the act of combing her hair before a mirror, held by one of her waiting-women. De Villequier rushed upon her, and stabbed her with his dagger, burying the blade to the hilt in her side. Not content with this, he thrust her through the body several times with his sword. He then attacked the waiting-maid, and killed her with many blows of his dagger. These atrocious deeds accomplished, the assassin proceeded to the King's bedside, and coolly recounted his crimes, requesting letters of pardon under the royal seal, as he alleged the provocation extenuated his offence. The uproar in the castle was tremendous when the bodies of Madame de Villequier and her maid were found weltering in blood, life totally extinct; and the outcry against the assassin was so vehement, that Henry hesitated whether it were not more prudent to yield up his favourite to justice. Villequier, however, departed secretly for Paris, of which city he was lieutenant-governor, and by the time the Court returned thither the horror occasioned by his crime had diminished, while fresh deeds of violence committed by the profligate favourites helped to cast a veil of oblivion over the past.

Henry's prime favourite, the Marquis du Guast, had incurred the bitter hatred of the Queen of Navarre, by spreading, during her stay in Poitou, the most defamatory reports relative to her intimacy with Bussy d'Amboise, a minion of her younger brother. Du Guast, whose favour with the King was at its height, "governed everybody," Marguerite tells us in her memoirs; "every one was obliged to beg and pray him to obtain that which he wished from the King. If any person presumed to ask for himself, he was denied with contempt. If any one served the princes, he was a ruined man, and exposed to a thousand quarrels and annoyances." Du Guast and the other royal minions having proved victorious in the battle of Dormans, returned to Court more arrogant than ever. He made a parade of his enmity for the Duke of Anjou and his favourite, Bussy d'Amboise; and had spoken so openly of the gallantries of Marguerite with the latter, as to draw down upon that shameless woman the reprimands of her mother, brother, and husband. Bussy, however, pertinaciously continuing his attentions to the young Queen, some cavaliers in the suite of Henry of Bearn plotted his assassination, Du Guast furnishing a band of picked men from his own regiment of guards for the purpose. It was concerted to waylay Bussy as he quitted the Queen's chamber in the Louvre one night, after being released from his attendance on her brother. At midnight the bravos were duly placed in ambuscade in certain dark corners of the locality, while twenty or thirty gentlemen with drawn swords awaited

their victim. Bussy, who was as brave as he was arrogant and quarrelsome, had been engaged in a duel on the day previous with the Sieur de St. Phal, and, having received a wound in the sword arm, could not defend himself. As luck would have it, when he quitted the palace, he was accompanied by fifteen gentlemen of the Duke of Anjou's household. The mark by which his assailants were told to single him out from among his companions was a dove-coloured scarf, richly embroidered—reported to be a gift of his royal lady-love;—but more fortunate for his master than himself, one of Bussy's retainers had likewise injured his arm, and which, in imitation of his chief, he had bound round with a scarf of similar colour. When Bussy reached the place of ambush, the Béarnois cavaliers rushed upon him, and a bloody conflict ensued. Aided by his brave companions, Bussy managed to fight his way to his lodgings, which were at hand, the more readily as, his retainer with the scarf being killed at the beginning of the affray, the assailants, believing that their vengeance had been completed, gradually dispersed.

The Duke of Anjou was highly incensed at this attempt to deprive him of "the most brave and the most worthy of servants a prince could have;" but the King forbade a renewal of the fray under penalty of arrest. At the urgent request of Catherine, Monsieur very reluctantly consented that Bussy should retire from Court for a few weeks, as serious broils were apprehended when the latter should recover the use of his arm.

As for Du Guast, Marguerite and the Duke had no immediate means of avenging themselves on the powerful favourite, though before many weeks elapsed he experienced the cost of outraging a woman of Marguerite's temperament. In justice to Du Guast it must be said that he was not altogether the high-handed satrap the princess seeks to represent him in her memoirs. Indeed, of the throng of worthless parasites who surrounded the throne of Henry III., he appears to have been one of the least reprehensible. Du Guast perpetually counselled his royal master to discard his slothful habits; he abhorred and protested against the profligacy exhibited at the Court revels. Neither did he impoverish the King by shameful exactions. His faults were an excess of arrogance, and an implacable pursuit of those persons, including the Queen of Navarre, whom he hated.

Wearied of the captivity in which they were held, the Duke of Anjou, and subsequently the King of Navarre, made their escape from Court.

of Henry III. Had it not been for Du Guast, who opposed it, the King, who soon forgot such affairs, would have very readily granted him a pardon. So Viteaux, of course, mortally hated Du Guast.

Marguerite, therefore, did not hesitate to seek for this man of blood among the cloisters, or more probably in the vast and gloomy church. It was at a fitting season—the eve of the *Jour des Morts* (All Saints' Day). All the bells in Paris were about to toll lugubriously, and the Parisians, as was their wont, after hearing Mass and visiting the tombs, would return to their homes at an early hour. The cold-blooded woman calculated that these circumstances would facilitate the deed she meditated. With palpitating limbs and trembling voice, she asked him to do for her the very thing he desired to do on his own account, and which, sooner or later, he would have done unprompted. Not caring now, however, to act without a reward, De Viteaux feigned unwillingness to proceed in the matter. Marguerite promised a sum, but the bravo insisted on prompt payment. The young and remorseless princess, undeterred by the awe of that region of the dead amid which the unholy bargain was struck, paid down the price of blood, and secured a faithful agent.

Du Guast had hired a small house near the Louvre for purposes of retirement. About ten o'clock that same night, favoured by the noise of the clanging bells and the deserted streets, De Viteaux, followed by a few companions on whom he could rely, entered the courtyard, and mixed unnoticed with the crowd of retainers of such friends of the Marquis who were attending the *coucher* of the doomed minion.

De Viteaux waited patiently until, one after another the visitors of the Marquis having taken their departure, he and his bravos found themselves alone. Then, having gagged and bound the porter, they ascended the staircase, and knocked at the door of Du Guast's sleeping apartment. A page unsuspectingly admitted them, and they found the Marquis in bed, reading. The baron, without uttering a word, rushed upon his defenceless victim, and having passed his sword several times through his body, finished by flinging the corpse from the bed upon the floor. Though not unarmed, the attack was so sudden that the unfortunate favourite had not time to seize the sword which lay beside his pillow. Three servants, who at the same time had sought to defend their master, were slain by De Viteaux's followers. Two valets escaped by a window on to the roof of an adjacent house, while another climbed up the chimney; so that the egress of the assassins was unmolested, and nothing known of the murder for some hours after its committal, when Du Guast's lifeless body was found on the floor of his chamber. Meanwhile the band, having extinguished their torches, made their way to the ramparts, to a spot where cords had been prepared to aid their descent, and horses awaited them. De Viteaux fled to the camp of the Duke of Anjou, where he remained in safety. For though the King in his first fury caused a strict investigation to be made, and as suspicion soon fixed upon the names of the chief

instigators of the crime, however doubtful might be the identity of the agents—for De Viteaux had worn a mask of white crape—the King thought it advisable not to pursue the assassins.

Henry gave Du Guast a magnificent funeral, but regretted his loss very little; for that favourite had begun to weary him by exhorting his royal master to show more vigour and activity in State affairs. The Marquis was buried in St. Germain l'Auxerrois before the high altar, and the King afterwards caused a splendid tomb to be raised over the remains of his minion, to the great indignation of the Parisians.

Such a state of society naturally bore its bitter fruits: sanguinary brawls, murderous duels, and treacherous assassination were of constant occurrence. A great portion of 1578 was occupied by both the Court and Parliament in controlling these feuds between the *mignons* of Henry and his brother. The head and front of every outbreak was the Duke's chief ruffler, Bussy d'Amboise. He was brave, and one of the best swordsmen in France, but of an insolent and truculent demeanour. The character of this troublesome man is well hit off in a single sentence of a contemporary. At a word or gesture which he thought to be in the slightest degree offensive, he would offer the most provoking bravado to his foe, "drawing his sword," says the writer, "if the wind blew a blade of straw across his path." After the flight of Villequier from Poitiers, four gentlemen of Monsieur's suite, named Livarrot, Grammont, Mauléon, and La Valette, quitted the household of the Duke to enter that of the King, thinking to advance themselves through the fancied ruin of his chief favourite. When the Court returned to Paris a fierce feud was the result of this change, Bussy taking the lead amongst the Duke's partisans, and Quélus heading the pretensions of his companions in the service of Henry. After a banquet given by the King on Twelfth-day, 1578, at which Mademoiselle de Pons was declared "Queen of the Bean," Henry went with this lady to hear vespers in the chapel of the Hotel Bourbon, attired, as were his *mignons*, with the utmost magnificence. The Duke d'Anjou also attended the service, simply clad in a black doublet, and attended by Bussy and other gentlemen. These, however, were followed by a long train of officers and six of Bussy's pages, dressed sumptuously in cloth of gold, with ruffs and plumes like those worn by the royal minions. The insolent favourite of Monsieur was heard to exclaim aloud, as he took his place near the Duke, "We live in days when it is the turn of every vagabond to wear fine clothes!" On the following night an attempt upon his life was made as he returned to his lodgings from the Louvre. Bussy suspecting Grammont of having planned this *guet à pens*, accused the latter of it on meeting him next morning at the palace. The royal minions took the part of Grammont; and Quélus proposed that a pitched battle should take place between the chamberlains and retainers on the one side, and the Duke's followers on the other. Three hundred combatants of either party accepted the challenge thus to vindicate their frivolous quarrels. The

place of combat was agreed upon, but before the encounter came off it was interdicted by the King. The same evening, nevertheless, the house in which Bussy lodged was stormed by De Quélus and a band of gentlemen, when several persons were mortally wounded; and more serious consequences must have ensued but for the interposition of the Maréchal de Montmorency, who promptly called out the royal guard and suppressed the tumult.

The irregularities and buffooneries of the royal favourites were indeed the bane of French manners at this period, and inflicted a deep and lasting injury on the social condition of France. The Court became alternately the scene of unbridled sensuality, and of fierce brawls, bloody duels, and licensed assassination. On one occasion three of the King's minions, who were not deficient in personal valour, fought publicly with three creatures of the Duke de Guise. Four of the combatants were killed on the spot, among whom were two of Henry's favourites. Pierre de l'Etoile, the old *parlementaire*, who, besides sharing the general antipathy to these Court rufflers, has furnished, in his narrative of the last moments of Quélus, an instance of the devotion of the minions for the royal person. "On Sunday, the 27th of April, 1578," says he, "three minions of the King and three gentlemen of the house of Guise had a meeting at five o'clock in the morning, near the Bastille Saint Antoine, to settle a dispute which arose in the Court of the Louvre on the day before; and there they fought so furiously that the gallant Maugiron and Schomberg were left dead upon the spot. Quélus, the originator of the quarrel, languished three-and-thirty days of the nineteen wounds he received; and the favour of the King profited him in no wise; who budged not from the side of his couch, and who had promised him a hundred thousand crowns, and to the surgeons the like number of francs, if he should be restored to health. He died, however, with these words always on his lips—uttered even with his latest breath, and with the greatest energy and deepest regret—'Ah, my king, my king!'" Over the dead bodies of his favourites Henry made a most preposterous and degrading exhibition of effeminate sorrow and fondness, and erected for them a sumptuous mausoleum in the church of St. Paul, at Paris. He is moreover said to have composed the following lines, and ordered them to be attached to the pall at the foot of the coffins:—

"Seigneur! recois en ton giron
Schomberg, Quélus, et Maugiron!"

But to us the couplet reads more like a sarcasm on the King's profane folly, than the expression of his serious ejaculation.

Another of the profligates whose names we have mentioned, the young Count de St. Mégrin, speedily followed his companions to the tomb, through simulating a *liaison* with the Duchess de Guise. One evening in the Court circle, the King happening to make some coarse jokes upon the boasted good fortune of this vaunting minion with Madame de Guise, the Duke de Mayenne, her brother-in-law, became so exasperated, that he

resolved to avenge the insult by taking the life of the braggart as he left the Louvre on the following evening. The King had received a sudden intimation of the design to waylay his favourite by the princes of Lorraine as he was on the point of dismissing the chamberlain from duty, and pressed the Count to remain in the palace all night. St. Mégrin, however, despised the warning, boastfully saying, as he quitted the presence, "Let them come on, these Lorraine princes,—let them dare to attack me, and they shall find a man true and valiant." No sooner, however, had he plunged into the obscurity of one of the streets which led from the Place du Louvre to his dwelling, than he was set upon by bravos. The page who walked before him with a torch was their first victim, and the Count, after defending himself with undaunted courage, at length fell senseless from numerous wounds, and was left for dead on the pavement. The clash of swords, meanwhile, having attracted the notice of the night-watch, the officer who headed it recognized the unfortunate favourite, whom he caused to be transported in a speechless and dying state to his hotel, while notice was sent to the King of the catastrophe. Henry, though greatly affected at the loss of another minion, seems not to have dared to avenge him, as all further investigation concerning the author of this daring crime was immediately suppressed. The King ordered the body to be conveyed to the Hotel de Boissy, where, after lying in state for eight days, he had it interred in the same vault with Quélus and Maugiron.

Though it was the conviction of the Duke de Guise that his consort had erred on the score of levity only, he resolved to read her such a lesson as would probably prevent her for the future risking her fair fame by the indulgence of reprehensible flirtation. On the same night, therefore, that St. Mégrin was assassinated, the Duke entered his wife's chamber, holding a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other. This untimely visit—for it was long after midnight—startled the Duchess from a profound slumber. Without permitting her to speak or cry out, and holding before her the bowl and dagger in a menacing way, he repeated the scandalous tales afloat relating to her intimacy with St. Mégrin. After he had bitterly reproached her for the disgrace her levity had brought upon a princely house, he revealed to her the doom it had called down upon her young and boastful lover. "Nevertheless, madam," continued he, "it is fitting, also, that your guilt or imprudence should likewise be expiated. Resolve, there-

at least a priest might be brought to receive her confession, and administer the last sacraments of the church. Guise made no answer, but quitted the chamber, locking the door after him. For more than half an hour the Duchess remained alone, a prey to suspense and apprehension, and so prostrated with terror that she had not strength to move from the spot where the Duke left her on her knees. At the expiration of this interval, Guise returned to the apartment, raised his wife from the floor, and told her that the liquid which he had compelled her to swallow was not poison, but simply the soup which he was accustomed to take on retiring to rest, and that her fears had alone prevented her from discerning this fact. The Duke then avowed his disbelief of the reports respecting her intimacy with St. Mégrin, but added that her own levity of manner had given semblance to the truth of them. He bade her heed well the lesson of that night, and remember that if she deviated ever so little from that line of conduct which became the consort of Guise, his retribution would be signal. Finally, the Duke commanded his wife to present herself on the following morning at the *lever* of Queen Louise, and evince no emotion unbecoming her honour and his own when the fate of the Count St. Mégrin should be discussed. Madame de Guise obeyed her husband to the letter, and thenceforth none of the frivolous throng presumed to incur the vengeance of Guise.

The bitterest invectives were written in condemnation of the culpable weakness of Henry III. for these scions of great houses who devoted themselves to his service, who kept watch and ward over him, and protected him with their swords. Undaunted by danger in any shape, those royal minions dealt or received the death-stroke, fighting hand to hand with their daggers in the cause of their lord and master, like the Dukes d'Epemon and Joyeuse, to whom the infatuated King abandoned the whole administration; for the maintenance of their privileges, like Quélus, Schomberg, and Maugiron; for their ladies, like St. Mégrin, so violently in love with the Duchess of Guise. On learning the death of St. Mégrin, Henry of Navarre—who unhappily, in his marriage with the licentious Marguerite de Valois, had no less cause of grief against the minions than Henry of Guise—exclaimed excitedly, “That’s the fashion to accoutre those little figged-up gallants, whose sole amusement is to dangle after the princesses of the Court.”

It is highly satisfactory to read that most of these men of blood and lawless violence perished by untimely deaths. The King, during the absence of his brother in England in 1578—whither he secretly went to present himself to Queen Elizabeth as a suitor for her hand, the parties being respectively of the ages of forty-five and twenty-five,—determined to avenge on Bussy the misdemeanours which had so long provoked his hatred. At this time Bussy was carrying on an intrigue with the wife of the Count de Montsoreau, grand huntsman to the Duke of Anjou. Bussy had written a letter to his master, detailing the course of this intrigue in

jocular terms, and in which he used the expression, "that he had at length completely lured the grand huntsman's hind into his net." This letter the Duke handed the King, who retained it. Soon after the Duke had set sail, Henry sent for Montsoreau, and placed Bussy's epistle in his hands. The Count thereupon returned home, and, holding a poniard to his wife's throat, forced her to write to Bussy, appointing an interview with him at the solitary castle of La Coutancière, not far from Saumur. Bussy fell into the trap. On being admitted to the chamber of the Countess, he was there encountered by her husband and a band of men-at-arms. A fierce fight ensued, in which the high courage and formidable skill of Bussy long prevailed against his numerous assailants. Finding himself at length growing weak from loss of blood, he suddenly sprang from the window, and in all probability would have made good his escape, had not his doublet caught upon an iron hook, which projected from the wall beneath. Before he could extricate himself Montsoreau rushed upon him, and, thrusting his sword through the body of Bussy as he hung suspended over the courtyard, effectually avenged his honour by that minion's death. This sanguinary deed produced no more sensation at Court than was evinced by the penning of a few epigrams; nor could Bussy's relatives, powerful as they were, procure the prosecution of his murderer. Brantome indeed asserts that the King himself directly urged Montsoreau to avenge his honour, and not only promised him immunity after the contemplated crime, but a liberal recompence in case he succeeded in slaying M. de Bussy.

The French nobility, as might be expected, did not silently nor without remonstrance witness the aggrandizement of the King's chief favourites. When Henry married Joyeuse to Marguerite de Lorraine, the Queen's sister, the suits they wore were exactly alike, each costing 10,000 crowns. The nuptial festivities were kept up for seventeen successive days, at a cost to the King of 1,200,000 crowns. Nor was this all the favour shown to the refined and intellectual Joyeuse. A few days after his betrothal he was made Governor of Normandy, and High Chamberlain of the Court. These things done, Henry set about providing a still greater favourite, La Valette, with a wife and fortune. This young nobleman was created Duke d'Epemon, with precedence above all other peers, excepting those of royal

of such strictures will be admitted when we find the King conferring on this rapacious man the sum of 400,000 francs to purchase suitable equipments, dress, and furniture for his new rank. When the Chancellor Cheverney remonstrated upon this lavish expenditure, Henry, after commenting on the valour of Joyeuse, who, his Majesty said, had lost seven teeth at the siege of La Fère, replied, "Ah! I shall become wise and thrifty now that I have married my sons."

France had now become a scene of general anarchy and sanguinary violence by the "war of the three Henries," as it was styled. Strange that these three Henries, who had been companions in childhood, who were at the head of the three rival Houses of Valois, Bourbon, and Guise, and were chiefs of that civil war called after their names, should all be fated to die by the hand of the assassin! Henry the Third, prompted by the evil counsel of his prime favourite D'Epemon, secretly formed the design of assassinating the Duke de Guise. On the morning succeeding the mournful night of that prince's murder in the Castle of Blois, the King early entered his mother's chamber. "Madam," he cried, "congratulate me; I am once more King of France, for this morning I have put to death the King of Paris!" The Queen-mother, in great agony—for she was then on her death-bed—raised herself in a sitting posture: "Do you indeed know what you have done, my son? God grant that you may find that you have done well!" Dating from that hour, Henry was no longer King of France. The deed of blood was, in the significant words of Fouché, "worse than a crime,—it was a blunder." The Nemesis quickly followed by the knife of the monk Clement.

Such was the tragic and miserable termination of the royal dynasty of Valois, which had given thirteen sovereigns to France, and had filled the throne during a period of two hundred and sixty-one years.

The character and career of ELIZABETH TUDOR's most distinguished favourites are sufficiently well known in history to be dwelt upon in detail; yet Leicester and Hatton, Raleigh and Essex, form so brilliant a group at the Court, and figure so conspicuously throughout the reign of England's greatest queen, that certain salient points in the courtier life of each irresistibly present themselves in illustration of our subject.

Few sovereigns have known better how to prize both mental and external attributes than the vain, self-loving, but discerning Elizabeth. The instance of Leicester, however, forms a striking exception to her ordinary discrimination. "History," justly remarks Lodge, "to its lamentable discredit, invariably asserts, in the same breath, his wickedness and the wisdom of his royal patroness;—one of these verdicts must be false."

The daughters of the royal families of England had at all times intermarried with subjects. It need not surprise us, therefore, to find nobles aspiring to the hand of Elizabeth. The Earl of Arundel, though several

years her senior, long cherished hopes; Sir William Pickering, a man possessed of beauty of person, cultivation of mind, and great taste in the arts, was for some time thought to stand high in the favour of the maiden queen. But all were eclipsed by the charms of Robert Dudley. At Elizabeth's entrance into London as queen, he appeared in her train as master of the horse, and wealth and honours were speedily showered upon him.

Though Elizabeth had replied to the respectful but urgent address of of her first parliament, praying her to make choice of a husband, that she regarded herself as solemnly espoused to her kingdom at her coronation, and that she viewed her subjects as her children, and desired no fairer remembrance of her to go down to posterity than the inscription on her tomb: "Here lies Elizabeth, who lived and died a maiden queen,"—yet some contrary expression to Dudley may have led him to entertain hopes of her hand. Few, we should think, but such writers as Sanders and Lingard will ascribe wantonness to Elizabeth. In fact, with all her dignity and greatness of mind, she was by nature a coquette; she loved admiration, and she had inherited her father's partiality for handsome attendants; like him, too, she was apt to indulge in a coarse, and what might seem to us an indelicate, familiarity in language and action, which malicious minds could easily misinterpret. It is mere calumny to accuse the Queen of any improper familiarity with Dudley. They had been intimate from childhood; they were born on the same day and hour; and Dudley had rendered her many services whilst she was princess, and a prisoner in her sister's hands. These circumstances will perhaps adequately account for her early and continued partiality for Dudley, and his rapid and splendid advance to fortune.

Though Elizabeth might have been sincere in her resolve not to marry, of this Dudley might have been altogether sceptical. That he, however, aspired to her hand, and with a boldness unknown to all other competitors, is certain; and that, to insure at least the possibility of obtaining it, he compassed the murder of his first wife, Amy Robsart, is scarcely doubtful. It is possible that slander, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, may have blackened the character of Leicester with darker shades than really belonged to it. But the almost general voice of the times attached the most foul suspicions to the death of the unfortunate Countess, more especially as it took place so very opportunely for the indulgence for her husband's ambition. The equally opportune deaths of so many other persons who stood in the path of his grasping desires, or who had incurred his malice, seem to leave no reasonable doubt that Leicester dealt in that most horrible mode of assassination—secret poison. Scott has blended, in his admirable but heart-rending novel of "Kenilworth," the story of Amy Robsart with that of Douglas Howard, Lady Sheffield, whose first husband died of a severe cold, called by the scandalous "Leicester's rheum." This lady bore Leicester a son and a daughter; but he sedulously kept their

supposed marriage a secret, allowing her, at the same time, to be served as a countess in her chamber, and subscribing himself her "loving husband." After this, when he publicly married the Countess Dowager of Essex (whose husband it was reported he had also poisoned), these two ladies were styled Lord Leicester's two "testaments," Lady Sheffield being the *old*, Lady Essex the *new*. His first wife still asserting her claims, he had an interview with her in Greenwich Gardens, where, in the presence of witnesses, he offered her £700 a year to desist from her attacks; but she still persisting, he carried his vengeance upon her so far, that she was obliged, for protection, to accept the hand of Sir Edmund Stafford,—offering as an excuse for this virtual renunciation of her claims, that she had potions given her which took away her hair and nails.* With all this, Leicester assumed the character of a saint. "I never," says Naunton, "saw letters more seeming religious than his." The bold and busy politician, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who unexpectedly quitted Leicester's party for that of Burghley, died very suddenly in the Earl's house one night after supper; and the Countess of Lennox (the mode of whose royal descent presented an obstacle to the possible inheritance to the crown) died, with strong symptoms of poison, presently after having received a visit from him. Yet this bold, bad man, who offended against all laws, both human and divine, not only maintained his ground through a long course of prosperity, but outwardly rose in the estimation of Elizabeth to the last hour of his life.

It is doubtful, however, whether Leicester really possessed the respect of Elizabeth in so great a degree as her conduct towards him seemed to imply. Her infatuation was devoid of that delicate and confiding attachment which alone can give stability to such ties. This was apparent after his death, when, with an avidity natural to her coarse mind, she seized upon a portion of his goods, which were offered to public sale, in order to repay herself for some debt due from the deceased nobleman. While to the world she appeared wholly devoted to Leicester, it is probable that the Earl, who knew the female character well, may have been conscious of the insecurity of his station in her regard, and of the hollowness of that affection which followed him not to the tomb. This secret rendered him peculiarly sensitive to the dread of rivalry.

When Raleigh first appeared at Court, the gleams of royal favour were sometimes supposed to fall abundantly upon Hunsdon, Earl of Sussex, Leicester's avowed enemy, and the introduction of Raleigh to the especial notice of the Queen has been attributed to both these noblemen. The features of Sir Walter Raleigh were moulded with the utmost symmetry, and the outline of manly beauty pervaded the whole countenance. He had a noble and capacious forehead, an eye beaming with intelligence, softened with the shadows of profound thought. The person of Raleigh

* Biographia, art. Dudley.

was admirably proportioned and dignified, his height being nearly six feet. To the attractions of a noble figure, he studied to combine those of a graceful and splendid attire. The acute and wary Elizabeth prized these adventitious attributes as highly as the weakest and vainest of her attendants. During the years he was engaged in maritime discovery and speculation, favours and distinctions, whether he courted them or not, were lavishly showered upon him. But on the discovery of his amour with Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of the Queen's maids of honour—an offence which, though he made the best atonement in his power by marrying the lady, Elizabeth punished by imprisoning both in the Tower for many months. The sin was visited by the Queen, it is to be feared, more as a scandal to her Court, and an offence to her own paramount charms, than as a dereliction from morality.

The handsome Vice-Chamberlain Hatton was as jealous of the brave Raleigh, as Essex was afterwards of the young and blushing, but manly Blount. The elevation of Hatton, coupled as it was with what Lodge euphemistically calls "the fantastic singularity of the incongruous and unconnected steps by which he ascended"—meaning, we suppose, his graceful steps in the *branle* and *gaillarde*—invest his career with an air of romance; while our utter ignorance of the motives which induced Elizabeth thus greatly and strangely to distinguish him involve it in suitable mystery. The only clue afforded us is the silly and incredible tale that he danced himself into his preferments—into the first place in the cabinet, and to the supreme seat in the administration of justice. Did this remarkable silence on a point of history arise from fear, or prudence, or delicacy? Hatton was one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time; and the conduct of Elizabeth had already betrayed, in more than one instance, the extravagance into which personal predilections, of a nature not easy to be defined, were capable of leading her. Had his character been marked by the ambition of Leicester, or the rashness of Essex, the ground of his good fortune would, perhaps, have been no less evident than theirs. Honest Camden tells us, with much plainness, that "being young, and of a comely tallness of body and amiable countenance, he got into much favour with the Queen." But this does not account that, he being no lawyer, nor ever even called to the bar, should have been appointed Lord

MY AMERICAN FRIEND.

It was a question of health. That dreadful case of *Badgers and Wife versus Tregunnick* had almost been the death of me. We had argued it on the Western Circuit; we had moved for a new trial, and fought a fresh battle in the Queen's Bench; we had appealed to the House of Lords. The House of Lords could not hear us just yet, and I was fairly worn out, body and mind, by the unremitting exertions which had been called for in the conduct of that sea-serpent of a lawsuit.

"Take a holiday," said Sir Joseph Doublefee, when I consulted him as to my restless nerves, throbbing temples, and flagging appetite—"take a holiday. Don't go a hackneyed tour through Europe, because you've seen the stock sights, and your mind might lack diversion, and dwell on points of law till it kept your body from mending. Go to something new;—to America, for instance, and have a peep at the war." So to America I went.

It was early spring, and the east winds were blowing keen and shrill under the pale blue sky of March. My time was limited, and it was necessary that I should be back by midsummer. The great case in which I was a junior counsel, but at the head of the juniors, was expected to be heard in July; and Mr. Silvertop, Q.C., who was rather inclined at first to resent my absence as a slight to himself, insisted that I should be back by the middle of June.

"I can't do without you, Mr. Bolton, when we come to speak to facts," had said the great leader of the Western Circuit, and he had thought it rather a handsome thing to say.

I went to America—to New York, that is, and the highlands of the Hudson, the great lakes, Chicago, and the Ohio and Mississippi, so far as they were in Federal keeping. A favourable opportunity presenting itself, I passed within the Confederate limits, visited many cities of the beleaguered South, and saw both sides of the picture which civil war presents. At last I reached Richmond, where I spent several weeks, not unpleasantly, for my health had much benefited by the complete change of scene, and that constant succession of new objects and cares which turned away my mind from its accustomed channels of thought.

The sojourn in Richmond was pleasant enough; perhaps deeply, almost painfully interesting, is a more truthful expression of what my feelings were while in that focus of all the fiery feelings of the South, among men and women who had but one thought, hope, and prayer. There was a fearful interest in watching and hearkening to all that excitement, all that passionate feeling of hate, rage, love, and eager trust, and in remembering that I was but as a spectator in the stage box of a theatre, and must presently return to London and my work, for it was getting late. It was deep in the month of May, and I was obliged to make preparations for my northern route. Avoiding as far as possible the military movements

of the hostile armies, I was to cross the Potomac high up, and to travel down to Washington on the Maryland side of the river.

On the very morning of my departure from Richmond, I received a visit from a young bachelor friend,—Dixon by name. His family had been hospitable and attentive to me, even beyond the liberal Southern standard, and I had taken a particular fancy to the youngster himself. He was a youngster,—six or seven years my junior,—and had always appeared to take great pleasure in my society, and to attach considerable value to my opinions on men and things. And now he came to ask a favour. Would I take a letter for him to the North,—to Washington city,—and deliver it with my own hand?

"We have no regular post up North now, you know, since we slipped the Yankee leading-strings, and must just trouble our friends, I guess," said my young acquaintance.

I hesitated. Perfectly certain of my personal safety as a British subject, if I carried nothing that even a jealous critic could construe into contraband of war, I yet knew well enough that a small matter might bring down on my head all the terrors of the avenging Union. I had already refused to carry letters for several of the leading men of the South, and was comfortable in my conviction that Mr. Secretary Stanton himself could find nothing to cavil at in my correspondence. Dixon, however, was young, too young for a political agent, according to our English notions, and I was reluctant to refuse him what might be a safely rendered service.

"It's only a note to a lady,—a young lady," said Dixon, colouring slightly as he spoke: "we have so few chances now. It's months since we heard from each other; and if you would oblige us—"

And he held out a thick packet in a dainty pink envelope, carefully sealed with roseate wax, and addressed to "Miss Julia Springate, Pennsylvania Avenue, Fourth Block."

"My dear fellow," said I, "I don't like to say No, but you see I refused General Poynter, and Hiram Hill, and Lovel Staindrop. The case lies, as we barristers say, in a nut-shell. Unless I'm at the House of Lords in the first, or at latest the second, week of July, my professional prospects will be nipped in the bud. I must therefore run no risk of detention by—"

"How can you run a risk by taking my poor little note to Julia?" interrupted my Southern friend, putting his hand on my arm. "Did I tell you I was engaged to be married before this wretched war broke out? So I was, sir. Old folks were willing to consent; my dad was to give us fifteen hundred acres, good sound tobacco land some of it, and the rest prime corn-fields. The senator promised us forty-eight useful hands, and a lot of dollars in ready money, to buy farm stock, and fix our house according to Julia's taste; and now——"

There were tears in the young fellow's eyes, and his voice quite

down as he turned away towards the window. In a few moments he conquered his agitation, and resumed,—

“Bolton, it’s a hard business. The senator, Ju’s father, is a bitter Union man, and he has whisked the girl off to Washington, and swears she shall marry no rebel. Don’t think I’ve any mercenary feelings where Ju’s concerned. She’s the dearest, sweetest—[here he broke off in a sob]. Perhaps we shall never meet again, for I’ve just got a commission in Ashby’s Horse, as I told you. There are few chances of sending a letter. I sat up all night to write this. Julia may fancy I’ve forgotten her; but, as you say, I’ve no right to ask you to run the risk of annoyance on my account, so—”

“My dear boy, I never meant to say anything of the sort,” I broke in, quite shocked that my expressions should have been thus misinterpreted. “I’ll carry the letter to Miss Springate most willingly; and if I am admitted to the honour of an interview, I shall be able to tell the fair lady in question how faithfully her remembrance was cherished on the Southern side of the pickets.”

The young Virginian wrung my hand, thanked me again and again, and warmly assured me that if ever I wanted a friend in need, “Marcellus K. Dixon was ready to be chopped into dice” in my cause. Nor did the good young fellow limit his gratitude to words; for he not only procured me a better horse than the one which I had previously purchased, but he gave me the full benefit of his experience in selecting a route northwards. There are, of course, railroads in Virginia, but as their bridges are constantly burned or broken, according to the exigencies of war, as the single line of rails is being perpetually torn up for strategic reasons, and as at best the permanent way is choked with troops and artillery, it is better to ride.

As I rode out of Richmond, my young friend walked for some time beside my horse, reiterating his advice for my future guidance.

“Never mind any nonsense they tell you about the Blue Ridge;” said he, “you’ll find a pass fit to travel; and it’s a sight safer than being Blenkerized by those German thieves of Pope’s command. Stick to the mountains. None of our cavalry will hurt you, nor yet rob you of a red cent, and your only risk is in meeting straggling Yankees on the prowl. If you cross the head waters of the Potomac, some twenty or thirty miles above Harper’s Ferry, you can just show your pass, and go on comfortably. Good-bye, and thank you, kind, generous friend; and may you be Lord Chancellor, ay, and keeper of the Tower of London, when we meet again.”

Thus we separated, but as long as Dixon’s eyes could follow me, the warm-hearted lad stood gazing after me, and waving his hat as a sign of farewell. My journey was a rugged and arduous one, with plenty of hardships, but no actual danger. I met scouting parties of the grey-coated Confederates, but the pass which I carried, signed by the Southern War Secretary, secured me from molestation; and though I saw a few

stragglers from the German regiments in the Federal army, roving along the valley in quest of plunder, I was always able to elude them, since they were on foot, while I was passably well mounted.

Crossing the Potomac at a ford several miles above Harper's Ferry, I met with scarcely any obstruction from the Federal pickets. I had but little baggage, merely the light valise strapped behind my saddle; my passport, with which I had of course provided myself while in the North, was perfectly satisfactory; and, to cap all, I was unmistakably an Englishman. The officer in command of the outpost was sufficiently polite, and suffered me to depart for the eastward without let or hindrance.

"Yet you would never believe, sir, the straits we're put to with them Secesh chaps," remarked the officer, affably accepting the offer of a cigar; "men and women, they're all born smugglers, and the ladies are worst of all. They fetch quinine, and they fetch percussion caps, and, scrunch me like a clam! but one of the Baltimore belles was stopped here, carrying eleven pounds of fulminating powder in a muff,—enough, sir, to blow the roof off the White House."

I laughed, and told him it would be long enough before I was detected in the conveyance of the like explosive contraband of war, and we parted on excellent terms.

It was at Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, that I slept on the night of my arrival within Mr. Lincoln's limits. My horse was very tired, and so was his rider, when I saw the tinned roofs and slated steeples glittering under the broad moonlight; but I had been warned that there alone was I likely to find good hotel accommodation on that side of Washington or Baltimore. And it was my design to abandon my horse there, selling him for what he would fetch (he had cost but thirty-eight pounds English), and taking the rest of the journey by railway to the capital, where I meant to spend a few days on my homeward route.

Willing's Hotel at Chambersburg is a very handsome, wooden structure, seldom filled, one would suppose, except in time of war. But first-class American hotels are often in excess, as far as size and splendour go, of what would appear to be the public needs; and when I looked up at the huge, three-storied pile, blazing with light at almost every window, and topped by a gigantic Union flag, I could not help contrasting its dimensions with the mean little town in which it stood.

There was room for my jaded nag in the stable; there was a chamber for myself, since, although the mansion was full of officers, several departures had that day taken place for the Shenandoah Valley. I fared well, was treated with deferential politeness by the negro waiter allotted to my service, and as I stretched my aching limbs on the elastic mattress stuffed with maize husks, I congratulated myself on being in capital quarters.

It is usual in American hotels for a coloured waiter to be "told off" as the especial attendant of some little knot of male guests, to whom he acts as valet and living guide-book, brushing and folding their clothes,

answering questions on local matters, and bringing them whatever refreshments they order. The sable Ganymede thus affected to my temporary service at Willing's was a bright-faced, active negro, a fine specimen of the "intelligent contraband." Indeed he had, as he told me, been house-servant in the family of a North Carolina senator, and had "stampeded" on the arrival of the Federal troops at Hilton Head. He was a clever black, and assured me somewhat boastfully that he could read, write, and cast sums as well as the overseer himself, having been taught by a former owner, from some motive of caprice or kindness.

"Brutus take massa's clothes down, and when mud dry, brush um careful, fold um, bring back in morning when massa ring um bell, sar."

So saying, the good-humoured fellow grinned a good night, marched off with my muddy garments—sorely the worse for rough riding across Virginia—over his arm, and left me to my repose. That repose would have been a little less sound had I but known what my credulity was to cost me, and how dearly I was to pay for Brutus's unlucky scholarship.

I thought, in the morning, when the negro brought me back my clothes, brushed and ironed according to promise, that his manner was peculiar. His former gaiety, and that exuberant anxiety to please which belongs to the more sprightly of his race, had been replaced by a certain constraint and coldness. He said nothing beyond a civil good morning, placed the clothes on a chair, and then very solemnly laid on the dressing-table a thick pink letter—poor Dixon's love-letter—dryly remarking,—

"Massa leave um letter in pocket."

So I had. I had emptied most of my pockets before sending down my clothes, but this epistle, lying by itself in the breast of my coat, had been overlooked. I looked sharply at it. The seal was unbroken. At any rate, my clever attendant had not been trespassing on its contents. Still, it was careless of me to leave the packet to the risk of loss or idle curiosity, and I inwardly resolved to lose no time in delivering it when I should reach the capital.

"Brutus, my lad, I shall go on to Washington to-day."

"Very good, massa."

"Is there a train about noon?"

"Train start a half-past um, sar. Station berry close to hotel."

This was satisfactory. I next asked Brutus if he knew of a dealer likely to take my horse off my hands, as, if so, I should be glad if he could be sent for. And I ordered breakfast—one of those tremendous breakfasts of five or six hot dishes, four sorts of bread or cake, coffee, iced milk, and fruit, which are peculiar to America.

Brutus said, "Yes, sar," bowed, and withdrew.

Somehow, he had made me feel uncomfortable. His dryness of manner, while very remote from rudeness or negligence, was discouraging enough, and I thought there was an ominous significance in the half-pitying look which he cast upon me as he withdrew.

On emerging from my bedroom, a new surprise awaited me. Standing in the corridor, with a light broom in her hand, was an Irish chambermaid, dressed in the slatternly finery which is habitually worn by the Abigail of Yankee hotels. These women, who are proverbial for laziness and a saucy independence of manner, are the aversion of all European travellers; and I was passing her without being inclined to risk a pert rejoinder by asking the way to the dining-saloon, when she confronted me, with one dingy forefinger on her lips, and an air of mystery that at once puzzled and amused me.

"Sure, you'd best be off widout waiting for breakfast," whispered she in my astonished ear. "French leave's better than none at all, and it's found out ye are!"

I was fairly staggered. What on earth did the woman mean? Was she crazed, or in liquor? No. She looked sober enough, but absurdly tragic and pompous, as she stood there in a draggled silk gown, flaunting ribbons, and rough hair, eyeing me with unmistakable compassion. She was evidently a kind-hearted specimen of the Celtic lass, not wholly changed as yet by the high wages and lax discipline of a Pennsylvanian household.

"You mean well, I'm sure," I began; but she cut me short with,—

"Whist! ye needn't be looking innocent, that way. All's known; and bad luck to the tongue that blabbed on ye, for my wishes are with the South; and besides, my heart aches to see such a misfortune fall on a gentleman from the ould country; and if ye'll take my warnin'—"

At this moment a door opened noisily, and the chambermaid started back, and exclaiming, "Fly, then, you unfortunate crayture!" scurried down the corridor at the top of her speed.

"Mad, quite mad!" muttered I, as I made the best of my way downstairs, and sought the grand dining-room. And yet, though I could in no other way account for the last extraordinary words which the woman had uttered, I was not quite contented with that facile explanation of her conduct. Disguise it as best I might, it was none the less true, that Biddy, or Molly—whichever she was—had attempted to convey to me a well-meant warning against some hidden danger which she believed imminent. And yet, what danger could menace me? My conscience was clear. I had done nothing to provoke the anger or vengeance of anybody. Pshaw! the silly girl must have mistaken me for some other person. Here is the door of the saloon, and here is Brutus ready to open it.

At the long tables were seated about fifty persons, some in uniform, but most in plain clothes, with a sprinkling of ladies, all busily discussing what is by American usage the most important meal of the day. My own breakfast was speedily forthcoming, and Brutus bustled noiselessly about until all the many adjuncts of such a repast surrounded me; then he glided quietly away.

I had finished the fish and venison steak, the oysters and mush, and was languidly toying with the waffle cakes, when Brutus reappeared,

accompanied by a tall man in a civilian costume, and carrying a riding-whip.

"The horse-dealer," thought I, and forthwith prepared to make as tolerable a bargain as I could for the horse that had carried me from Virginia.

A well-known personage, that horse-dealer. I noticed that everybody left off eating, that the clatter of knives and forks ceased, and that all eyes followed the movements of the tall man in homespun grey and a round hat. Brutus pointed me out, and I turned, with a smile, towards the new comer.

"Fresh from Richmond, mister?" said the man, scanning me curiously.

"Came in last night, late," returned I. "You'll find the horse is none the worse for his journey. Have you seen him yet? A bright bay, with black—"

"You air a cool one, Britisher!" interrupted the tall man, rudely.

At the same moment the door flew open, and a clank of arms resounded, while one or two ladies present uttered a scream, as an officer with his sword drawn appeared, at the head of a guard of soldiers in the blue Federal garb. I stared at this unexpected apparition; but what was my amazement, when the supposed horse-dealer laid his heavy hand on my shoulder, gruffly saying,—

"I arrest you, mister, in the President's name, for treason to the U-nited States!"

"What do you mean by this nonsense? and who are you?" asked I, jumping up, and apparently causing, by my abruptness, some alarm to my new acquaintance, who called out,—

"Secure the traitor!"

Two soldiers came hurrying up, and in spite of my struggles I was made a prisoner, my wrists being tightly bound together with a napkin, which Brutus officiously presented.

"You had better go quietly, sir," said a good-natured volunteer captain in spectacles; "this gentleman is the Deputy Provost-Marshal, and he has full authority for what he does. Perhaps, when you are before the Court, you will—"

"Court! Provost-Marshal!" cried I, quite beside myself with indignation; "how dare you treat a British subject in this illegal manner? You will answer it—"

But I was interrupted in my turn.

"How about this, eh, Mr. Britisher?" said the Marshal, extracting from my pocket the pink letter of which I was the bearer; "all your bluster won't save you."

And such indeed seemed the opinion of the other guests, who commented with perfect freedom on my supposed offences, and more than hinted that hanging was the only appropriate punishment, and that I should be "let off cheap" with a year in Fort Lafayette.

I was hurried off, surrounded by fixed bayonets, to the court-house of Chambersburg, where the county judge sat in peaceful days, but where now a court-martial of Federal officers had been assembled to try *me*. Not a doubt of it. I, who had been scrupulously neutral throughout, was to be tried for treason to Mr. Lincoln's government! The pink letter was the head and front of my offending. I could not, even had I wished it, deny that it was written by a Secessionist in Confederate employ; and I was told that the lady to whom it was addressed, Julia Springate, was well known as a rebel spy, and actually under the surveillance of the police. Brutus had seen the address, and remembered having read the lady's name in the *Herald* two days before.

When the seal was broken, in spite of my remonstrances, I declare that my only anxieties were caused by sympathy with my gallant young friend, the writer. Poor lad! I knew what silly and stilted stuff, save only to the parties concerned, love-letters are; I had heard them read out by sardonic barristers in breach of promise suits, and I felt for Dixon when his effusions should be made public before that auditory of nasal-voiced Yankees.

But what was my horror when, on the pink envelope being opened, several thin letters were drawn out, respectively addressed to notorious or suspected sympathizers with the South, and the contents of which, when perused by the members of the court, produced snorts of rage and scowls of wrath at my luckless self!

"You've made yourself a rebel post to some purpose, sir," thundered the stern old president, a grizzled West Point major; "your employers will owe you a heavy debt of gratitude before you've heard the last of this."

"What employers?" asked I, gasping for breath.

"What employers? General Poynter, Hiram Hill, and Lovel Staindrop," responded the president, thrusting the signatures before my eyes.

I turned sick and giddy as I thought of the treachery that had been practised upon me, and how, under false pretences, I had been made the bearer of the very despatches I had thought myself so prudent for rejecting.

In the jail of Chambersburg, awaiting the Secretary's order for transportation to Fort Lafayette, I passed three days. Miserable, heart-breaking days they were. Young Dixon's perfidy smote me to the heart. So young, and so apparently frank and friendly, it was painful to feel that he had served me thus. And the prospect before me was no cheery one. True, I was an Englishman; I could not lie for ever in prison, as if I had been a born citizen of the North. Some means would sooner or later occur of communicating with the British Legation at Washington, and obtaining my release. But in the meantime months might elapse; my presence in London would be missed; the great case of "*Badgers versus Tregunnick*" might be fought to an end without me; and my professional career might be checked and blighted by the falsehood of a crafty boy.

At the end of three days the Provost-Marshal suddenly appeared.

"Mr. Bolton, you air free. Make tracks for Washington as soon as it suits you."

"But how—why—?" was all I could say.

The answer was brief. A scrap of blank paper had been wrapped around the treasonable letters in that hateful pink envelope; and this, on being warmed before the fire, by way of experiment, by some more acute official, had proved to be written over in invisible ink, which, when duly blackened by heat, emerged in the form of a note to "dear Ju" (who turned out, by the way, to be the rascal's married sister, *Mrs.* Julia Sprin-gate, and no *fiancée* of any one's), and which informed her that he had caught "a raw Britisher" to "claw the peanuts out of the fire."

Thus, though the mortification was severe, my innocence was estab-lished; and when the great cause was called, the junior counsel was not absent from the committee-room.

THE LEGEND OF GUY'S CLIFF.

DRIP, drip, drip,
 In that cool and shady cave,
 From the basin in which the moss and fern
 Their crumpled edges lave.
 Roof'd by the living rock
 That arches overhead,
 Ever by night, and ever by day,
 Trickles that crystal thread.
 Ever in summer's heat—
 Ever in winter's cold—
 Ever in spring's young verdure—
 Ever in autumn's gold—
 Welling up from its secret urn,
 Pearling its wreath of nodding fern,
 Pure and cool to the thirsty lip,—
 Ages have echoed that ceaseless drip.

Down in the sunny meadows
 They are tossing the fragrant hay ;
 And the creaking wain out yonder
 Is bearing its load away ;
 And the river gliding onwards
 Faithfully mirrors the sky ;
 And the willows dip supple branches
 In its ripples as they flash by ;
 And the amber foam is rushing
 Like a torrent by that old mill,
 Where the wheel is for ever chafing
 The stream at its iron will ;
 Till it reaches the glassy stillness
 Of the pool so brown and deep,
 O'er which the lengthening shadows
 Of the full-leaved elm trees creep.
 Behind me a wall of laurel
 Springs from the tall lush grass ;
 The spikèd rhododendron,
 With its bloomy purple mass ;
 And the guelder rose,
 With its falling snows,
 That sprinkle me as I pass.

Within a neighbouring chapel
 The lords of Warwick rest ;

With quiet feet on marble cross'd,
Cross'd hands on a marble breast.
Peaceful or warlike, their course is done;
They have left but a name beneath the sun.
But my thoughts go wandering backwards
To an olden, olden time,
To the quaint and touching legend
So fit for poet's rhyme;—
How Guy, the old crusader,
Came back from the Holy Land,
With the scallop-shell in his pilgrim's hat,
And the palm branch in his hand;
And to cleanse his soul from stain of blood,
By penance and by prayer,
Sought out those cliffs by yonder spring,
And hew'd him a cavern there.

In Warwick's lofty castle
His Countess vigil kept,
Thought on him in her waking,
Dream'd of him when she slept;
Nor knew the lord she held so dear
In hermit's cell abode so near;
Till death the holy man approach'd,
A gladly welcomed guest;
And he summon'd her by their wedding ring,
And died upon her breast.

But the shade is creeping onwards,
And my ancient tale is done,
And the slender shafts of the pine and fir
Grow red in the setting sun.
The field is bare, the mowers are gone,
Hush'd is the life that we look'd upon,
And twilight is stealing on earth apace,
Like the hues of death o'er a lovely face.

But the crystal spring and the liquid river

THE DISINHERITED

A TALE OF MEXICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN.

THE Marquis's faint lasted but a short time, thanks to the attentions his son and daughter paid him. He had scarce regained his senses ere he drew Dona Marianna gently to him.

"My dear child," he muttered, as he pressed her to his heart, "you are our saviour."

The girl, delighted with this praise, freed herself, with a blush, from her father's embrace.

"Then," she said, with a pretty toss of her head, "you now allow, I think, father, that I have really kept my word."

"Oh, my child," he said, with much emotion, as he looked around him in delight, "there are here fifty fortunes equal to the one I have lost."

The girl clapped her hands in delight.

"Ah, how happy I am! I felt certain that she would not deceive me."

This remark, which escaped from the fulness of Dona Marianna's heart, struck Don Hernando.

"To whom are you alluding, daughter? and who is this person who inspires you with such confidence?"

"The one who revealed the existence of this treasure to me, father," she answered.

The Marquis did not press her.

"Marianno," he said to the tigrero, "you will pass the night here; allow no one to approach this excavation, for it would be imprudent to let strangers know of the existence of such a treasure before we have time to take certain precautions indispensable for its safety."

"You can go without fear, *mi amo*," the brave lad answered; "no one shall approach the mine while I am alive."

"Besides," Don Hernando continued, "your watch will cease at sunrise."

"As long as you please, *mi amo*."

And the tigrero, collecting the tools and lanterns, installed himself in

it was very late, not one of them felt the slightest inclination to sleep; on the contrary, they wanted still to converse about the mine.

"Well," the Marquis said, "you did not dream that so rich a mine existed on the estate; you allowed as much just now."

"In truth, father, some one was kind enough to give me the information by which I found it."

"But who can this person be, who is better acquainted than myself with a property which has been in the hands of the family more than three hundred years, and yet nobody suspected that it contained this treasure?"

"The probability is that the secret was well kept, father."

"Of course; but by whom?"

"By the old owners of the soil, of course."

"Nonsense! you are jesting, daughter. Those poor Indians disappeared long ago from the face of the earth."

"I am not of that opinion, father," Don Ruiz observed.

"The more so," Paredes struck in, "because I know for a fact that the tribe to which you allude still exists; it is one of the most powerful in the great confederation of the Papagos."

"And you know, father, with what religious exactitude the Indians preserve secrets confided to their conscience."

"That is true: but in that case some man must have spoken."

"Or some woman," Dona Marianna said, smilingly.

"Well, be it so—a woman," the Marquis continued; "that is already a valuable piece of news. I know that you have obtained your information about the mine from a woman, my child."

"Unhappily, father, I am prohibited from saying any more."

"Humph! prohibited!"

"Yes, father. However, reassure yourself: this mine is really yours, —your lawful property; its owner has freely surrendered it in your favour."

Don Hernando frowned with an air of dissatisfaction.

"Charity!" he muttered.

"Oh no, but a gift you can accept, father, I swear to you. Besides, the person to whom you are indebted for it promised me to make herself known to you ere long."

On the next morning, by the orders of the Marquis, the Major-domo selected ten confidential rancheros and peons from those who had sought shelter at the hacienda, and the work began at once. The mine had been abandoned exactly in the state in which it was when the body of the miner was found by the Indians; hence the mere sweepings formed a consider-

again, and seemed younger—so great is the privilege of wealth to alter men. The first thought that occurred to the Marquis was to settle with his creditors and determine his position.

"My dear child," he said one evening to Dona Marianna, at the moment when she was about to retire for the night, "you have not yet given me an answer on the subject of Don Rufino Contreras's request for your hand; but the week has long passed. To-morrow Paredes is going to start to place in his hands certain letters of importance for the settlement of my affairs, and I wish to take advantage of the opportunity. What answer shall I give Don Rufino?"

The young lady blushed; but at length, observing the trouble that agitated her, she said, with a slight tremor in her voice,—

"Father, I am doubtless highly honoured by this caballero's demand; but do you not think as I do, that the moment is badly chosen for such a thing, menaced as we incessantly are by terrible dangers?"

"Very good, daughter; I do not at all wish to force your inclinations. I will answer the senator in that sense; but if he come himself to seek his answer, what shall we do?"

"It will be time enough to think of it then," she replied, with a laugh.

"Well, well, that is true, and I was wrong to dwell on the matter so. Good night, my child, and sleep soundly. As for me, I shall probably spend the whole night in my study with your brothers, engaged with accounts."

The young lady withdrew.

"Senor Marquis," said Paredes, suddenly opening the door, "excuse my disturbing you so late; but Marianno, the tigrero, has just arrived at the hacienda with his whole family; he is the bearer of such strange and terrible news, that you will perhaps sooner hear it from his lips than from mine."

"What does he say?" Don Ruiz asked, who entered the room at this moment.

"He says that the Indians have risen, that they have surprised the Mineral of Quitovar, fired the pueblo, and massacred all the inhabitants."

"Oh, that is frightful!" the Marquis exclaimed.

"Our poor cousin!" the young man added.

"That is true; our unhappy cousin commanded at the pueblo. What a horrible disaster! Send the tigrero in to me, Paredes; go and fetch him at once."

Marianno was shown in, and related in their fullest details, though with some exaggeration, the events recorded in our last chapter, which threw his hearers into a profound stupor. Among all the incomprehensible things which daily occur, there is one which will never be explained; it is the rapidity with which all news spreads even for considerable distances. Thus, the capture of Quitovar was unhappily only too true, and the details furnished by Marianno were substantially correct; but how could

the tigrero have become acquainted with a fact that had happened scarce three hours previously, and at more than ten leagues from the hacienda? He could not have explained this himself; he had heard it from somebody, but could not remember whom.

This terrible news caused the Marquis to reflect deeply. Now that the roads were probably infested with marauders, and communication intercepted by the Indians, he could not think of sending Paredes to Hermosillo, and the journey had become literally impossible. He must busy himself without delay in organizing the defence of the hacienda, in order vigorously to repulse the attack which would, in all probability, not be long delayed. In spite of the advanced hour, all were at work in an instant at the Toro; the walls were lined with defenders, and reserves established in all parts of the hacienda.

The whole night was spent in preparations. About two hours after sunrise, at the moment when the Marquis, wearied by a long watch, was preparing to take a little repose, the sentries signalled the approach of a body of horsemen, coming at full gallop toward the hacienda. The Marquis went up on the walls, took a telescope, and had a look at them. After a short examination, he perceived that these horsemen were Mexicans, although, owing to the distance, he could not distinguish whether they were soldiers or rancheros. Still, he had all preparations made to give them a hearty reception, if they evinced a desire to halt at the hacienda, as the direction they were following seemed to indicate.

Some time elapsed ere these horsemen, who were climbing the hill, reached the hacienda gates. Then all doubts were removed,—they were soldiers, and a few paces ahead of the troop rode Don Rufino Contreras and Colonel Don Marcos de Niza. But both leaders and soldiers were in such disorder, so blackened with gunpowder, so covered with dust and blood, that it was plain they had come from a recent fight, from which they had escaped as fugitives. Men and horses were utterly exhausted, not alone by the extraordinary fatigue they had undergone, but also by the gigantic struggle they had sustained ere they dreamed of flight. It was unnecessary to ask them any questions. The Marquis ordered refreshments to be served them, and beds got ready.

Don Marcos de Niza and the senator had hardly the strength to say a few words explanatory of the wretched condition in which they presented themselves, and yielding to fatigue and want of sleep, they fell down in a state of complete insensibility, from which no attempt was made to rouse them, but they were both carried to bed. The Marquis then withdrew to his room, leaving his son to watch over the safety of the hacienda in his stead, for, in all probability, it would be speedily invested by the red-skins.

At 3 in the afternoon a fresh band of horsemen was signalled in the plain. This considerable party was composed entirely of hunters and wood-rangers. Don Ruiz gave orders to let them advance, for the arrival of these hunters, nearly one hundred in number, was a piece of good

fortune for the hacienda, as the number of its defenders was augmented by so many. Still, when Don Ruiz saw them enter the track, he noticed such a regularity in their movements, that a doubt crossed his mind like a flash of lightning, and a thought of treachery rose to his brain. Hence he rushed to the outer gate of the hacienda to give Paredes orders not to open; but the Major-domo checked him at the first word.

"You cannot have looked, nino," he said, "when you order such a thing."

"On the contrary, I do so because I have looked," he replied.

"Then you must have seen badly," the Major-domo said; "otherwise you would have perceived that the horseman at their head is one of your most devoted friends."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Who else than Stronghand?"

"Is Stronghand coming with those horsemen?"

"He is at the head of the column, nino."

"Oh, in that case let them enter."

"Ah, I felt certain of it."

The hunters had no necessity even of parleying; they found the hacienda gates wide open, and rode straight in without drawing rein. Don Ruiz recognized Stronghand, who, on his side, rode up to him and held out his hand.

"Grant me one favour, Don Ruiz," he said.

"Speak," the young man answered.

"Two words of conversation in your sister's presence; but wait a moment, another person must accompany me, for reasons you will soon appreciate; this person desires temporarily to maintain the most inviolable incognito. Do you consent?"

Don Ruiz hesitated.

"What do you fear?" the hunter continued; "do you not put faith in me? do you believe me capable of abusing your confidence?"

"No; I do not even wish to suppose it, I pledge you my word."

"And I mine, Don Ruiz."

"Act as you think proper."

"The hunter gave a signal, and a horseman dismounted and came up to them. A long cloak entirely covered him, and the broad brim of his hat was pulled down over his eyes. He bowed silently to the young man, who, though greatly perplexed by this mystery, made no remark, and after requesting the Major-domo to take care of the new comers, he led his

"I shall keep it, no matter what may happen."

"Thanks, senorita."

"Ruiz," she said to her brother, eagerly, "until further orders, my father must not know of the presence of these caballeros here."

"What you ask of me is very difficult, sister: think of the immense responsibility I assume in acting thus."

"I know it, Ruiz; but it must be, my dear brother, for my happiness is at stake," she continued, clasping her hands imploringly; "and besides, what have you to fear? do you not know this hunter?"

"Yes, I know him; I am even under great obligations to him: but his companion?"

"I answer for him, Ruiz."

"You know, then, who he is?"

"No matter what I know, brother; I only beg you to grant what I ask."

"Well, for your sake I will be silent."

"Oh! thanks, thanks, brother!"

At this moment a sound of footsteps was heard in the adjoining room.

"What is to be done?" the maiden murmured.

Stronghand laid his finger on his lips, and, leading away his companion—who, through the thick cloak he wore, resembled a phantom rather than a man—disappeared behind a curtain. At the same instant a door opened, and two persons entered; they were Don Marcos and the senator. They had scarce exchanged the first compliments with Don Ruiz and Dona Marianna, when the Marquis entered the room.

"You are up at last, I am happy to see," he said, cheerfully. "*Vive Dios!* you were in a most deplorable state on your arrival; I am glad to see you so fully recovered."

"A thousand thanks, cousin, for your hospitality, of which we stood in great need."

"No more about that: I am the more pleased at the chance which has brought us together, Don Rufino, because I intended to write to you immediately."

"My dear sir," the senator said, with a bow,—

"Are you not expecting an answer from me?"

"It is so, but I did not dare to hope."

The Marquis cut him short.

"Let us come to the most important point first," he continued, with a smile. "Don Rufino, you have behaved to me like a real friend. By a miracle—for I can only attribute to a miracle the good fortune that has befallen me—I am in a position to arrange my affairs, and discharge my debt to you, although, be assured, I shall never forget the services you have rendered me, and the obligations I have contracted toward you."

The senator was so surprised that he turned pale, and took a side glance at the colonel.

"Obligations far greater than you suppose," the latter said, warmly.

"What do you mean, cousin?" the Marquis asked, in surprise.

"I mean that Don Rufino, unaware of the happy change in your fortunes, and wishing to save you from the frightful position in which you were, had bought up all your liabilities, and so soon as he had all the vouchers in his possession, he hurried with them to me, and implored me to destroy them. Here they are, cousin," he added, as he drew a bundle of papers from his pocket.

The various actors in this singular scene were affected by strange feelings. Don Ruiz and his sister exchanged a look of despair, for they understood that the Marquis would now be unable to refuse his consent to his daughter's marriage.

"Oh!" the Marquis exclaimed, "I cannot accept such an act of generosity."

"From a stranger, certainly not," Don Rufino remarked, in an insinuating voice; "but I flattered myself that I was not such to you, my dear sir."

There was a silence.

"What is going on at this moment is so strange; I feel taken so unawares," the Marquis presently continued; "my thoughts are so confused that I must beg you, Don Rufino, to defer till to-morrow the remainder of this conversation. By that time I shall have been able to regain my coolness, and then, believe me, I will answer you in the way that I ought to do."

"My dear sir, I understand the delicacy of your remarks, and will wait as long as you think proper," the senator replied, with a bow, and an impassioned glance at Dona Marianna, who was pale and trembling.

"Yes," said the colonel, "let us put off serious matters till to-morrow; the shock we have suffered has been too rough for us to be fit for any discussion just at present."

"What has happened to you? The pagans have not seized the Mineral de Quitovar? or at least I hope not."

"An assassin!" a sepulchral voice suddenly exclaimed, and a hand was laid heavily on the senator's shoulder.

The company turned with horror. Stronghand's companion had let fall the hat and cloak that disguised him, and was standing, stern and menacing, behind the senator.

"Oh!" the latter exclaimed, as he recoiled with terror, "Rodolfo! Don Rodolfo!"

"Brother, do I see you again after so many years?" the Marquis said, joyfully, as he advanced towards the stranger.

"The great sachem," Dona Marianna murmured.

The sachem thrust back with a gesture of sovereign contempt the startled senator, and walked into the centre of the group.

"Yes, it is I, brother; I, the proscribed, the disinherited, who enter the house of my father after an absence of twenty years, in order to save the last representative of my family."

"Oh, brother! brother!" the Marquis exclaimed, sorrowfully.

"Recover yourself, Hernando: I entertain no feelings of hatred or rancour for you; on the contrary, I have always loved you, and though I was far away from you I have never lost you out of sight. Come to my arms, brother; let us forget the past, only to think of the joy of being reunited."

The Marquis threw himself into his brother's arms; Don Ruiz and Dona Marianna imitated him, and for some minutes there was an uninterrupted interchange of embraces among the members of this family, who had so long been separated.

"It was through me that you received the sum which Paredes was to receive at Hermosillo," Don Rodolfo continued; "to me you also owe the discovery of the gold mine which has saved you. But I have not come here solely to embrace you and yours, brother; I have come to punish a villain! This man," he added, pointing to the senator, who was trembling with rage and terror—"this man was my valet; in order to rob me, he attempted to assassinate me cowardly, treacherously, and behind my back. Such is the man whose dark machinations had succeeded in deceiving you, and to whom you were on the point of giving your daughter: let him contradict me if he dare!"

"Oh!" the senator muttered, with a furious gesture.

"Villain!" the Marquis exclaimed; "help! help! seize the monster!"

Several servants rushed into the room, but before they could reach

CHAPTER XL.

FUNERAL OF A SACHEM.

Two days had elapsed since the atrocious attack made by Don Rufino on Don Rodolfo de Moguer. The Papagos had captured the hacienda without a blow, as the gates were opened to them; for the stupor and terror of the Mexicans at this horrible crime were so great, that they forgot all precautions. But we must do the red-skins the justice of stating that, contrary to their habits, they committed no excesses in the hacienda, either by virtue of superior orders, or in consequence of the sorrow which the wound of their great sachein caused them. Dona Esperanza had arrived with Padre Serapio at the same time as the Indian warriors, and she and Dona Marianna did not leave the wounded man's bed.

Don Hernando was inconsolable, and the colonel could not forgive himself for having supposed for a moment that the senator was an honest man. The whole hacienda was plunged in sorrow, and Don Rodolfo alone watched death approach with a calm brow. Fray Serapio dressed his wound: his night was tolerably quiet, and in the morning the monk entered the wounded man's room. At a sign from Don Rodolfo, his wife and niece, who had watched the whole night through by his bedside, withdrew.

"Now, padre," he said, when they left the room, "it is our turn."

And he helped him to remove the bandages. The monk frowned.

"I am condemned, am I not?" said Don Rodolfo, who attentively followed in the monk's face the feelings that agitated him.

"God can perform a miracle," the Franciscan stammered, in a faint voice.

The sachein smiled softly.

"I understand you," he replied; "answer me, therefore, frankly and sincerely. How many hours have I still to live?"

"What good is that, my dear, good master?" the monk murmured.

"Padre Serapio," the chief interrupted him, in a firm voice, "I want to know, in order that I may settle my affairs on earth, before I appear in the presence of God."

"Do you insist on my telling you the truth?"

"Pray do so—the entire truth."

The poor man stifled a sigh, and answered, in a voice broken by emotion,—

"Unless a miracle occur, you will give back your soul to your Creator at sunset."

"I thank you, my friend," the sachein said, his austere face not displaying the slightest trace of emotion. "Ask my brother to come here, for I have to talk with him. Keep back my wife and niece until I ask for

two brothers was long, for Don Hernando had many faults to ask pardon for at the hands of him whose place he had taken. But Don Rodolfo, far from reproaching him, tried, on the contrary, to console him, by talking to him in a cheerful voice, and reminding him of the happy days of their childhood. He also thanked his brother warmly for having freed him from the heavy burden of supporting the family honour, and allowing him to live in accordance with his tastes and humour. Many other things were talked of, after which the Marquis retired, with pale brow and eyes swollen with tears, which he tried in vain to repress, that he might not sadden the last moments of the man whose great soul was revealed to him at this supreme moment,—of the brother whom he had so cruelly misunderstood, and who had even sacrificed his life to insure his brother's happiness.

Dona Marianna and Dona Esperanza then returned to the dying man's room, followed by Padre Serapio, and a few moments after the Marquis came back, accompanied by Stronghand. The young man, in spite of his Indian education and affected stoicism, knelt down sobbing by his father's side. For some moments father and son talked together in a low voice : no one save GOD knew what words were uttered by these two men during the solemn interview.

"Come here, niece," Don Rodolfo at length said, addressing Dona Marianna.

The maiden knelt down sobbing by the hunter's side. The aged man looked for a moment tenderly at their two young faces, pale with sorrow, which were piously leaning over him ; then making an effort to sit up, and supported on one side by his brother, on the other by Dona Esperanza, he said, in a voice that trembled with emotion,—

"Niece, answer me as you would answer GOD ; for the dying, you know, no longer belong to this world. Do you love my son?"

"Yes, uncle," the maiden answered through her tears—"yes, I love him."

"And you, Diego, my son, do you love your cousin?"

"Father, I love her," the young man answered, in a voice crushed by emotion.

Don Rodolfo turned to his brother, who understood his glance.

"Bless our children, brother," he said, "according to the wish you expressed to me ; Padre Serapio will unite them in your presence."

The wounded man stretched out his trembling hands over the two young people.

"Children," he said, in a powerful voice, though with an accent of ineffable tenderness, "I bless you : be happy."

And, crushed by the efforts he had been forced to make, he fell back in a half fainting state on his bed. When he regained consciousness, through the attention of Dona Esperanza and his niece, he perceived an altar by the side of his bed. On his expressing a desire that the ceremony should take place at once, Padre Serapio, assisted by José Paredes, who

was weeping bitterly, read the marriage Mass. After the nuptial benediction Don Rodolfo received the last sacraments, amid the tears and sob of all present.

"And now, my friends," he said, "that I have accomplished my duties as a Christian and Spanish gentleman, it is time for me to perform my duties as an Indian chief; so allow the Papago warriors to enter."

The doors opened, and the warriors entered: they were sad, gloomy, and thoughtful. The sachem had sat up to receive them, supported by his son Stronghand. The warriors silently surrounded the bed on which their venerated chief lay, among them being Sparrowhawk and Peccari. The sachem looked calmly round the circle, and then spoke in a calm and deeply accentuated voice:—

"The Master of life has suddenly recalled me to Him. I did not fall in action, but beneath the dagger of a cowardly assassin. I regret leaving my nation before I had completed the task which I undertook for their happiness. What I had not time to do, another will doubtless terminate. My brothers must continue the war they have so happily and gloriously commenced, and though I am leaving them, my mind will remain among them. The warriors of my nation must never forget that the Master of life created them free, and that they must live and die free. The Papagos are brave men, invincible warriors, and slavery is not made for them. On the point of appearing before the Master of life, I implore the chiefs not to forget that the white persons who surround me form part of my family. If my brothers retain after my death any recollection of the good which I have continually sought to do them, they will be kind to the pale-faces whom I love. I have only one word more to add: I desire to give back my soul to the Master of life beneath the buffalo-hide cabin of the warriors of my nation, and in the midst of my nation. I desire also that all the rites customary at the death of the chiefs should be performed for me."

A tremor of joy ran along the ranks of the red-skin warriors on hearing the last words; for they had feared in their hearts that the sachem would wish to be interred after the fashion of the white men. The Peccari then replied, in the name of all,—

"My father's wishes are orders for his children; never, so long as the powerful confederation of the Papagos exists, shall an insult be offered to the pale-faces whom he loves. Our father can die in peace; all his wishes will be religiously carried out by his children."

A flash of joy sparkled in the sachem's eye at this promise, which he knew would be strictly kept. The Peccari continued,—

"The Papago chiefs are sad; their hearts are swollen by the thought of losing their father; they fear lest his death may be the cause of great disorder in their confederation, and injure the success of the war which has scarce begun."

"I belong to my sons till the last moment of my existence; what can I do for them?"

"My father can do a great deal," the chief answered.

"My ears are open; I am waiting for my son to explain himself."

"The chiefs," continued Peccari, "and the great braves of the confederation, assembled at sunrise round the council fire: they desire, in order that no discord may spring up among them, that our father, the great sachem, should himself appoint his successor; for they feel persuaded that our father's choice will fall on a brave and wise chief, worthy to command men."

The sachem reflected for a moment.

"Be it so," he said at length; "the determination of the sachems is wise, and I approve of it. Sparrowhawk will command in my place when I am called away by the Great Spirit: no one is more worthy to be the first sachem of the nation."

Sparrowhawk quitted the ranks, stepped forward, and bowed respectfully to the dying man.

"I thank my father," he said, "for the signal honour he has done me; but I am very young to command chiefs and renowned warriors, and I fear that I shall break down in the heavy task imposed on me. My father leaves a son: Stronghand is one of the great braves of our nation, and his wisdom is renowned."

"My son is a pale-face; he does not know the wants of the Papagos so well as Sparrowhawk. Sparrowhawk will command."

"I obey my father, since he insists; but Stronghand will ever be one of the great chiefs of my nation."

A flattering murmur greeted these clever remarks.

"I thank my son Sparrowhawk in the name of Stronghand. Modesty becomes a chief so celebrated as is my son," the sachem continued: "the Great Spirit will inspire him, and he will do great things. I have spoken. Do the chiefs approve my choice?"

"We could not have chosen better," Peccari answered. "We sincerely thank our father for having anticipated our dearest wishes by choosing Sparrowhawk."

This scene, so simple in its grandeur, and so truly patriarchal, affected all the spectators, who felt their hearts swollen by sorrow. The sachem continued,—

"I feel my strength rapidly leaving me, and life is abandoning me; the Great Spirit will soon call me to Him. My sons will carry me beneath a tent of my nation, in order that I may breathe my last sigh in their midst."

Stronghand, the Marquis, Peccari, and Sparrowhawk gently lifted the wounded man on their shoulders, and carried him to the front yard of the hacienda, followed by all the rest, who walked silently and thoughtfully in the rear. A lodge, formed of stakes covered with buffalo hides, had been prepared to receive the great chief; the bed on which he was lying was softly put down, and the chief's eyes were turned toward the setting

sun. Then all the warriors and their squaws, whom messengers had informed of the sachem's wound, and who had hurried to the hacienda, surrounded the tent. The Mexicans themselves mingled with the crowd, and a deadly silence brooded over the hacienda, in which, however, more than six thousand persons were assembled at this moment.

All eyes were turned toward the dying sachem, by whose side were standing the members of his family, Padre Serapio, and the principal chiefs of the Papagos. Now and then the aged man uttered a few words, which he addressed at times to the monk, at others to his brother, or to the Indian chiefs. When the sun was beginning to sink on the horizon, the wounded man's breathing began to grow panting, his eyes gradually became covered by a mist, and he did not speak; but he tightly grasped his son's and wife's hands in his right hand, and Sparrowhawk's in his left.

All at once a nervous tremor passed over the dying man's body; his cheeks were tinged; his half-closed eyes opened again; he sat up without any extraneous help, and shouted, in a strong, clear voice, which was heard by all,—

"I come, Lord! Papagos, farewell! Esperanza! Esperanza! we shall meet again!"

His eyes closed; a livid pallor spread over his face; his limbs stiffened, and he fell back heavily as he exhaled his last sigh. He was dead. His last thought was for his wife, whom he had so dearly loved. The sobs, hitherto restrained, burst forth suddenly and violently among the crowd.

"Our father is dead!" Sparrowhawk shouted, in a thundering voice.

"Vengeance!" the red-skins yelled.

In fact, the murderer of the chief was still alive. The white men, who did not wish to witness the horrible scene that was about to take place, withdrew; Stronghand, the colonel, Paredes, and Marianno alone remained. The body of the defunct sachem was at once surrounded by the squaws: they painted it with several bright colours, dressed it in a buffalo robe, formed his hair into a tuft as a sign of his rank, and stretched him out on a dais. The assassin, who was pale but resolute, was then brought up.

Sparrowhawk placed himself at the head of the corpse, and began a long funeral oration, which was frequently interrupted by the sobs of his audience; then, pointing with an expressive gesture to the murderer, who was still standing motionless in the midst of the Indians who guarded him, he said,—

"Commence the punishment."

We will not describe the frightful punishment which was inflicted on the senator; such horrible details are repulsive to our pen: we will restrict ourselves to stating that he was flayed alive, and that all his joints were cut in succession. He suffered indescribable agony for three long hours ere he died. Night had set in during this interval. When the wretched assassin was dead, chosen warriors took their chief's body on their shoulders,

and proceeded by the light of torches to the huerta, at the spot where the hacienda hung over the precipice. On reaching this spot the chief's magnificent steed was brought up. On his back his master's corpse was securely tied with deer-skin thongs, holding his totem in one hand, and his gun in the other; the scalps of his foes were fastened to his saddle-bow, and on his neck and arms were his bead necklaces and copper ornaments. Then, amid the sobs of the squaws, the horse was led to the plateau, where the Papago warriors, mounted and dressed in their war-paint, formed a semicircle, whose ends reached the precipice.

Then took place a scene whose savage grandeur could only be compared to the funeral rites performed at the death of the barbarous chiefs during those great national migrations which produced the overthrow of the Roman Empire. By the glare of the torches—whose flames, agitated by the wind, imparted a fantastic aspect to the gloomy and stern landscape in this part of the huerta—the horse was placed in the midst of the semicircle, and the horsemen, brandishing their weapons, struck up their war-song with a savage energy. The startled horse bounded on to the plateau, bearing the corpse, to which each of its bounds imparted such an oscillating movement that the rider appeared to be restored to life. On reaching the brink of the precipice the horse recoiled with terror, with flaming nostrils; then, suddenly turning round, it tried to burst the living rampart, which was constantly contracted behind it. Several times the animal renewed the same exertions, but at last, attacked by a paroxysm of terror, pursued by the yells of the Indians, and wounded by their long lances, it rose on its hind legs, uttered a terrible snort, and leaped into the gulf with its burden. At the same moment all the torches were extinguished, the tumult was followed by a mournful silence, and the warriors retired.

On the morrow at sunrise the red-skins left the hacienda, to which they did not once return during the whole of the war, which lasted three years. We may possibly some day tell what was the termination of this grand uprising of the Indians, who on several occasions all but deprived the Mexican republic of its finest and richest provinces.

THE END.

MISS MILLER'S MONEY.

IF I am writing these words at the antipodes, it is through no fault of mine. Macraw's Gully, New Blue Creek, is not the most civilized portion of Her Majesty's dominions, and my profession cannot be said to be in good odour there. If I live and practise at Macraw's Gully, taking fees when I can, and kicks when I must, and managing the legal affairs of irascible diggers, be sure there is a reason for it. And the reason is, briefly, as follows:—

It was a few months back—a very few months when I reckon them on my fingers, an age at least by what I have felt and undergone since then—that I, James Brindley, at your service (if ever you come to Australia), dissolved partnership with Cratchett and Jacks. It sounded well, too,—Cratchett, Jacks, and Brindley, of 12, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn; but they treated me ill upon the whole, did Cratchett and Jacks. I was their articled clerk for a long time—my anxious parents paying a handsome premium to secure me a tall office stool *in esse*, and my attorneyship *in posse*, with as much legal dust as might be attainable by the way. Nor had I been a drone in the Lincoln's Inn hive. My fair share of honey had been contributed, perhaps a trifle more than my fair share. For when young Slangeby was late—that is, five days a week,—or when young Coddlesby had a cold, and could not get his mamama's leave to attend, the willing horses had to work for the skulkers. It was, “Brindley, here's that abstract I gave Slangeby. You are a quick penman; just copy it. If you finish it by two o'clock, you will be in time to run round with it to old Mr. Winks, Pump Court.” Or, “I say, Brindley, Coddlesby has hardly begun that deed of settlement. Most vexatious, to be sure. *You* engross it, my boy; do it carefully, and, when it is finished, it can go across to Brown and Beeswing; they are the bridegroom's solicitors, you know.”

When, however, we became partners, I found that my two seniors in the firm were close-fisted, to use a mild term, in all that related to the division of profits. I was junior, and was made to feel the fact pretty often, having the lion's share as regarded work, but the share of any other animal than a lion as regarded coin of the realm. It was a proud day for me when I saw my own name, freshly painted on the door of my chambers in Southampton Row, and freshly printed in the *Law List*. With a small connexion, and ditto capital, but with some local interest on the Midland Circuit, I set up for myself as a solicitor.

My chief clients—and words cannot do justice to their importance in my eyes—were the Middle Level Railway, and Miss Miller. Of the former I can say nothing but good. The directors had a very handsome stock of lawsuits, involving actions of trespass, tort, and trover, of libel, breach of contract, and infringement of charter, and they kindly gave me a right to insert an occasional finger in the legal pie. But Miss Miller,

from whom all my troubles may be said to have sprung, was a client of a very different species. She was a cross, testy, and most estimable person,—very rich and very suspicious. I had been well recommended to her as her legal adviser, after she had quarrelled with half the attorneys in London,—and, indeed, we were natives of Northampton, both of us, and Miss Miller had known me from a child. But she never could entirely conquer the rooted distrust which she entertained of all her fellow-creatures,—of men above all fellow-creatures, and of attorneys above all men. I have known the worthy lady insist on my reading aloud to her every word of a twenty-four page folio deed, not one syllable of which she could comprehend, under the harmless idea that the ceremony secured her against some deep treachery on my part. To stand well with Miss Miller was my sheet anchor. Two hundred a year makes a serious difference to a struggling man, and Miss Miller was worth two hundred a year to me, even after the costs had been taxed, as they always were. She was not very litigious,—at least, she never got beyond the threshold of either the Pleas or the Bench; but she was always “calling in” sums out at interest, always giving notice of this and that, changing investments, and altering her will. She had several nieces and nephews, who succeeded one another in the old maid’s favour at irregular intervals; and whenever I saw Miss Miller’s brougham draw up to my door, and Miss Miller’s brown wig and velvet bonnet peer out of the window, I knew that some fresh member of the family was to figure as residuary legatee.

One day, the green brougham, brown wig, and black velvet bonnet, made their appearance in Southampton Row at a much earlier hour than usual; but the business which brought my valuable client to my chambers was not of a testamentary character. Miss Miller had been asked to lend a sum of money on mortgage on old Sir Jasper Clapperclaw’s estate, in our native county. The baronet wanted cash wherewith to pay his son’s debts, and the security was good, and the interest five per cent. Now, Miss Miller had six thousand pounds out at interest at only four and a half, and the extra ten shillings tempted her,—or rather the pleasure of winding up an old affair, and beginning a brand new one, made her accept Sir Jasper’s proposition.

“You will examine the title-deeds very carefully, if you please, Mr. Brindley. We can never be too particular,” said my client.

I bowed assent. The estate consisted of eleven thousand acres, and it had been in the Clapperclaw family, as Miss Miller well knew, since the Reformation; but it was not for me to take the security for granted.

“How soon can the mortgage-deed be drawn?” asked the old lady, tapping the floor with her long green parasol. “Not for a month or more? How slow you lawyers are!”

I ventured to point out the various stages through which we should have to pass,—abstract of title, counsel’s opinion, and the rest of it, and ended by assuring my visitor that no unnecessary delay should occur.

"Humph! I suppose I must wait," said the old lady, grudgingly "Be so good as to let me know when the six thousand is ready to be repaid by the parties at Bromley, as my rule, you are aware, is to receive all cash payments in person."

But this excellent rule was not adhered to in this case; for it so happened that when the mortgage-deed on one hand, and the release and discharge on the other, were drawn out and ready for signature, Miss Miller was ill at Bath. Not alarmingly ill; a mere twinge of the gout, which she considered unladylike, and so dubbed neuralgia. In consequence, I received a power of attorney, and full authority to receive the six thousand pounds, and pay them over to Sir Jasper's agents. Miss Miller was quite solemn in her correspondence with me at this juncture. "Remember," she wrote—"remember, James Brindley, what confidence I now repose in you, and let me never, never, have reason to repent it."

How my sister laughed—I had a sister, an orphan like myself, who kept house for me at Brompton—how Matilda laughed, I say, when I read out the above impressive caution from Miss Miller's letter just received at breakfast-time!

"What a dear old goose, to be sure!" exclaimed my sister; "just as if she hadn't known us both ever since we were quite children, and she used to ask us in on Sundays, and give us cake and currant wine."

"Which always disagreed with me, at any rate; but she meant it kindly," interrupted I, laughing. "Miss Miller is cautious on principle, and there is something contagious in her caution; for though I have often received much larger sums for Cratchett and Jacks, and once carried nineteen thousand and odd hundreds, in crisp, clean notes, all the way to Swansea, I feel nervous now."

My sister made light of my serio-comic terrors, and I presently scaled the roof of the omnibus, and went eastwards to begin the day's work. The white "Favourite" carried myself, my blue bag, and umbrella, in perfect safety to the corner of what we legal folks call the "Lane," and there I descended and shouldered my way along the crowded and narrow pavement. Three minutes brought me to my own chambers, and there, ready to receive me, was young Jenkins, my clerk. A sharp fellow was Jenkins, well versed in law slang, and with a wonderful knowledge of legal localities, considering his age. He knew every attorney of any note, every barrister of any standing, and could pick his way through the most obscure labyrinths in the inns of court or the adjacent streets, until he reached the right door. From the Judges' Chambers to Mr. Sheriff's officer Lucas's sponging-house, he was thoroughly master of the situation, and clerks of thrice his age spoke to him as to their equal. Jenkins was about seventeen, but his sallow face was so old and skinny, that he might have been forty, as far as looks went. He came into my employ at low wages, and I thought myself lucky to get so smart a satellite.

I ought to mention that Miss Miller's change of plan as to personally

receiving her money had not been a sudden one. On the contrary, she had written three or four times on the subject, and the very power of attorney under which I was to act had been drawn out by myself at her wish, and sent to Bath to receive her signature. It had come back that morning, signed, and with it had arrived that solemn letter of ostentatious confidence, of which I have quoted a fragment, and which had amused Matilda so much. Jenkins, who had engrossed the power of attorney, and to whom had been committed the duty of getting a thirty-shilling stamp affixed thereto, necessarily knew all about the transaction.

"Anybody been here yet, Jenkins?"

The lad left off mending a pen—we stick to quills in our profession, for the most part—and turned his keen dark eyes on his master. I thought he hesitated a little as he replied, "Yes, sir, Mr. Dunup's clerk, from Rolls Buildings, came to say his master wants two days' notice of any consultation. He's in the country for change of air."

I saw my young retainer's eyes twinkle as he said this, and I remembered the debts and difficulties of the learned gentleman alluded to, but I preserved a proper gravity as I rejoined,—

"No one else?"

"No, sir. Ah! yes, by-the-bye—I beg your pardon, sir, but I was near forgetting that the office boy from Tapes and Binder, Cursitor Street, was round here with a message about that business of Sir Jasper Clapperclaw's."

"The mortgage-deed, eh?" said I. "It was to be ready by noon."

"But it won't be, sir," said Jenkins. "Tapes and Binder's compliments, and very sorry to say there'll be a few days' delay. One of their articulated clerks had the fair copy nearly ready, and he's gone down shooting to his friends in Lincolnshire, and took the deed with his traps by mistake, so it's supposed. They've written about it."

This was tiresome news, because I knew Miss Miller was fidgety, and eager for the completion of the affair. However, I must just place the money in my banker's hands, and a few days would set all right.

I put the papers relating to the former investment into my bag, gave Jenkins some minor instructions as to trifling matters of detail appertaining to other business, and prepared to set off. The lawyer of the "Bromley parties" had his office in Fenchurch Street. The "parties," who were a West Kent farmer, and his cousin, a great market gardener, were to be in attendance, and I could not disappoint them, in spite of the tardiness of Tapes and Binder.

"Please, sir, just one word," said Jenkins, with something of a tremble in his voice. "I know you like a proper introduction with clients, but this is a sort of exception. Yesterday evening, as I was going home, I met a respectable man by the name of Jukes, which I had known him years ago, and he's a gentleman's own man, and has been long in one place—Reverend Dr. Jonathan Spelthurst's, of somewhere in the shires,

a rich old clerical party. He's up in London with the doctor now, in lodgings, is Jukes; and he was quite cut up, Jukes was, because the doctor's took bad, and very likely to make a die of it, and—"

"But what have I to do with this?" asked I, in some surprise.

"Nothing, sir, unless you'd kindly do Jukes and his master a favour. You see, sir, the reverend gent hasn't been in town these forty years, till he comes for advice, and he's not made his will; and having lots of yellow-boys, and Jukes having, I suspect, an eye to a legacy, why, knowin' me to be in the law, my friend asks me to mention it to you."

I thought little of this, but merely smiled at my clerk's volubility, and briefly replying that I should be happy to be of service if Dr. Spelthurst really lacked legal advice, sallied forth. I fancied I heard Jenkins chuckle as I did so,—he was an odd youth, and had queer, uncouth ways.

At the Fenchurch Street office I found the Kentish men ready to pay the money. The papers were examined, signed, sealed, and delivered, in the presence of witnesses, and I found myself in possession of Miss Miller's six thousand pounds.

Thus:—A roll of crumpled five-pound notes,—a thick, heavy, greasy roll, that came out of the crown of the farmer's hat, where they had kept company with a red cotton handkerchief; a similar roll, thinner, dingier, but of ten-pound notes, from the market gardener's breast pocket; a dozen country notes, of various amount, from his fob; a hundred-pound bank post bill from his waistcoat pocket; and a canvas bag containing gold, which last, I believe, he had carried in his hand all the way from Bromley.

"Never mind," said I, as I emerged from the office with my new treasure in my pockets, "I can go straight to the Strand, and pay in the cash over the counter of Blunt and Brassey."

But much time had been lost in preliminaries, and in explaining legal technicalities to the "parties from Bromley;" and before I had passed the church of St. Clement Danes, I heard the sharp metallic clang of the clock. One—two—three—four! The bank was shut.

"A very provoking thing!" I muttered to myself; "I wish the old maid had been here to pouch her own cash. Well, well, I must make the best of my way home, put the money under lock and key for this one night, and to-morrow—"

medical man fears, and he hasn't made any will at all; and if you'd drop in without loss of time, it would ease his mind like anything."

I was puzzled. Certainly, I was not so absurd a stickler for regular rules that I could not waive ceremony in a case of life and death, but Miss Miller's money was heavy in my pocket and heavy on my heart.

"I'll go home in a fast cab," said I; "I have something—something of consequence to—to transact. I can get back in an hour."

But Jenkins assured me, with respectful earnestness, that, from his friend's report, it was most doubtful whether an hour hence the aged sufferer would be alive.

"It won't take you out of your way, sir; close by. Cecil Street, Strand."

"I'll go," said I.

But even as I said it, my own voice seemed to have a hollow ring in it, and I felt nervous and awkward. The business was brief and simple—a mere straightforward drawing up of a short testament, perhaps the guiding of a feeble hand in the needful signature, the instruction of witnesses, and moistening of wafers—all easy though important tasks. There was nothing in all this to shake the nerves of a professional man—nothing but the merest routine, the A B C of legal practice; but——.

Dismissing these disagreeable emotions as best I might, I followed Jenkins. Cecil Street, Strand, is not a very attractive locality; indeed, there are few grimmer abiding-places in London than those narrow thoroughfares that lead from the noisy, roaring artery of metropolitan traffic to the silent river. Strange folks dwelt, as I knew, in some of the gaunt, narrow houses, blackened by centuries of coal smoke, that frowned upon me as I turned my face towards the Thames, and occasionally strange deeds were done beneath those grimy roofs and behind those dim windows. Only a few months before, the Asmodeus of the police reports had laid bare the secrets of one gloomy set of chambers in Northumberland Street hard by, and for a time men had gazed with shuddering curiosity on the ugly scene of as ghastly and wild a drama as ever theatre put forth. But the memories of Londoners are short, and the whole affair was nearly forgotten now.

"A queer selection Dr. Spelthurst has made, very queer," muttered I to myself, as I descended the paved slope. "I wonder if the old canon is a miser? Perhaps, however, this may have been a fashionable and favourite part of the town forty years back, when he was last in London, and George was king."

"Here we are, sir," said Jenkins, stopping short, and pulling a door-bell.

There were many door-bells, some broken and rusty, some in better preservation, and the names of many occupants of chambers or apartments were painted on the doorpost, some of them being roughly smeared out with a full brush, while a scrap of board, bearing the words "TO LET," had

been nailed over others. The bell was answered by Jukes, the doctor's old servant.

Jukes was a round-shouldered man of about sixty, with grey hair, a red face, and a suit of glossy black broadcloth, relieved by a baggy white neckcloth. Fat, flabby, and shambling, with weak knees and moist, twinkling eyes, Jukes did not impress me very favourably, but my clerk gave me little leisure for reflection.

"How's your master now? Mr. Brindley has kindly come."

"Thank you humbly, sir. It will be a comfort to my pore master, indeed. The physician has just left him, sir, and holds out no hopes. This way, if you please, sir,—the one pair. Oh, what a comfort to my pore master to be able to set his affairs in order afore he leaves this earthly spear! This way, Mr. Brindley. And thank *you*, Ralph Jenkins. Ah, this is kyind, this is kyind indeed!"

Thus ran on Jukes, the doctor's man, in a tone at once oily and whining—a tone which jarred so unpleasantly on my ears, that I had ninety-nine minds out of the hundred, as I ascended the bare stairs, to turn on my heel, and make the best of my way out of the house. But I held on mechanically, arguing against the impulse that rose in my breast, and urged me, with apparent unreason, to draw back. Jenkins stood leaning against the doorpost, softly whistling. I went on.

Very gently Jukes opened the outer door of the chambers,—a spacious set, once occupied by the agent of a dead and gone mining company, whose brass plate, dim and corroded, remained screwed to the panels.

"Please to enter, sir," said the servant, deferentially bending his grey head.

I went in.

The large sitting-room, with its blank book-cases, glazed and wired, but empty of volumes, its dingy furniture, and threadbare carpet, presented anything but a cheerful aspect. A couple of cracked busts in plaster, wreathed with cobwebs and dark with dust, and a score of mineralogical specimens, left behind as worthless, made up the list of ornaments.

Meanwhile Mr. Jukes had very carefully closed the heavy "oak" or outer door, and was shuffling on towards the entrance to another apartment.

I hung back; why, I could scarcely tell. My guide held the door of the bedroom ajar, and eyed me expectantly. Conquering my repugnance, I entered. The bedchamber was much more comfortable than the dreary appearance of the house had promised. The four-post bedstead was of dark old wood; but the curtains, which were closely drawn, were clean, or nearly so. There was no lack of tolerable furniture, and a bright little fire

"My master's asleep again," whispered Jukes, stealing on tiptoe to the bedside, to peer cautiously between the curtains.

"Asleep? then pray don't disturb him. I'll call again. To-morrow morning I shall be passing near, and—"

Here an inarticulate sound, something between a groan and a cough, proved that Dr. Spelthurst was awake.

"Jukes," said the sick man, "Jukes."

A thick, husky voice had the doctor, harsh and deep, but low and hoarse withal.

"He is awake," said the servant, gently drawing back the curtain "Here is Mr. Brindley, sir, who has been so good as to condescend to come about the will."

The answer to this was another moan, hoarser than the first. Very little of the sick clergyman was to be seen—only a nightcap, and the outline of a bulky form beneath a pile of bedclothes.

"If I can be of any use, Dr. Spelthurst, in assisting you to put your worldly affairs in order," I began, speaking mildly but distinctly.

A grumbling was audible, but not a syllable could I catch beyond the one word, "Jukes."

"My poor master's complaint is in the throat and chest," said the faithful servant, wiping away a tear as he turned to the bed; "I must ask you to excuse, sir, if his speech is hard for a stranger to make out. Would you like Mr. Brindley to take down your wishes at once, sir?"

I suppose the growl which responded was an affirmative, for Jukes instantly drew the table with the writing materials close to the bed, placed the arm-chair beside it, and motioned to me to take my seat. I did so. There was a sort of rough sketch of a will along with the clean foolscap and pens, and as I took it up and ran my eye over it, I saw at a glance that it would save me some trouble.

"'I, Jonathan Spelthurst, D.D., of Exeter, and Lympston Rectory, in the county of Devon—' Humph, that's right, I suppose?" said I, as I copied the words.

"Yes, sir," said Jukes, rubbing his eyes hard with a white handkerchief, "that's quite correct."

"'Being of sound mind though infirm body,'" I went on, "'give and bequeath, subject to the payment of the legacies hereinafter recited, the whole of my real and personal property to—' Here," said I, "should follow the name of the residuary legatee, and here the document breaks off. Are you aware what is the name of the person who is to take the property?"

No, Jukes was not. He had a guess, but couldn't take on himself to say which of his master's distant relations was to be the heir. The only plan was to ask the doctor. But this time the oracle was wholly unintelligible; even the trained ear of the faithful attendant could make nothing of the old gentleman's moans and grunts. Dr. Spelthurst's efforts to speak were evidently painful. The bedclothes heaved and tossed, but not a single

comprehensible word was uttered, and I began to fear that my client would die, leaving his intentions a mystery.

"I must give him his cordial," said Jukes, going round to the table where the phials stood, and pouring out something into a glass. "And yet, in his weak state, I scarcely know how to manage it. Might I take the liberty, sir, to ask your kind assistance?"

I took the glass of cordial in my hand, while Jukes went up to the bed, and, with many soothing expressions, attempted to lift the heavy sufferer to a sitting posture. By a natural impulse of sympathy, I bent forward to assist, and as I did so, Dr. Spelthurst suddenly stretched forth a pair of muscular hands, and clutched me by the throat with a force that all but choked me. In vain I tried, under a sudden fear that the patient had become delirious, to cry aloud for help; my voice gurgled in my compressed throat, and my eyes seemed starting from their sockets. At the same moment the treacherous serving-man sprang upon me, and pinioned my arms to my sides.

"If you don't stow your holloaing, it will be the wuss for you, my chap," exclaimed that perfidious butler, in his natural tone.

But even had the strangling grasp on my windpipe been less severe, I could not have offered much effectual resistance to the rude and abrupt attack of which I was the victim. I was fascinated, as the bird by the snake's eyes, by the sudden and astonishing change that had come over Dr. Spelthurst, of Exeter and Lympton Rectory.

The bedclothes and the white flannel gown were now tossed aside, and though the long-tasselled nightcap remained, it sat rakishly on the head of a herculean ruffian, big, dark-browed, and savage of aspect, with the lowering look and evil eyes of the true criminal type. The fellow's short-cropped hair told me that he had not been out of prison long, and his cynical audacity of mien spoke of a lifelong war with society. Just now, the evil eyes were fixed on me with exultation sparkling in them, and the voice had a ring of coarse triumph mingling with its cautious huskiness, as it growled out,—

"Now, my buck, you're nailed; so you may just shut your mouth, or I'll silence you for longer than you like. I've got him, Bill; so you may call in Bob the scollard as soon as you please."

Jukes let go my arms and departed, but I made no effort at resistance. I was still under the influence of the first shock, and my stupefied mind was too much benumbed to take in the whole bearings of the case. But when Jukes returned, accompanied by a fellow in shabby black, with a more intelligent, but at the same time a more wicked face than those of his confederates, the whole truth flashed upon me. A gang of garotters! The trick had been well planned, and I was now at the mercy of the wild beasts of our London streets. Miss Miller's money! I remembered that it was about me, that its loss would bring grief and ruin along with it, and despair gave me strength.

I shook off the brawny hands that held my throat, sprang forward, overturning, by a vigorous push, Jukes and the table, with a crash that must have echoed through the house. My hand was on the knob of the door-handle; I turned it, but the door opened inwards, and before I could squeeze myself through it, it was violently slammed to, and the false Dr. Spelthurst had caught me in the hug of a bear.

"You would, would yer?" panted the furious ruffian, with a savage oath. "Nobble him, Bob; topper him with the skull-cracker."

I saw the life-preserver, a murderous mace, heavily loaded with lead, lifted above me, and mechanically I put up my arm to deaden the blow; but a second stroke fell upon my head from behind, and I dropped senseless on the floor.

"So you found him on the ground, just as those wicked, wicked wretches left him?" said my sister, sobbing, but moderating her natural womanly grief, for fear of disturbing me as I lay in bed, at home in Brompton.

"Yes, Miss—at least, the laundress of the top set of chambers did when she noticed the door left not quite shut. The people of the house sent for a surgeon, and somebody fetched a policeman, who brought word round to Scotland Yard, and I was instructed to make inquiries."

I looked through my half-closed eyelids. My sister was near me, also our medical attendant, and a plain, middle-aged man, with a shrewd eye—a detective, no doubt.

"No chance of getting the money back?" asked the surgeon, sympathetically.

The officer shook his head.

"Some of the notes we can stop, the numbers being known; but the most of the cash is easily to be passed from pal to pal. I never heard of a neater plant. It's a mercy, Miss, your brother's not seriously injured, for that Black Sam Biggs, the one that took the chambers and shammed Abraham as a reverend gentleman, is about the worst character unhung—eleven convictions, and two of 'em for what went very nigh murder."

The greater part of the money—about five thousand pounds—could never be recovered, nor has justice been yet able to lay hands upon Black Sam, Bob the scholar, or my precious clerk Jenkins, who had been the prime mover in the conspiracy, and who had at once levanted with his share of the proceeds. The only one of the gang hitherto captured has been the *soi-disant* Jukes, the doctor's invaluable man-servant, whose real name is Sniggs, and who is a notorious begging-letter impostor, well known to the police. Mr. Sniggs is, however, "wanted" on other charges than that of aiding in the Cecil Street affair, and will probably pass some time in the seclusion of Portland or elsewhere.

Miss Miller was inexorable. Her suspicions, for once, had something tangible to feed on; and to the last day of her life she will remain con-

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taken from the Building**

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